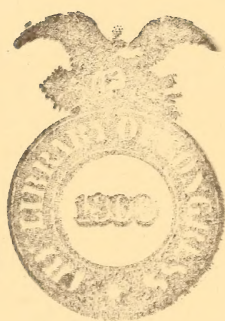


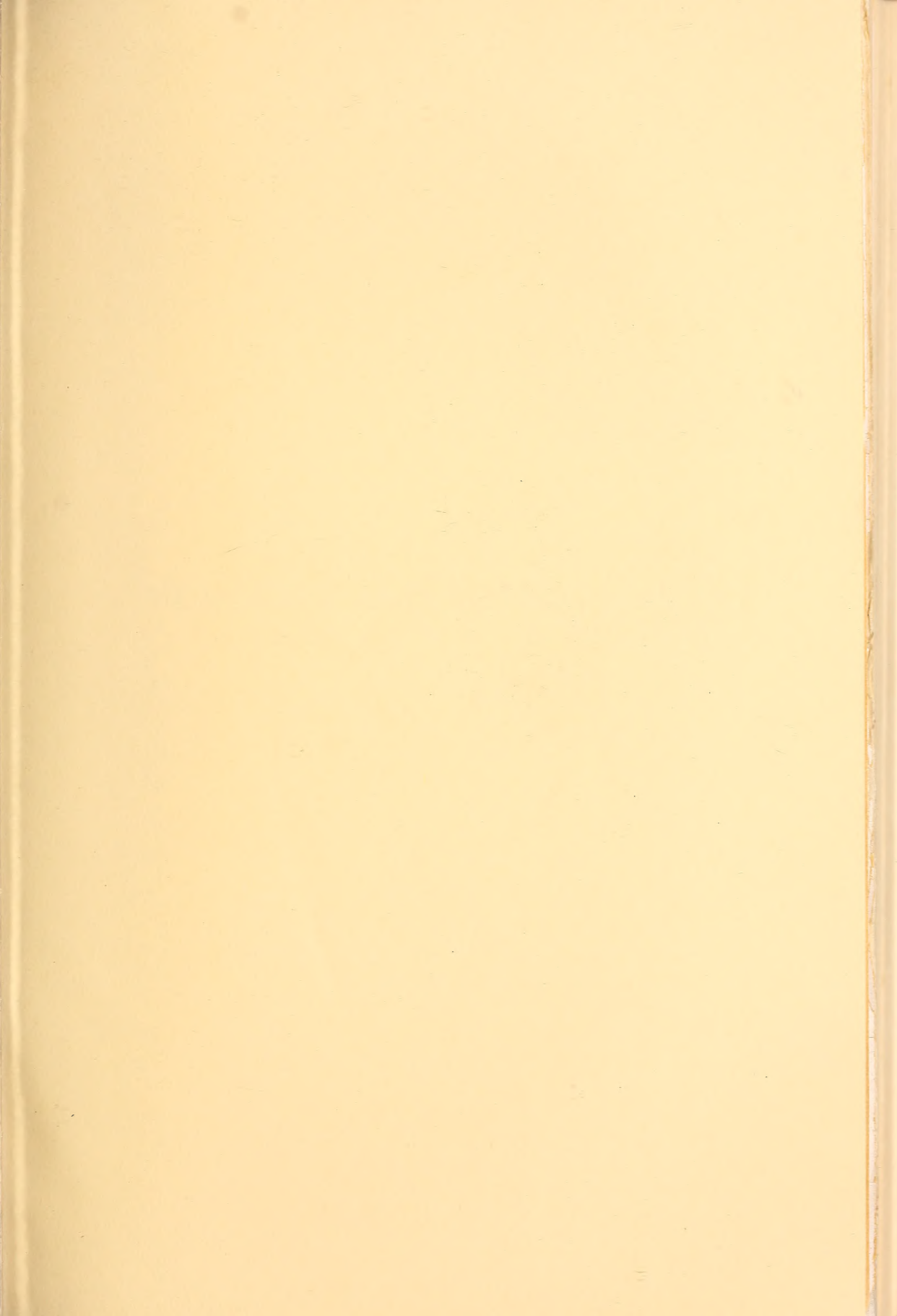
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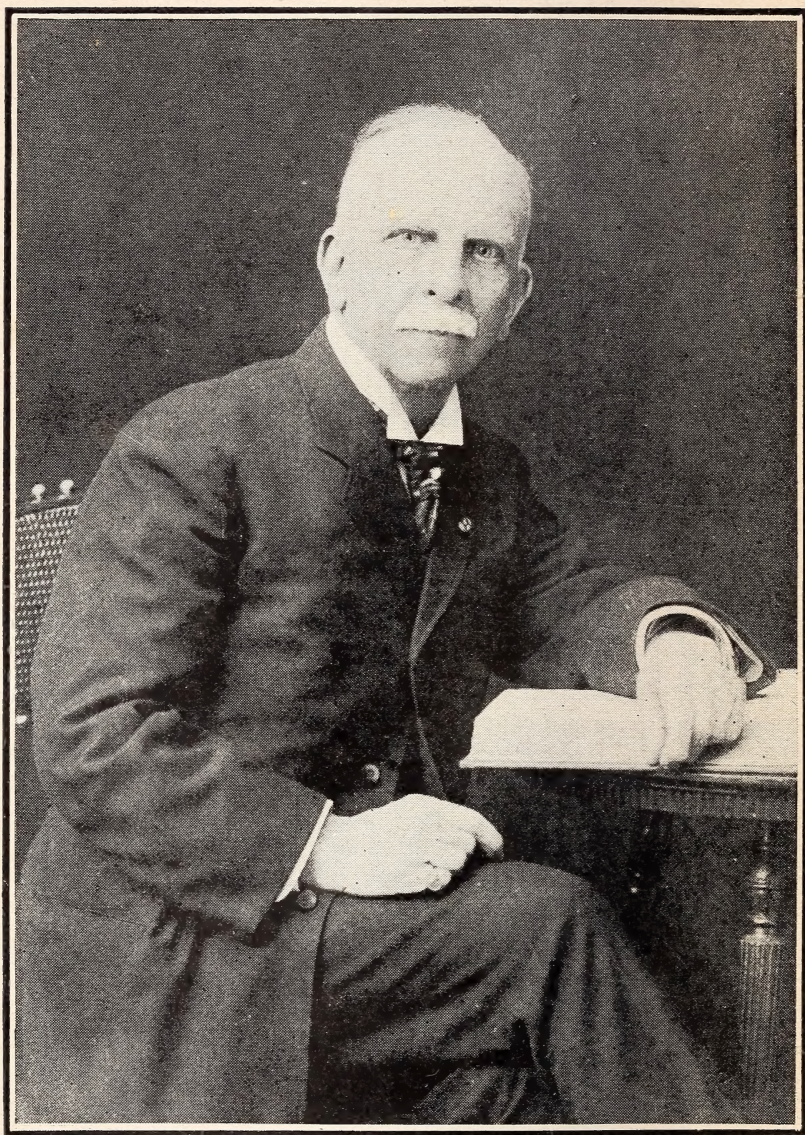
MEMORIALS

CLAY MACCAULEY





MEMORIES AND MEMORIALS



Clay Macaulay

MEMORIES AND MEMORIALS:

GATHERINGS FROM AN EVENTFUL LIFE

BY

CLAY MACCAULEY

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child,
I thought as a child: but when I became a man,
I put away childish things.

* * * * *

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three: .
Faith is the substance of things hoped for;
but the greatest of the three is Love.

Paul, the Apostle

Tokyo : Japan

1914

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Gin
Author
(Person)

FEB 6 1915

To You
TO WHOM THIS PRESENT COMES,—
MY GREETING.

A year ago, having crossed the mark "Three-score and Ten," naturally I thought much of the past. Many recollections were renewed: some of them fraught with merely personal importance; some with larger and more significant moment.

Along with these recollections came the wish that you, with others who are genuinely interested, should know more fully of a few of the decisive happenings in my career.

Without near relatives now, or any associate sufficiently informed to speak adequately for me, only I can tell of what I wish you to know.

Moreover, I have thought it might in itself be worth while should I collect into one group some of the more important of the speculative ventures I have made from time to time, in Philosophy, in Theology, and in Religion, together with a few of my essays in Criticism and in Literature, which are now widely separated in pamphlets and in various other publications.

Thereupon, the "Memories and Memorials" that find association in these pages were gathered and are sent to you as a token of my regard for you and as one of your souvenirs of me,—

Your friend,—

CLAY MACCAULEY.

JAPAN UNITARIAN MISSION,
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY,
Tokyo, November, 1914.

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FROM INHERITED CREED

TO

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1843-1869

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THE ULTIMATE REACH OF FAITH.

I am the LORD, and there is none else :
There is no God besides me.

I form the light, and create darkness :
I make peace and create evil :
I, the LORD, do all these things.

I have made the earth, and created man upon it ;
I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens,
And all their host have I commanded.

And there is no God else beside me ;
A just God and a Saviour :
There is none beside me.

From " The Isaiah of the Captivity,"

Sixth Century Before Christ.

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*From left, front row ;—Prof. J. H. Wigmore, Rev. W. I. Lawrance,
Rev. Clay MacCauley, Secretary Saichiro Kanda, Prof. W. S. Lis-
comb, Prof. Garrett A. Droppers. Inset ; upper left, Rev. H. W.
Hawkes ; upper right, Rev. A. M. Knapp. Also the members of
the first class in the Mission Theological School ;—Jiyu Shin Gakko.*

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*Japanese friends signalized my return to Japan in 1905, by erect-
ing, in the grounds of Unity Hall, a monumental stone lantern,—
ancient Nara style,—inscribing on it my name, the date,—“ Nov. 3,
1905,”—and the sentiment KI-NEN-TO, “ Remembrance Cherishing
Bearer of Light..”*

*Soon after my second return, in 1909, I received from His Majesty,
the Emperor, a decoration of “ The Order of the Rising Sun.”*

In 1910, I was made an Honorary Alumnus of the Keio University.

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FOREWORD

This June day, 'mid these Asian mountain heights,—
Far from the stir of human strife and task,—
In meditative mood by me is spent.

Somehow it minds me, in its passing hours,
Of life as growing through the lapsing years :—
Such years as reach their full in blessedness.

This morning's sun spread wide a gladsome light
O'er hill and dale ; o'er stream and flowery mead.
Where'er I looked the wakened world, agileam,
Bespoke a day secure in brightening joy.

Yet, with the moving hours, the sun was dimmed ;
Chill, blinding mists sped o'er the happy sky ;
And gloom, with desolating storm-drift, lowered.

But, in the gloom, nor faith nor hope e'er failed.
The sunless hours, to patient service given,
And faithful waiting for the good to be,
Wore on.

Not vain the wait.

The sky illumed :—

Calm, lustrous clouds then shone in azure deeps .
And, e'er noon came, the darkened, troubled world
Rejoiced again beneath the full-orbed sun.

Clear noon from morn ; to light through gloom, from light :
So grows this June day 'mid Far Eastern hills.

Blest age from youth : to bliss through grief, from joy,
So life may grow for us through lapsing years.

KARUIZAWA HILLS, JAPAN.

Summer Holidays, 1911.

FOREWORD

The great world would make no note were these "Memories" to die with me, or were the "Memorials," here collected, left without this repetition. But there is a goodly number of persons living in various, widely separated, parts of our great world, whom, fortunately, I know as friends. For them, primarily, the book has been written; and to them it has been dedicated.

1.

It is not my intention, however, in doing this, to make of the book a confidential communication. I regard the experiences and the opinions here brought together as having too much a representative value for many earnest minds to-day, for them to be privately held.

There are too many persons now disturbed by a mental unrest and longing like mine; too many aroused by like aspirations towards spiritual freedom, and for growth in religious faith and life, for that. I am reassured in making this claim by a reflection I have happened upon in the "Letters of Charles Eliot Norton," recently published, that—

"It is a curious and interesting study of character to observe a man, liberal by nature but bred in the traditions and creed of narrowest and most bigotted orthodoxy, so that his life has been a struggle by which he has at last fairly achieved freedom."

As for the rest of the book, I believe it will be of good service to the reading of many beyond the inner circle of my friends. I am sure, for instance, that, in these collected writings, numerous time-pictures have been faithfully sketched of the movement of Liberal Christian thought in the last half-century, even in far-away parts of the world.

Here, particularly, are given some reliable illustrations of the social, literary, political and religious agitations and changes of the people of Japan during the past twenty-five years.

Then, in the record of my experiences, through the four years of the American Civil War, are preserved some helpful historic materials concerning the great conflict.

And further, I venture to believe that in some of the more mature of these gathered essays and lectures are real contributions to a study of the deepest problems which involve man's intellectual development and spiritual enlightenment.

For these reasons, although the book is primarily the outcome of a wish to tell more fully to inquiring friends the story that many of them know in part, I do not object, should any one, who cares about the things of which I have written, read it, and should he make it a matter of comment, too, if he so choose.

It is my request, however, that, during my life-time, no published review of the book shall be given.

2.

A few words here about the manner of speech which I have used in the presentation of these "Memories."

Because of the close personal relationship I bear to those

whom I have had chiefly in mind, I have been quite unconventional in my speech ; indeed, I have spoken, often, with but little formality, or even reserve. I have all along allowed myself the frankness and the egotism usual in intimate personal intercourse. I have not attempted any mock-modesty as a cover for what has come naturally in these self-disclosures and frequent self-appreciations. I offer no apology for this. No one could tell the story truthfully but myself ; and it would only embarrass the telling were I to try to avoid the obtrusive Ego.

But, in calling attention to this continuous self-reference, I am confident that those of my readers who know me well will not be repelled as they read ; or be inclined to discredit what I have written. I believe that they will assume that I have been sincere throughout this record of mental and spiritual experience ; and, however else I may have failed, that I sought while undergoing the experiences to know and to do just what is true and right. I think that if I have any commendable mental characteristic it is a generous sincerity. I am habitually ready to hear what others affirm of a question under discussion, and to weigh, as strictly as possible at their real value, the reasons offered by others for the faith that is them. Then, when reporting of a discussion and the conclusions drawn, I know I try to tell what I believe to be the truth.

Relying upon this confidence of my friends, I have ventured in these " Memories " to comment at length upon three distinctly marked events which were of specific importance to me and others ; of which very few know the decisive facts, but about which inquiry has often been made. I refer to what I say of the reasons for my declining the renewed invitation of the Congregational Church at

Morrison, Illinois, to be its minister ; for my not remaining longer as pastor of All Souls Church, Washington, D.C. ; and for " accepting without protest " the postponement of a proposed election to a chair in the faculty of the University of Minnesota.

3.

Another matter rightfully finds answer in this Foreword, namely, the reliability of the detailed statements I have given. I am fortunate in not being compelled to tax too much the confidence of my friends.

The " Memorials " are only reprints of articles which were published, most of them, long ago. What they tell is independent of my present powers of recollection, which, I know, might be delusive despite the most honest intentions to the contrary. So far as I know, none of these articles have been called in question.

As to the " Memories ;"—wherever they have any importance, or involve the opinions or doings of other persons, they are drawn directly from letters and documents in my possession now, originating at the times referred to. My parents, for instance, kept and gave to me many of my school and college letters ; also, a large number of the letters that I wrote when I was a soldier. I happened to keep many letters which I received in boyhood and youth.

In the trying days of my theological unrest and change, my wife began to gather the increasing newspaper comment that came to us, and to put on file important correspondence. In the following years, she interested herself in preserving newspaper and other notices about me, filling, in time, a number of scrap books which became quite entertaining and personally valuable. After Mrs. MacCauley had passed away, (April 11th, 1887), I continued the

collection. Consequently, I have had a guide in the telling of my story which has assured for my statements the telling of the truth. These scrap-books have been so well supplied with pamphlets and clippings, that, in them alone, I have material which goes far towards being a full record of my professional life.

4.

As I now pass this souvenir over to those for whom it has been written, I am prompted to add to these prefatory paragraphs a few comments upon a reflection which, probably, some of my friends will make upon the book as a whole.

No one knows better than I do that the book bears a message which is alien to the thinking and motives actuating a very large part of the present generation. Probably to some friends, who are intimately *en rapport* with the times, my story, however interesting personally, will be read as being far out of vital relation with the distinctive and dominant tendencies of modern thought and effort. My mental awakening; my emancipation and independent choice of beliefs; and the consequent regulation of my life, will be acknowledged as legitimate products of the "Spirit of the Age"; but the particular themes I have been busied with, and the conclusions I have reached concerning them, will not be regarded, by some, as at the front, or as prophetic, in the progress of mankind.

For instance, the supreme object of my thinking and feeling has been the "God Idea," or "Faith in God." Yet, many of the most forceful and leading minds of the times pass by this theme altogether, or, in reference to it, profess what they name "Atheism" or "Agnosticism;"

while multitudes of others, practically heedless of the great "Faith," are living "without God in the world."

Also, in my story and in the essays and lectures accompanying it, I have continually dwelt upon "the Things of the Spirit;" emphasizing my conviction that, as a soul, only, does man fully realize the purpose of his existence, and that "by the soul, only, shall the nations be great and free." Yet, there is widely spread, seemingly as the most powerful regulative principle among both individuals and social organizations to-day, a practical Materialism, or mere Phenomenalism, accompanied by a Utilitarian Expediency. It is an age distinctive in mechanical achievement and physical progress.

I have, further, been led to eulogize Christianity as the highest form of religion, when accepted and lived as sincere obedience to the law of "Love to God and Love to Man" of which Jesus was Prophet and Example. Yet, on the one hand, almost all the professed Christian Churches are identifying Christianity with either the cult of the Roman hierarchic autocracy, or, if hostile to that, with the dogmatic, contra-natural creeds and sacraments of the Middle Ages; while, on the other hand, are hosts of men and women who make no pretence to any Christian discipleship,—preferring the hazards of insistent self-assertion in an individual and social "Struggle for Existence."

Moreover, I have written much of the supreme value of "ideals," and of the profound worth of "intuition," as an inspiration to human motive and conduct. Yet, I well know that multitudes despise both, and claim that only tangible realities and things of logical demonstration have any value.

And I have dared, because of the sublime philosophy

into which my speculations have been led, to assume as the highest gain for man, faith in the "Immanent God," and the consequent essential Divine life of man,—his exalted natural dignity and his immortality. Yet, I know well,—none knows better,—that in the mankind of to-day there are unimaginative, inert multitudes who have no consciousness of their own innate worth; and who care practically naught for an answer to the question, "If a man die shall he live again.?"

I have not written in ignorance of, or as being unmindful of, the indifference, or antagonism, abounding at the present time concerning the thinking, feeling, hoping and trusting which pervade this book. Nevertheless I have so lived and learned, wrought and been guided, that any real personal token to my friends must set forth what I have accepted as the supreme motive force of my life. This testimony I must bear, though I hold it with but few others, or may bear it alone. Any one who knows me will understand that this book could not be essentially other than it is, and be from me. My friends will therefore understand the message with which I close this Foreword:—

The consummate gain of my many years of longing and effort to know the truth, is *Faith*: faith, which, with much else, makes me confident that at some time every human being will come into his own as an immortal soul; indeed, that he will humbly, yet with steadfast conviction, become conscious of himself as in reality the offspring of the Eternal,—of the God "in Whom we live, and move and have our being,"—with Whom, therefore, we can commune in filial adoration and love.

"Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but Faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness ; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster."

I
FROM INHERITED CREED
TO
PERSONAL FAITH
1843-1869

There met me, as I wandered,
One who said, "This burden bear!"
Steep before me rose the pathway,
Yet I felt nor doubt nor fear.

The bright day slowly vanished,
And there came a long, drear night;
But, though wearied, 'neath my burden
I still struggled up the height.

At last, from very faintness,
I fell prostrate in the dust;
And a voice arose in judgment,
"Thou art faithless to thy trust."

The voice with anguish filled me,
And my eyes wept bitterest tears;
Had I been, indeed, so faithless?
Were so vain my toils and cares?

I prayed, "O show me mercy!"
Then I prayed—I know not how,—
For I heard this only judgment,
"Faithless to thy trust art thou."

And death was cruelly near me
In that night, prone in the dust,
When that voice was saying only,
"Thou art faithless to thy trust."

But, joy! there came the morning;
And, oh bliss! with heavenly might,
He, who laid the burden on me,
Came and made my burden light,

He said, "My well-beloved,
Faithful to thy trust thou art;
Know that, though thy heart condemn thee,
God is greater than thy heart."

"MET' AGŌNA STEPHANOS."

Waltham, Mass., 1870.

PART FIRST

FROM INHERITED CREED

TO

PERSONAL FAITH

CHAPTER FIRST

“WHEN I WAS A CHILD——”

The story I am to tell in these pages is far from being that of a comprehensive, or general, autobiography. When the wish to tell it first came, I did not think of carrying it much beyond a recollection of the immediate influences which induced a serious questioning of my inherited creed, together with an account of the processes of my intellectual release, and a review of some of the more important of the experiences which followed the gaining of a personal faith.

But, as I thought further, earlier memories, reminders of my childhood, arose and persistently pressed upon attention. These early memories are of but little moment in themselves, I know; but I have decided to give them place here. Some familiarity with my surroundings when I was a child, and some knowledge of what manner of boy I was, will do a good deal, I think, towards giving a better understanding to my friends of what came to pass in the later years. To this extent my story has become an auto-biography of my childhood and youth.

1.

Environment in Childhood.

Much pertinent information about the influences affecting me as a child may be drawn from the history and the character to the community in which I was born, May 8th, 1843.

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, towards the middle of the past century had a population of nearly five thousand. Our people were an industrious and prosperous folk ;—the town having considerable importance from its being a county seat,—the official and commercial center of a large and productive farming district. The town was the site, too, of some small special manufacturing industries.

Particularly connected with these “Memories” is the fact that our community was composed chiefly of descendants of so-called “Scotch-Irish” immigrants, who, towards the middle of the Eighteenth Century, had fled from their home in North Ireland to America, for the sake of religious and political freedom.

a. “*The Scotch Irish.*”—In the “Historical Sketch of Franklin County,”—but much more than a “sketch,”—written by my father, I. H. McCauley, 1878, I read ;

“The term “Scotch-Irish” originated in this wise. In the time of James I. of England, who was a Scotch Presbyterian, the Irish Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell conspired against his government, - - - were outlawed, and their estates seized by the Crown. King James divided these lands into small tracts and gave them to persons from his own country,” (Scotland), “because they were Protestants, on the condition that they should cross over into Ireland - - - and locate upon them. A second insurrection soon after gave occasion for another large forfeiture, and nearly six counties in the province of Ulster

were confiscated - - - . The King was a zealous sectarian, and his primary object was - - - to repeople the country with those who, he knew, would be loyal.

Having the power of the Government to protect them, the inducements offered to the industrious Scotch could not be resisted. Thousands went over. - - -

These were the first Protestants introduced into Ireland. They at once secured the ascendancy in the counties, - - - and their descendants have maintained that ascendancy to the present day against the efforts of the Government Church on the one hand and the Romanists on the other. They did not intermarry with the Irish. The Scotch were - - - Presbyterian in religion; the Irish were Roman Catholic. - - - The races are as distinct in Ireland to-day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years as when the Scotch first crossed over."

"In after times persecutions fell upon their descendants under Catholic governments, - - - and large numbers emigrated and settled in New Jersey, Maryland and North Carolina. - - - In September 1736, alone, one thousand families sailed from Belfast; - - - Most of them came to the eastern and middle counties of Pennsylvania. They brought with them a hatred of oppression and a love of freedom - - - that served much to give that independent tone to the sentiments of our people which prevailed in their controversies with their home and foreign governments, years before they seriously thought of independence. They filled up this valley." (Cumberland, Pennsylvania). They cut down its forests, and brought its fair lands under cultivation. They fought the savage and stood as a wall of fire against his further forays eastward.

Between 1771 and 1773, over twenty-five thousand of them (all Presbyterians) came hither, driven from the places of their birth by the rapacity of their landlords. - - - The "Scotch Irish," in the struggle for national independence, were ever to be found on the side of the colonies. A tory was unheard of among them.

Pennsylvania owes much of what she is to-day to the - - - many of this race that settled within her

borders. They were our military leaders,—and they were among our most prominent law-makers in the earliest days of the colony, and through and after - - - the struggle for freedom and human rights. They helped to make our constitutions and to frame our fundamental laws. They furnished the Nation with five Presidents”;—(six, at the date of the writing of these “Memories,”—Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Arthur, McKinley and Wilson; also, probably, Grant and Hayes, who were of Scotch ancestry) “and our State with seven Governors. Many United States Senators” have come from them; also “Congressmen, Judges and others eminent in all the vocations of life.

None of the many diverse nationalities of which this great people is composed did more for the national good and prosperity than those known as the “Scotch-Irish” and their descendants.”

b. Other Chambersburg People.—Associated with the “Scotch Irish” in Chambersburg were, in my childhood, many people whose ancestors, mostly Germans in descent, had been won, like the Scotch, by William Penn’s invitation to come to his Colony and enjoy “free worship, freedom to choose their rulers and to make their own laws.”

For some time, after the year 1755, especial care was exercised by the Pennsylvania Proprietaries to segregate the incoming Scotch and Germans; sending the Scotch to the Cumberland Valley and the Germans to York County. In Lancaster County, the two peoples had become seriously antagonistic. However, in time, the needs of business and other causes brought the peoples more or less together, amicably. Many intermarriages took place and numerous business partnerships were formed as years passed.

c. Religious Surroundings.—Most notable in the personal relationships of my childhood is the fact that, then, the people of Chambersburg were still under the dominance

of the specific religious faiths and customs of their forefathers. Scotch Presbyterianism, more than any other influence, was uppermost in the town's social circles, and in its religious and educational institutions. For the rest, followers of Luther and his German fellow reformers, together with some disciples of Wesley, guided the religious beliefs and ways of the people. Of course, as in every considerable gathering of human beings, the community was not religious throughout. "Unregenerate" human life, —plenty of it,—was there, too ; and, among the " professors of religion," there was often evident more or less " backsliding," indifference and " worldliness." But I cannot remember any one who made public question of the supremacy, over man's life, of some form of Christian faith, and of the necessity for its acceptance by each individual for the sake of his real welfare in this world and of his happiness " in the world to come." It can be said with truth that my native town, in my childhood, was under the undisputed control of organized Christianity ; especially of the Calvinism of Presbyterian Scotland.

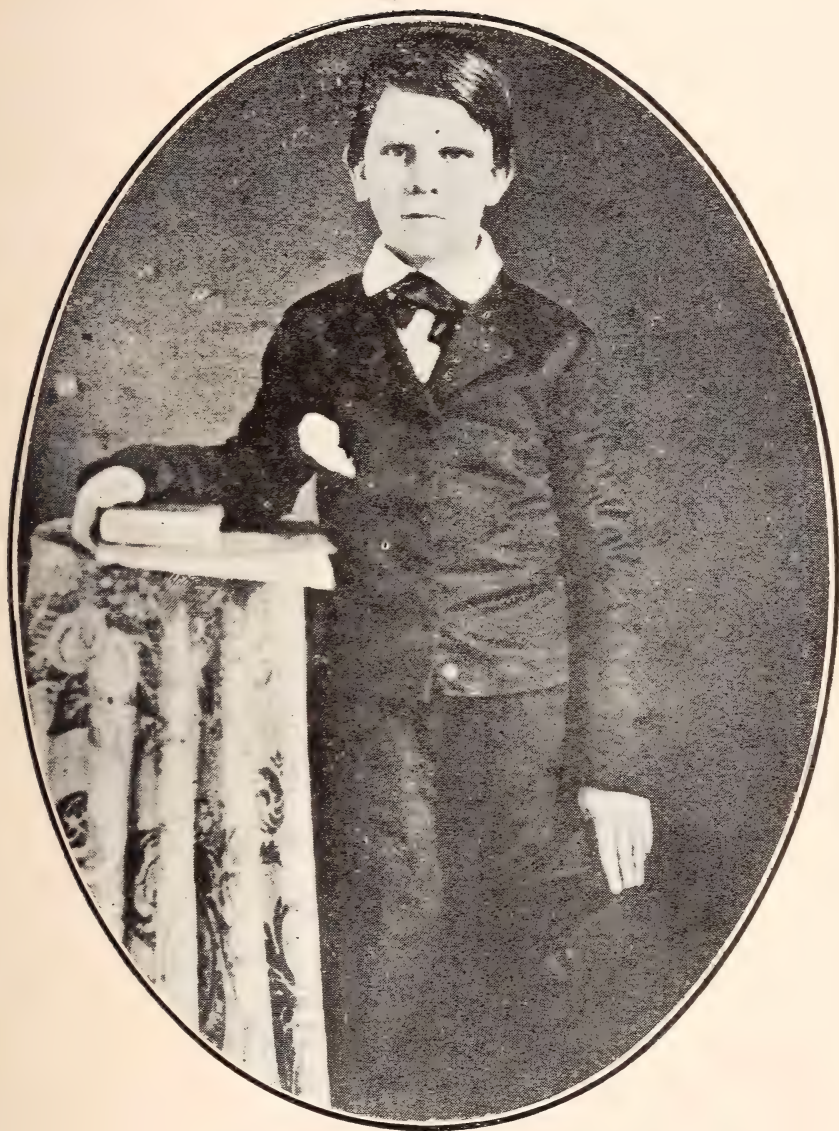
Personally, this fact meant much. It was my spiritual and intellectual inheritance, having special influence in the initial shaping of my character and in the beginnings of my personal growth. A deeply religious atmosphere pervaded my own home, and, generally, the homes of my school mates. Domestic worship, daily, and regular attendance upon religious services, not only on Sundays but on the evenings of some other days of the week, besides Sunday School sessions for me, were established parts of our household routine. Then, among my earliest recollections are those of the sacred stories told me by my mother and grandmothers, and by other good kindred ; the hymns I

heard daily ; and often repeated instruction received through Bible verses and the learning of the Westminster "Shorter Catechism." I had been baptized by a minister of the Scotch "Covenanter," or Reformed, Presbyterian Church ; thereby being made heir to the faith and motives of the ultra-conservative body of Scotch Calvinists, which was historic in the national struggle of Scotland for religious and political independence, and is described in one of their publications as "the suffering anti-popish, and anti-prelatical, anti-erastian, true Presbyterian Church of Scotland." My parents were communicants in the Old School Presbyterian Church,—the original Church of the town,—established in 1735. Because, however, of special personal friendship they had asked the "Covenanter" Church minister to baptize me. At about nine years of age, I became, regularly, a pupil of the Sunday School of my parents' church. In that school I was systematically, and with much care, indoctrinated theologically ; and from that school, when I was about fourteen years old, I became, apparently with a good understanding of what I was doing, "a member of the Church."

2.

Personal Characteristics as a Child.

α. It should not be concluded, however, because of what I am saying of the prominence which religion had in my childhood's surroundings and experiences, that I became noticeably "sanctimonious," or "morbidly pietistic." I had an exceptionally *happy nature* ; and I was unusually *energetic physically*. Besides, my sombre religious environment was more or less brightened by influences flowing



AT THE CHAMBERSBURG ACADEMY, 1853

from the increasing enlightenment of the times generally,—which I readily welcomed. Altogether, it was impossible for me to be possessed by unwholesome thoughts or feelings, except perhaps for the passing moment. I dearly loved play, severe athletic games, adventurous and even dangerous sports.

b. Though I was not of a quarrelsome nature,—quite the contrary—I was often party to boyish “fights,” receiving as well as giving rather severe “punishment.” Having by nature a rather *acute self-consciousness*, and a strong *love of approbation*, some of my “battles” were the result of resentment over wounded self-love and of an instinctive self-defense ; but it is pleasant to remember that more often they were the consequence of a natural revolt against what I considered to be injustice, or cruelty, to others. Cruelty to animals, to birds, and even to insects, aroused my fiercest ire.

c. I think that I was never, intentionally, aggressive upon the rights or possessions of my playmates, or was ever what might be truthfully called “mean” in my bearing towards them, however mischievous my fun-making may have been. Whatever my reputation was as “a bad boy,” it arose, I am sure, from the fact that I was just an enthusiastic, even irrepressible participant in the natural life of a healthy, happy child. The school play-grounds and the streets of the town ; the near-by fields and woods ; the streams and the hill sides were sources of constant delight to me in those exuberant years.

It was my good fortune throughout childhood to be able to know life in large measure as a physical and mental pleasure. A characteristic episode of these years I described, long ago, in a story named, “How Charley

Ramsey Spent a Saturday." The story was included in a collection made in 1880, by Mrs. Fanny B. Ames, entitled, "Christmas Day and All the Year."

d. Associated with my abounding vitality and love of adventure, was much *mental inquisitiveness*, I had an exceptional liking, too, for school "declamation." Whether aroused to it by my father, or taking to it naturally, I do not know. But I remember frequent drillings in "orating," in very early years, and especially an exciting time once at a Sunday School celebration, in grove "out in the country," when I could have not been more than six years in this world, "reciting my piece." And when I was but nine years of age, "June 8th, 1852," I declaimed an oratorical "poem" at a school exhibition, in a crowded auditorium, somewhere in Chambersburg. I think that the verses were a diversion of my father's pen, or of a generous "adaptation" he made. I happen to have the verses yet. I repeat them here largely because of their suggestion as to the kind of boy I was.

MY AMBITION.

Do not, my friends, expect to see,
Poetic graces drop from me ;
My youthful mind, my tender age
As yet unfit me for the stage.
Still, though but forty inches high,
I love to spout, I'll not deny ;
And tho' a novice, in debate
I would great models imitate.
All men that e'er were famed for sense,
Once learned, like me, their elements ;
Of such our Country boasts a few,
Whose names would grace a Scotch Review—
Whose fame extends through ev'ry clime,
And will outlive Old Father Time.

I hold the ancient maxim true,
“What boys have done, a boy may do ;”
For nature's children are the same,
Whether of high, or humble name.
Grows not the stately branching tree,
From the minutest seed we see ?
And from the lowest rank we find,
Spring up the noblest of mankind.
May not our soil rear men as great,
As any old or modern State ?
Columbia's sons may sure excel,
The noblest deeds that histories tell ;
The moving cause, is still the same,—
Ambition and a deathless name.

These truths my boyish mind elate,—
To grow renown'd and wise and great.
Of talent I have had a share,
Committed to my fostering care ;
Which if I do not well apply,
No one will lose as much as I.

Now if my speaking don't display,
The glowing style of Henry Clay :—
Nor that of Webster, Benton, Jones,
Whose thoughts gush forth in mellow tones,
Whose powers a listening Nation awe,
And plaudits from opponents draw ;
Your right to censure, pray forbear,
And youthful inexperience spare.

e. I was also attracted by *various handicrafts*. The time for big factories and the gathering of hosts of work-people in them had not come ;—certainly not to our part of the world. Our town abounded in small shops, in each of which a few workmen were employed. These places greatly interested me. In school-vacation days, when I was about ten years old, I was much given to visiting these shops and playing at learning the trades followed in

them. Doing this, I acquired in some measure skill in several kinds of manual work.

I became, for instance, "a printer"; I had my "stick," and "rule," and was familiar with the "case." In one of our newspaper offices I was often allowed to "compose," for the regular issues of the paper. I was also given place at a bench in the shop of a carpenter, who was my Sunday School teacher. I achieved some acceptable work at a turning lathe, and, with some help, built a commendable and speedy snow-sled. I acquired, also, a little of the potter's art, in a factory belonging to the family of one of my school-mates. I became, in turn, also "a cooper"; "a blacksmith;" and "a machinist." I was so fond of machinery that when I was missing from home, at the time I was about eleven years old, I was generally looked for, first, at the railway shops. In like manner, I became a "farmer;" and "a merchant." Even with these attainments the story of my amateur ventures into the industries and trades is not fully told.

f. In inquisitiveness into books I was no less eager and insistent. The range of literature available for me was relatively large, though kept within safe ethical and theological limits. I had much liking for books of travel; and was exceptionally interested in whatever told of the lives and thinking of celebrated men. In my father's house-library, I found to my delight, a book, describing the early settlement of our Valley and the neighboring regions, full of thrilling adventures of our pioneers with the Indians. I revelled in its title; "Scenes from Border Life." In yet earlier years, I had had the joy of becoming acquainted with such celebrities as "Robinson Crusoe," "Lemuel Gulliver," and the "Swiss Family Robinson." "The

Parents' Assistant," together with the "Rollo Books" and the "Franconia Stories," deeply interested me. Somehow, the last two series of stories fascinated me; creating a romantic world for my imagination, so much so that I became subject at home to the teasing jest of having become a "Yankee." I have sometimes wondered how far the attraction to New England thus begun, and later increased even while I was a youth, influenced me in the critical mental and spiritual experiences through which I passed in maturer years. Other books that gave me much pleasure as I was entering youth were Sir Walter Scott's novels; several of Shakespeare's plays, and some of Dickens' stories. But at that time nothing so stirred my adventurous spirit as the stories of the Arctic regions told by Elisha Kent Kane, in his vividly written books newly published, and the strange record of Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan, just placed in my father's library. Japan, then, became to me the most interesting among the far-away lands of the world; indeed it is probable that the preparation was actually begun then for the close relationship to this land and its people I have had during the last twenty-five years.

3.

Influence of my Ancestral Creed.

But while all that I have been saying of my happy nature, love of play, varied interests and occupations should be considered in recalling my childhood, I must remember, especially, the *dominant influence in it of my ancestral "creed."* Along with the generous reading of which I have just spoken, and forming by far the larger part of the literature available for me, or brought to my

attention, were the books that were concerned with my religious heritage. The Bible and the "Westminster Shorter Catechism" were of fundamental importance ; they were in daily use. I became familiar, too, with such works as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and the writings of several revered saints and scholars of the Calvinistic Creed.

Also, in connection with my ordinary school-day experiences, sports and adventures, I was never wholly free from some kind of reminder, in my home, in school and at church, of the teachings of my ancestral "creed." Especially was I confronted with the dogma that, "by nature," I and all other human beings are "totally depraved," and that we all are doomed to a miserable future forever, unless "saved" through "the atonement effected for mankind by Christ, the eternal Son of God, in the vicarious sacrifice he made on Calvary." In one form or another, this dogma was ever present to my child-mind. But with it came, through much urging, the further lesson that "the infinite merits of the Saviour's Sacrifice" would easily become my own if I would but "believe" in Him. If I would only "believe," then I should become "born again" as "a child of God":—the Holy Spirit would then "sanctify" me ; and after this life I should "enter Heaven, to enjoy an eternity of happiness with other redeemed souls," whom God had likewise chosen for "everlasting blessedness."

For years, of course, this teaching was really meaningless to me. I could not, with any adequate measure, grasp its purport. But I tried again and again, with all my powers of thinking and feeling, to understand and to profit by the truth ; because, *however, unintelligible*, as a matter of course, *this teaching was heard as the perfect truth.*

I could not think of it, under the conditions with which I received it, as anything else than "perfect truth." Every influence bearing upon me gave it the impress of truth. It was the belief of my parents; and of all those whom I knew as having authority. I found it confirmed, so I supposed, in all the readings of the "Divine Revelation" prescribed for me. I accepted it as I accepted my parentage and my home; and I held it as my most important possession, whether thinking of myself as one among "the saved," or not. This Creed was my spiritual inheritance.

Sometimes its awful purport troubled me, but I never questioned its absolute truth, then. I heard in later years that I had asked troublesome questions about it at times. I remember that once, when I was eight or nine years old, my mother, late one night, disturbed at seeing a light in my room, found me there, standing by a bureau, absorbed in thinking over the question, "Why does God foreordain any human soul to Hell if He is good and almighty?" I was speedily put to bed; my mother entreating me to let such "dreadful thoughts" alone until I should be "old enough to think properly about them." My mother was never a very rigid, or consistent Calvinist, I now believe. While deeply religious she always avoided, so far as I remember, the terrible literalism of our family's inherited "creed."

But I never actually doubted that inherited Creed then, so I have said. How could I? No traces of skeptical thinking; of anti-Christian speculation; of "rationalistic" theology; of a "critical" study of the Bible; or even of any professed "Liberalism," or of "Progressiveness" in religion, were known of by me, either in my own home or

in the homes of any of my playmates. If I heard at all of "infidels," and of "rationalists," I heard of them as "wicked people," or as "atheists" to be abhorred and shunned. For years afterwards, even when I might have freely become possessed of rationalistic books, as was once possible at my being offered Paine's "Age of Reason," I avoided even contact with what I was confident was the work of Satan.

4.

Conversion and Choice of the Ministry as Vocation.

a. *My "Conversion."*—During the extraordinary "Revival of Religion" which occurred through a large part of the country in 1857, the religious convictions which had been inwrought into the very fabric of my growing life and had often more or less strongly affected me, aroused a sense of responsibility for my welfare as a human soul, and of the exceptional privileges which I had for years been taught were mine, as a "baptized child of the covenant." "Salvation" became a most serious personal concern; and, boy though I was, I began in earnest to pray for the new life that could be mine as a conscious "child of God."

After a time of wretched inner struggle, there came a *great uplift of emotion*, and I rejoiced in the belief that I had really received the "Divine forgiveness;" and "the witness of the Spirit with my spirit that I had been born of God;" and had been exalted to a place among those who are "saved."

I then became, as said before, a *member of my ancestral Church*; joining the historic "Congregation of the Falling Spring" in Chambersburg. Thereupon, I entered specific,

and, for the time, engrossing religious relationships ; much encouraged and carefully guided by those who were leaders in the work of our church.

Not long afterwards many influences induced me to think that the ministry of the Gospel should become my life's vocation, Thitherto, I had not thought at all seriously of the Ministry as a work to which I should devote my manhood. Even among earlier occasional religious experiences, my boyish predilections for a life-work were for something else.

For some time, the profession of *civil engineering* possessed my longings. All that I had come to know of civil engineering was peculiarly attractive to me ; and, in particular, the building of a railroad through our town southward, had aroused my ambition to become a leader in that kind of work. I made friends of members of the surveying parties, as far as I could. I followed them, "chaining and staking," as they would let me. Their struggle with and conquest of hills and streams ; their out-of-door life, and travel into far-away places ; all such things attracted me and made me wish to be one of these pioneers.

I was for some time, also, under a sort of spell caused by what I saw of my father's *practice of the law*. I became ambitious to follow him. Debate, argument and the fascination of oratory wrought a lure for me even then. I read violently one winter in "Blackstone," and in "Kent." My out-of-school place for study was a back room in my father's office, which stood in the same lot with our home, at the head of "Lawyers' Row."

b. Choice of the Ministry.—But my "conversion" and church membership soon changed wholly my childhood's

imaginings and purposes concerning "What I should be when I became a man." My sympathetic temperament; my natural idealism, and, largely, my sense of gratitude for "the goodness of God" to me, took an overmastering possession of thought and feeling. Belief in the "ruin and doom of mankind" was intensified for me to so great a degree that it became the dominating force in my mood. Then, decisively, under the urging, especially of one relative, himself a minister in the Old School Presbyterian Church, I was overcome by the conviction that, because of my personal, social and religious privileges, I was "called," more than most others, to the mission of bearing to "doomed mankind" the message of their possible "salvation."

For a while, too, I felt that upon me, especially, the duty was laid of consecration to the *preaching of the Gospel to "far away heathen,"* who were "blindly perishing in sin." This is last named conviction was at the time a most solemn and a most potent mental and emotional reality, only to be seriously discouraged by those who were nearest to me, then and later.

My future having been thus determined, so far as desire and will could go at the time, *I began special preparation for a course of education which would lead me at length directly into the Christian ministry as a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church.*

The first move made was into intimate *association with a retired minister* who had been connected with my home-church,—a scholar and educator of high local, and wide denominational, reputation. He had been one of my teachers in the Chambersburg Academy, and was fully entitled to the reverent affection I gladly gave him. He had been stricken with total blindness, and needed a

reader. I was his reader through most of the succeeding two years; the immediate years of my preparation for College; he giving me in turn his help as instructor. He had an extraordinary verbal memory for most of the Latin and Greek classics;—almost perfect for the writings of Caesar and of Vergil, and of Xenophon and of Homer, which it was necessary for me to “master” for my coming College entrance examinations. Our work was a “labor of love” mutually given.

During this association with the Rev. James F. Kennedy, I had to do, for the first time, with a theological book in which there was a semblance of divergence from Orthodoxy, as I knew it, or which ventured upon some intellectual independence. The title of the work was “Yahweh.” The discussion, naturally, was carried on well within the bounds of allowable thinking; but the author argued that the true reading of the familiar Biblical name “Jehovah” is that of the title name of his book, “Yahweh.”

For the most part, my reading for Mr. Kennedy was beyond my comprehension; but this claim concerning the true name of the “Jehovah God” impressed me as a wonderful discovery.

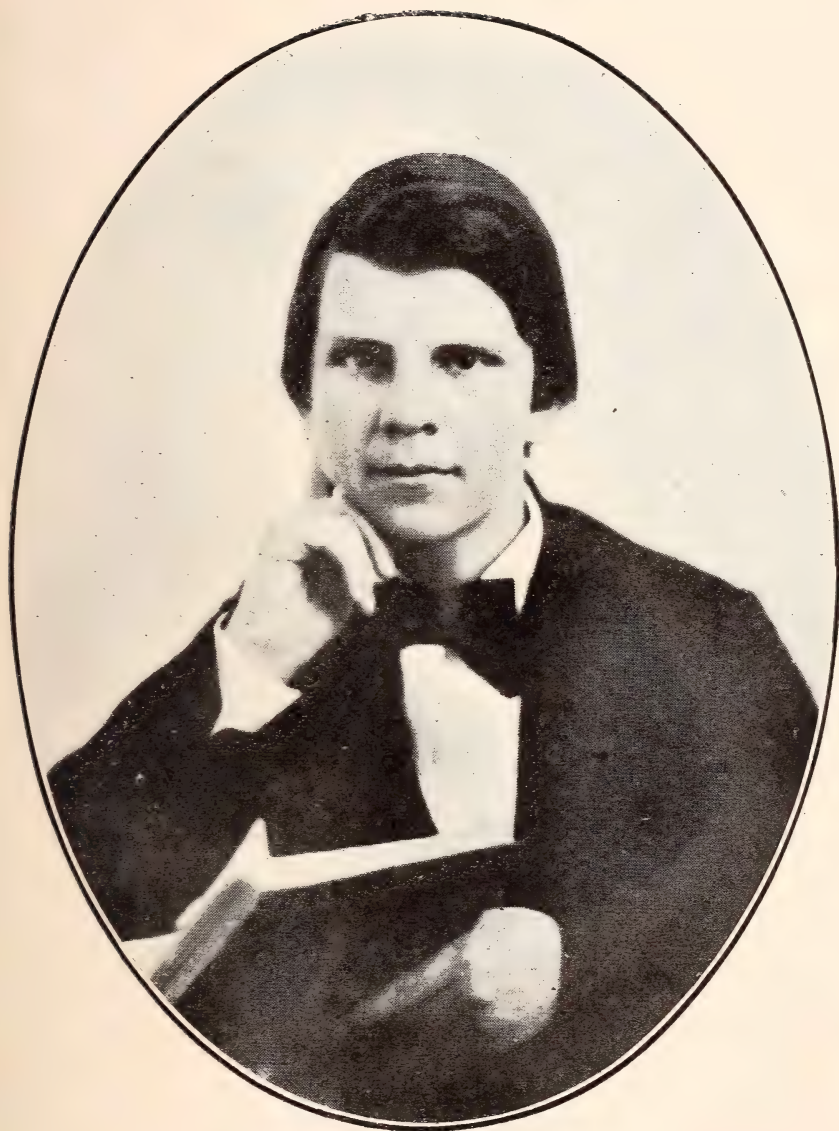
5.

Entrance into College.

My fifteenth and sixteenth years were passed, in the main, in this very happy and helpful service to my revered friend; and, in the autumn of 1859, I was fortunate enough to enter the Sophomore Class of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. My father's intention had been to send me to Princeton; but the mother, on the plea that it was too soon to send her only child to a college so far

from home, prevailed upon the father to start my college career at this excellent Methodist institution, which is only an hour's ride from Chambersburg.

With entrance into College, however, a new epoch in my life was begun. Leaving my native town, I soon realized that I had left my childhood's home; and, ere long, I knew that childhood, as well as the home of childhood, had become but a treasured memory.



AT DICKINSON COLLEGE, 1859

CHAPTER SECOND

OF COLLEGE DAYS

1.

At Dickinson College.

In almost every relationship, life at College came to me as a novelty. It necessitated more or less changed ranges of thought and ways of living. I had never before been separated from direct parental care and the companionship of solicitous relatives and long familiar friends, except for part of one year. In my thirteenth year, because of prolonged absence of my parents from their home, I was put in charge of the Moravian School at Lititz, Pennsylvania. But I was there cared for as a member of a family. At College, however, I became immediately personally free, and personally responsible, in the midst of wholly unfamiliar surroundings. I was one among hundreds of other boys, strangers thitherto, gathered from many widely separated parts of the country; reared under many kinds of social, intellectual and religious influences; nearly all, like myself, separated for the first time from their homes, and compelled to meet and to adjust themselves to a novel environment.

Almost inevitably, under these circumstances, important changes in one's mental and social manner of living would be wrought. But, *so far as my religious experiences were concerned nothing of radical moment occurred.* The Carlisle community was much like that of Chambersburg,

except as affected socially by the group of United States Army officers stationed at "The Barracks," in the town's suburbs. The College was conducted under strictly Orthodox, though not Calvinistic, religious principles; and, practically, all the boys had come from homes which were, at least, associated with Christianity in some Orthodox form.

a. Some Pertinent Experiences at Dickinson—The most marked personal change, pertinent to these "Memo-ries," because of my new surroundings, was a *gradual lapse from the highly exalted spiritual mood* with which I had come away from home. At no time, during the two years I was at Dickinson, did I lose sense of having entered College "to study for the ministry." But the ministry, ere long, seemed to be very far away. The normal life of boyhood was exuberant around me, and it naturally found personal response in my daily intercourse with many new made friends. I became a member of a Greek letter fraternity whose festivals, while innocent, or proper enough socially, were not just what they ought to be, measured by the standards of "piety" I had brought with me from my home and my home-church. I became also an active, energetic member of the Union Philosophical Society, one of the two literary fellowships which comprehended on their rolls the students of the College. My general reading, for the first time, went largely into fiction. I had special and most enjoyable sessions with Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, and Captain Marryat.

In the autumn of 1860, a group of students, of which I was one, indulged in a festival trip to Harrisburg, and took part in a welcome reception to the Prince of Wales, afterwards the British King, Edward VII., then on tour in

America. The Prince seemed to be a boy very much like ourselves ; rather diffident, possibly shy ; but our unanimous judgment was that we liked him.

At the end of the following February, we indulged in a like " spree " to see Abraham Lincoln, who was to make a stop at the State Capital on the way to his inauguration as President of the National Union. We were able to get a good sight of him, and I was quite near to him ; but he was, evidently, kept well surrounded by a group of friends.

Throughout the second Dickinson year, I thought far more of *the coming sectional struggle among the States of our Union* than of any thing else ; and when the Civil War was actually threatened, I became a member and an officer in a company of student-militia, organized that we might be made familiar with company drill and the manual of arms.

The increasing drift of the Nation towards its mighty struggle so impressed and agitated me, that when, after the attack upon Fort Sumter, the President called for 75,000 volunteers for the defence of the Union, I immediately enlisted in a company forming at Carlisle. *That attempt to be a soldier, however, lasted but for a few hours.* My father, in response to a telegraphic announcement of my enlistment, sent the answer, " You must not go. Your Mother," and himself appeared in Carlisle that afternoon. He cancelled my enrollment at once, and took me back with him to Chambersburg, a thoroughly humiliated youth, far from being in a religious state of mind.

Very soon my career as a student at Dickinson College was closed, and a new period in Collegiate education was begun elsewhere.

I have very few letters written while I was at Dickinson. But looking back over this initial stage of my College

career, remembering it as correctly as I now can, apparently the chief positive effect of my experiences then, was the *protection it provided* me at a very sensitive age *against* a possible *morbidity of religious emotion*; so far, at least, as a spontaneously liberty-loving, intellectually generous and inquisitive nature could be endangered. Also, I think, the stay at Dickinson enlarged my mental horizon enough to disclose a somewhat wider intellectual domain than that of which I had perception in the closing years of my childhood.

I.

EARLY RECORD OF NATURAL LIBERALISM.

As a good evidence of this mental widening, I recall a Class composition which I prepared in the second Dickinson year. Its theme was "*Reverence for the Religious Principle in all its Developments.*" Among the judgments given in this boy production were these:—

"Bigotry in any form must be contemplated with pity and disdain. I have no sympathy with a spirit which would scorn man's weakest efforts for spiritual improvement. The religious principle, existing as it does in every human heart,—the mark of its high origin, the connecting link binding man to God,—should command the most profound respect.

Whether beheld in the Christian philosopher whose powerful intellect pierces far into the boundless domain of knowledge, or in the ignorant slave who cannot even read the Divine message which assures him of immortality; whether in the poet who consecrates genius to the cause of virtue, or in the rough seaman whose only music is the tempest's roar; whether in the zealous Puritan or in the calm spirit of the enlightened Christian, it is still the proof of man's higher destiny, the manifestation of his nobler being.

However marred by credulity and fanaticism, it is

too sacred to be torn from its deep resting place in the soul and rudely trampled under the foot of the scorner. Far better to be the sincere, though ignorant, worshipper, than, like the Prophet of Khorassan, to conceal under a glittering veil, the features of a demon. Let us reverence the heaven-born fire on the heart's altar, whether burning with a clear, strong radiance, or dimmed and blackened by the smoke of superstition."

While I was at Carlisle, however intermittent or feeble my zeal as a professed Christian may have been, I was never so weakened that regular attendance at Church and observance of other duties as a Church member were interrupted. But there were long periods when I was not very devotional, and not very studious of the books of spiritual culture which I had set apart for daily reading. I thought but little of the doctrines of my inherited "Confession of Faith." But also, neither "rationalism" so called, nor, certainly, skepticism had any part in my mental occupations, one way or another. Whatever I thought of theological problems, when I thought of them at all, did not take me outside the Creed I had been taught. Moreover, all the time I bore with me, more or less consciously, the fact that I had been set apart for the Christian ministry. This consciousness had become involved in my personal "make-up," and, in good time, I was confident, it would be given full way.

But, allowing for this fact, I look back upon those initial College days, as being in the main the time when, as a normally developing boy, I was happily a participant in the ordinary work and play of other boys who were much like me; and when, without being a leader, I held an honorable place among my fellow-students in the College curriculum.

2.

At Princeton College.

I passed the exciting summer of 1861 in Chambersburg. The days were filled with news of the events of the opened war of the "Southern Confederacy" against the National Union. I fretted constantly over my inability to "go to the defense" of Washington, our Nation's capital, imperilled by the nearer advance of the Confederate army after the disaster at Bull Run.

I found some relief, however, in renewal of activity as a member of the home-church. I was *re-awakened to my religious obligations*, and I was much stimulated afresh by the prospect then opened to me of continuing, at Princeton, my education for the ministry.

In the autumn, to my great satisfaction, I was admitted to the Junior Class of Princeton College. Then, with some realizing sense of what I was doing, I began definite preparation for my accepted life-work. A season of "revival" befel the College that autumn and winter; and, with many College mates, my religious emotions were vividly aroused. Religious thinking and practice, as I understood it then, became the most prominent factor in my daily living. I took a leading part in local mission Sunday School work, and was prominent in the conduct of the Philadelphian Society, the special organization in the College supported for the culture of the religious life of the students.

It happened that I spent the winter vacation of 1861-62, in Washington City. With that opportunity I visited many of the camps and some of the field hospitals, doing a little here and there to help the sick and wounded.

a. Religious Experiences at Princeton.—Upon my return to College I became thoroughly aroused, religiously. I think that I shall not be misunderstood by the friends who read these pages, in repeating here some sentences written to my parents then. They have more than a merely personal significance. Soon after "the New Year," 1862, I wrote,—

"I hope and believe that I am now a far different person. God has graciously poured his Holy Spirit into my soul, and I feel free indeed in Christ Jesus, my Redeemer. This may appear strange; but I left home with the firm resolve that if He would spare me to reach Princeton, I would seek Him until I found Him, surely. I have reached that glorious result, I do believe. Oh! would I could have felt in Washington what I feel here. Then, perhaps, there would be many a poor, sick soldier to bless me. We have great promise for a good work in the College. Pray for us."

In March, in one of my letters, I pathetically lamented to "My dear Parents" that;—

"I have such a dreadful, sinful nature." - - - "I must become a true, earnest, working Christian. I must feel that I am engaged in a warfare. I must war against every sin, such as Pride and Ambition. The former I ought never have, and the latter with me is not sanctified. I never will rest until I am altogether the Lord's. I can not be idle when there is a Heaven to gain. I cannot see others going to ruin unwarned."

A month later, I wrote in answer to some advice that my father had given me," not to study too hard, and *not to bother about foreign missions*; "—

"As to the former advice," I answered "I do not think I will hurt myself studying, although I am determined to become a good Greek scholar, if the Lord gives me strength and life, no matter how much labor it may require." (My desire then to understand the original text of the New Testa-

ment was very great). "As to the latter, I have come to the determination to do no planning myself, but to let the Lord take care of me and place me where he will. I will be willing to go as a missionary, if the Lord choose to call me to that work. I am willing to stay here, if He places me here. I want to feel my will so entirely swallowed up in His that I shall be perfectly willing to go or stay, as He appoints.

I am often led to think that the motives which would make me a missionary are not right; that they are of my own choosing and not of God's. But woe! is me, if I am called to go to the Heathen and refuse. I am sealed as the Lord's. I am bought with a price. My will is not my own. You have no longer any claim on me. You gave me to God long ago,—to be His, I hope, for eternity—body and soul, time, influence, all interest in my earthly relations, in fact my all. He tells me to leave all and follow Him. It is, in one view, hard. But so it is. And if He tells me to 'go into every land and preach His glad tidings' I must do it. If the cry comes from stricken China, India, Africa or elsewhere, I must go. You must pray that the Lord will enable all of us to be resigned to His will. We must not look at time, but eternity. We do not live for time but for eternity."

Much more kindred sentiment, prompted by the same exalted mood, appears in this letter, but it is not relevant to the present story. The whole of my home correspondence that year should be read as an instructive illustration of the *enormous power exercised* among the followers of the popular "Orthodoxy" of Christianity, *by the unnatural, or anti-natural, other-worldly beliefs they have received concerning Human Nature, and about the Divine Being and Government.* It is perfectly true that, even at the present day, kindred abnormal, irrational misdirections of man's spiritual nature hold in distressing subjection many otherwise wholesome-souled men and women.

b. *Spiritual and Intellectual Limitations.*—In my relations with fellow students during the time of this exalted and abnormal mood, inevitably I became known as “a Christian.” But I observe, in reading the many letters of College mates which are preserved in my Class “autograph books,” that this religious reputation did not carry with it any offensive “sanctimoniousness.” I did not lose my *characteristic cheeriness* outwardly, or sacrifice my *love of comradeship*. I maintained a good reputation in Whig Hall, in the gymnasium, and in various of the out-of-door athletics, and country sports. But in private, I remember, I read daily and widely in books of devotion, of religious biography, of Biblical commentary, and of doctrinal exposition.

I became interested in *philosophic writings* which bore upon the profounder problems of mind and soul, as means co-operating with my distinctively religious books; of course, however, in speculations which came from the pens of Orthodox thinkers.

I was instinctively *attracted to natural science*, too; but my ventures in its departments were made under the guidance of a favorite teacher and friend, Professor Arnold Guyot, whose exposition of “the harmony” of the Book of Genesis with the discoveries of Geological Science charmed me. He made me feel intellectually bold. In a measure, I was affected in like manner by our college astronomer, Professor Stephen Alexander, whose lectures on the “Nebular Hypothesis” gave me, yet farther, assurance that I had been put *en rapport* with Science, as a real helper and strong support of Revelation.

Above all, however, I thought that in some writings of Dr. Archibald Alexander, and of Dr. Charles Hodge, which

I read into now and then, I was prospectively in possession of inexpugnable expositions of my ancestral "creed" as the divinely revealed truth. I felt confident that in them I was the recipient of statements of the great doctrine of "Divine Sovereignty," and of its stupendous consequences as set forth in the Westminster "Confession of Faith," which would confirm the doctrine without any questionings that would seemingly endanger my future allegiance to it.

Recalling further that memorable winter, I am obliged to conclude that if there ever was a time when my *religious experience*, considered as a reflex of thought and feeling, *became unwholesome* and carried me to the verge of, if not into, *spiritual morbidity*, it was then. Self-consciousness, and a sensitive, questioning introspection were continuous and acute. I thought of myself as being within an arena witnessing a constant conflict of my good with my evil thinking and desire. I suffered from much self-condemnation,—often without real reason, I now am sure. I constantly sought relief in prayer, in penitence, and in penance; frequently rejoicing over "answers to prayer," or lamenting over a sense of "divine forgiveness" delayed.

About that time, I think it was, I came across the "Memoirs of Robert Murray McChesney," the life-record of a highly cultivated, most spiritually minded young Scottish clergyman, whose vivid religious sensitiveness, aspiring longings, tender and gracious interpretations of the awful and terrible Creed of our common ancestral Church, won me to a daily reading of his letters and other writings. For years these "Memoirs" were my most prized *vade mecum*.

With the coming of the summer vacation in 1862, the question of how to occupy my time through it became of

considerable importance. I could not content myself with an idle summer at home, restless as I was about my duty to our distressed country.

c. Attempt to be a Colporteur.—My Presbyterian minister-uncle had urged me to come for the vacation to his parish on Long Island, New York, and begin practical training for the ministry by circulating religious literature among his people.

I hesitated, under a strong desire to do something for the soldiers "at the front." But when, at length, the wish to do army work, or to enter the army, seemed to be finally refused by my parents, I consented to take up with my uncle's project. I received from the Presbyterian Board of Publication a commission as colporteur; my "field of labor to be Long Island, New York." What happened thereafter is best told in a hurried, impulsive letter written to my parents early in July from my uncle's home:—

"I have an object in writing this to you which will no doubt be a surprise. When Uncle——wrote to me to take a position as colporteur, I consented to do so, feeling that, perhaps, that was the best way in which I could glorify my Maker. Yet, my desires often ran in a far different channel.

I came here, and on Monday entered upon my work. I was at it but two hours and grew tired of it. I was not discouraged, but I felt as if I were not in my right sphere. However, I determined to go ahead.

Tuesday morning I started out with a brave heart and a huge basket of new books on one arm. I first went into a doctor's house. "Oh! yes." "Pleased" that I had "called." But "didn't want any just then," and so on. I went on, and sold a little ten or fifteen cent book here and there. - - - Most of the people I met felt above the poor "pedlar." - - - Well, I went on with a humiliated heart, and, soon after, I came to a place where

a dog got at me rather violently, yet not dangerously. A woman came to the door and chased him away, and said "That dog always barks at pedlars."

But I went on. People who would have paid me extreme deference at any other time now treated me as far below them. I went to 'a rich man's house,' and he almost drove me away.

Many other things, which I will not describe, happened to me. By evening my foot was rubbed sore, and I was physically nearly done for. My basket must have weighed nearly forty pounds. But these things are what I deserve for my proud heart. I need humbling. Well, next day I was laid up. To-day I am all right again, except for my foot.

So, you have your son's first experience at colportage. It has done me good. I have learned that human nature is unjust, and that I am proud. My experience is somewhat laughable, but true. However, the servant is not above his Lord, and my position is not worse than I deserve.

I have every comfort with Uncle, and my trials are only in this contact with people. From what I have seen, I think I am not fitted to do this work. Besides, nobody wants to buy. "Times is too hard," and, "We have plenty of books," are the excuses everywhere. The war has stopped everything else. But to come to the point."

I can remember even now, somewhat, my state of mind during that experience. The hardships of that primary lesson, which I had undertaken to learn by way of preparation for my life's vocation, were made far more severe, I am confident, by my special mental condition at the time. It was not my way, when meeting difficulties, to run away from them. Other influences made me wish "to quit" that home-mission work. For this reason it was that the letter, from which I have been quoting continued,—

“I said my mind is not at rest. Well, it is not ; and I am going to be frank and tell you why. I wish you to receive it frankly, and know that I am in earnest, and mean what I say. Since I have been kept—justly—from entering the army, it has been a ruling desire with me, always, to do some good to the brave men who have gone to fight for the preservation of your home and my rights. God’s voice calls me to assist them in what way I can. I have given myself, I trust, to God ; and no matter what I may do for Him He will take care of me. When called to colportage I went reluctantly, because I felt some duty more prominent than it pressing upon me. But I pushed it away, and went to my appointed work.

“This morning, while reading of the terrific battles which occurred lately, and of the sufferings of the wounded, and noticing appeals for help, I expressed the feelings of my heart in a slight way. Uncle immediately told me that if all my energies were not in colportage, and I liked anything else better, I had better stop it at once, and get to work where my soul,—heart as well as body,—were engaged. *I spoke of going to the hospitals as a nurse.* He said, if that was my true feeling, to go by all means. Aunt thinks I am not fit.

“But this is what I think ; and I feel to be my imperative duty, immediately, when every man must forget everything else and work for the beloved Union.

Almost all the hospitals are filled with the dying and wounded of our battles. The nurses, though there are many noble exceptions, have taken their positions as a matter of mere business, to be paid for it. Many a poor fellow is disregarded and passed by, out of neglect. This must not be. Christ-like love should guide the nurses ; and every Christian young man in this country *who cannot enter the ranks* is called upon to minister his mite to his wounded brethren. Let the rough nurses shoulder the musket, and their places be filled with those who love to do good for its own sake, and who love the souls of dying men. Men are entering the hospitals who are fast closing the scenes of life. Perhaps some kind hand is there to ease their pain. But where is the voice to

whisper to the dying, of Jesus? I must contribute my little love of Jesus to the salvation of such souls.

"Let me take my position among our noble wounded and sick. I feel it my duty, and really I ought to go. I do not care where I go;—to a city hospital or a hospital transport."

This hastily written pleading of a boy, just become nineteen years old, was much longer and increasingly earnest. Its closing words were "You surely can't say, No!"

But "No!" was the answer I received.

I.

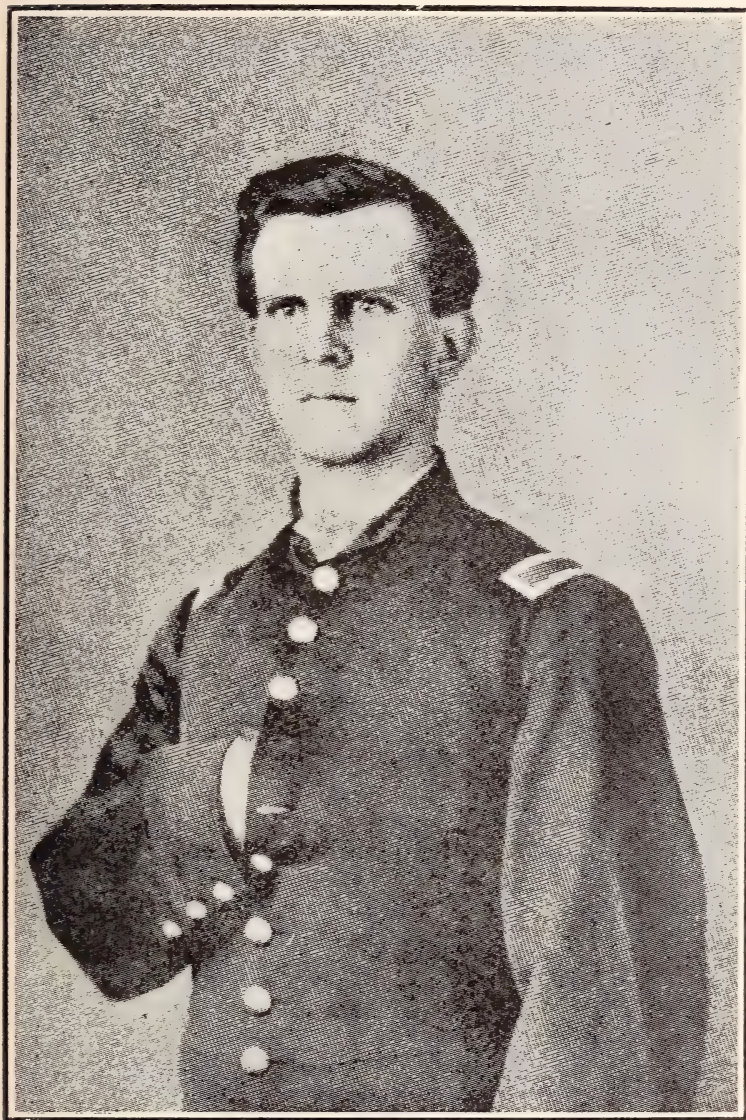
A YEAR AS A SOLDIER.

Soon afterwards I was in Chambersburg;—called home to stay for the remainder of my summer's vacation.

Then came the fateful national crisis which followed repeated disasters to the armies of the Union during that month of July, 1862. My enforced inaction, while I was longing to do something for the country, aroused in me an intolerable self reproach;—and I began to plead with all earnestness for the privilege of service in, or with, the army. At length, under my persistent pleadings, especially enforced by the portentous crisis of those weeks, my mother's resistance gave way.

The distress of that time can not be told. My mother was seriously a nervous invalid. I learned only in later years that I was not mindful enough, then, of that fact. But, at the time, I felt under compulsion to enter the army that was struggling to save the Union.

So, at last it happened, I was allowed to become one of the volunteers asked for by the President for a nine months service. The immediately deciding fact which



AT PRINCETON COLLEGE: AND IN THE ARMY
OF THE UNION, 1863

that some of these men were habituated to a theological liberalism much larger than that exercised by the Church people I had known. I did not meet any among these new acquaintances who were avowedly "unorthodox," or "infidel"; but several of them had doctrinal views with which I had either no familiarity, or which I had heard of chiefly that I might distrust and avoid them.

Without any conscious weakening in my allegiance to the Old School Presbyterian "Confession," I came to have an inspiring fellowship with some of these New School New England Congregationalists. I think that I can refer to some acquaintanceships made then, a considerable expansion of my intellectual horizon, and an increased indulgence towards sincere men who held other beliefs than those which I had been reared to think of as "Gospel truth."

I was not yet capable of perceiving that my professed beliefs were not, in any real sense of the word, my personal Faith. I held, and I was ready to defend, a series of doctrines as the embodiment of my faith, but I did not know that they were, in fact, only the doctrines of the Creed into whose possession I had been born, and which had been interpreted for me by my parents and instructors. These beliefs were treasured heritages, receiving a loyal allegiance; they were not personal acquisitions, won by study,—by a purposed research; they were not my own convictions, instinctive or reasoned. Like all other children, I was growing to maturity with my religious thinking dominated by the special traditions which had been carried onward from past time and brought to me by my family and teachers. I was being led towards my adult intellectual age without having had any personal choice concerning the way over which I was going.

Of course, an inherited creed is not to be considered untenable, or baseless, because it is an inheritance. Nevertheless, the fact must be acknowledged that my Creed was composed of beliefs which others, in the far or near past, had won for themselves, and which by bequest had been perpetuated for me and for multitudes of mankind in the institutions which they had founded, or supported. This momentous, fundamental fact I could not know, or understand, in my childhood and youth. And I could not, as all others can not, until well towards mature years, do any thing towards making it serviceable as a part of personal intellectual development.

So then, at the time of which I write, *I was following the way laid for me by my ancestors* and the instructors chosen for me. I was affected by my own experiences only so far as changing circumstances were beginning to disclose a life in the world larger than, and differing from, that which I had known, and were inducing a kindly indulgence towards those in whom, with differing doctrinal beliefs, I saw much that was also true and very good.

d. Return to Princeton.—In the autumn of 1863 I was again at Princeton, having returned that I might finish the Collegiate course. This year, as a Senior, I passed without undergoing any special change in my religious experiences. My personal religious habits, Sunday School, Church, and Philadelphian Society work, were resumed. I think I was somewhat conscious of having had a real expansion in scope of thought, and of an increase in sympathetic regard for my fellow men as Christians, though there might be much difference of belief between them and me. I did not, however, question the value of the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith" as the highest

and most complete interpretation of the "Divine Revelation" and of the "Way of God with Man."

II.

ORATION AT GRADUATION.

In 1864, I was graduated from College. The theme I chose for the part assigned me at the "Commencement" exercises was quite characteristic of my mood then.

"A GOOD CAUSE MAKETH A STOUT HEART."

This oration was only a crudely phrased proclamation of the convictions of a very immature youth. It is not worth reproduction as a whole, now. But, as it indicates well the dominant motive force of my youth; and may, moreover, be regarded as a way-mark for my conduct in the most important movements that have occurred in an unusually eventful mental and spiritual career, I will quote somewhat from it.

At the outset, I personified Truth and Error as "two elementary, antagonistic Powers, pervading the entire moral creation."

"Their great field of contention," I declared, "lies in the reason and free-will of man." "To-day the conflict wages fiercely. - - - Truth and Error, each mustering mighty armed hosts, are in deadly grapple."

"The cause of Truth is the cause of Good. A good cause makes the weak and fainting human heart strong and invincible. A good cause will make a stout heart."

Then I sought to show why this claim is tenable:—

1. "A good cause will *banish fear*," I asserted. "The long roll of heroes and hero-martyrs who have braved even death for Truth's sake shows this."

2. Moreover," a good cause inspires *perfect frankness*. Error dwells in the clouds of deceit. Truth presents a

bold front in the clear light of frankness. In fearlessness there is frankness ; in frankness there is strength."

3. Again, "a good cause arouses *earnestness*." "The slave of Error may contend with diabolic desperation for his cause, but heroic earnestness is his alone who defends the holy Cause of Truth."

4. Then, "from fearlessness, frankness, and earnestness, springs *consistency*." "Let a man be absorbed by a desire to promote a good cause, and his life will be ever onward and unswerving."

5. "Thereby he will be *firm*." "No gleam of better things may penetrate the gathering gloom of the contest, yet his trust never wavers."

6. And "finally, a good cause makes a stout heart, because it renders its advocate *happy*. Happiness is an element of strength. Happiness is his only who is conscious of the justice of his cause, and is confident of final success. He looks forward with a joyful heart to the certain time when the victory shall be Truth's."

I add to these fragmentary excerpts the peroration in full.——

"Let us, then, give our powers to some Good Cause. Let us enlist heartily, strike fearlessly, openly, earnestly, consistently and firmly ; battling with happy, hopeful hearts. Error will soon lose its vigor. The fearful looking forward to judgment, the deceit, desperation, wavering and misery of its advocates will lead to its complete overthrow. We may not live till this is accomplished : but we can cheerfully, give our weapons to those who follow us, and leave the field with the assurance that all will yet be well. A good cause is the cause of Truth. Truth is omnipotent. It is the very essence of God. Then, let us live and die with perfect confidence that victorious garlands will one day be wreathed around the calm, white brow of Godlike Truth : and in a higher and better life we shall share in the rewards of her victories."

With this aspiring declaration of an Ideal, as indicative of personal purpose, my career as a College student was closed.

3.

Between College and Seminary.

I.

WITH THE UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

I spent the summer of that year, 1864, again with the Army of the Potomac, then under command of General Grant, and laying siege to the Confederates at Petersburg. I had volunteered, for *evangelistic and hospital work*, as a member of the United States Christian Commission.

Much of my time was at first spent in the siege trenches ; later, chiefly in hospitals with the wounded and sick. For a while I was assigned to the typhoid hospitals, where I saw much pathetic suffering and many deaths. Then, after the explosion, on the 30th of July, of the mine that had been laid under the Confederate works, and which was so disastrous to our forces, I served some Fifth Corps surgeons, for two days and nights, on the field, in four hundred and more serious operations. For a long time afterwards, I was in attendance in the hospitals, nursing the wounded, besides doing what I could to comfort, and to serve in other ways, those who must die.

That summer's experiences affected my religious life chiefly by deepening my conviction of the personal, the essential importance for every man, of religious faith and hope. Some most impressive happenings, never to be forgotten, occurred during those weeks spent among sick and wounded soldiers.

With the summer's close I left the army, to begin specific study for the ministry, under a vividly aroused

sense of the supremely vital calling to which my life had been consecrated.

4.

In the Northwestern Theological Seminary.

It had been arranged, before my graduation from College, that I should follow the special studies required for the ministry, at the Western Theological Seminary in Alleghany, Pennsylvania. I matriculated there, with the opening of its sessions that autumn.

It so happened, however, that I could not continue as one of its students. Chambersburg had been burned, at the close of July, by Confederate raiders under General McCausland. As a sequel to that terrible calamity, my parents, who were among those who had suffered from it, removed to Chicago, and made their home, for the time being, with some relatives resident in that city.

In Chicago, an excellent Old School Presbyterian Seminary had been established ; and my mother, still seriously ill, and never having accepted willingly my separation from home, urged me to take my theological course where I might be near her. For almost five years, I had been practically only a vacation visitor to my parents.

In the mid-winter of 1864-65, consequently, I became a member of the Junior Class of the Chicago institution which in after years was renamed "McCormick Theological Seminary." I was a student there until my graduation in 1867.

I.

AGAIN WITH THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

During my first Seminary vacation, I was again with the Union Army ; and again I was engaged in *evangelistic hos-*

pital service. This time I went to the front beyond Nashville, Tennessee, to the soldiers who were under command of Major General George H. Thomas, whom I had known slightly at the "Carlisle Barracks," five years before, when he was "Major Thomas" of the Cavalry. General Thomas in the preceding December had defeated and wholly incapacitated the Confederate forces under General Hood, thereby practically closing all offensive movements in that part of the country, and hastening the culmination, as a whole, of the successful defense of the Union.

The closing events of the war were moving rapidly when I went to Tennessee. Just before I left Chicago, General Lee, at Appomatox, had surrendered the Army of Virginia to General Grant.

A few days later, while crossing the Ohio river at Louisville, I heard of the assassination of President Lincoln, the night before ; and, that day, I witnessed memorable outbursts of popular grief, and some of the vengeful anger which was aroused by that awful tragedy.

Arriving at the front, I got news of repeated defeats, and of surrenders, of the armies of the Confederacy, all along the great lines of battle. Not many days afterwards, we heard of the ignominious death of the President's assassin, Booth ; and the capture and imprisonment of Jefferson Davis, the Chief of the Confederacy.

I worked for some weeks among the hospitals, which were still necessitated at the front. But they were gradually closed.

Before I had returned to Chicago, the American Civil War had come to an end. And the United States, saved from disunion, were entering upon their present marvellous era as a thoroughly federated Nation.

In "Part Four," as said before, I have gathered a good deal of material connected with my many and much varied experiences during this ever memorable interstate struggle, under the heading "Memorials of the Civil War." Those chapters will, I think, have far more than a personal interest for my friends, and for others, too.

CHAPTER THIRD

MENTAL UNREST

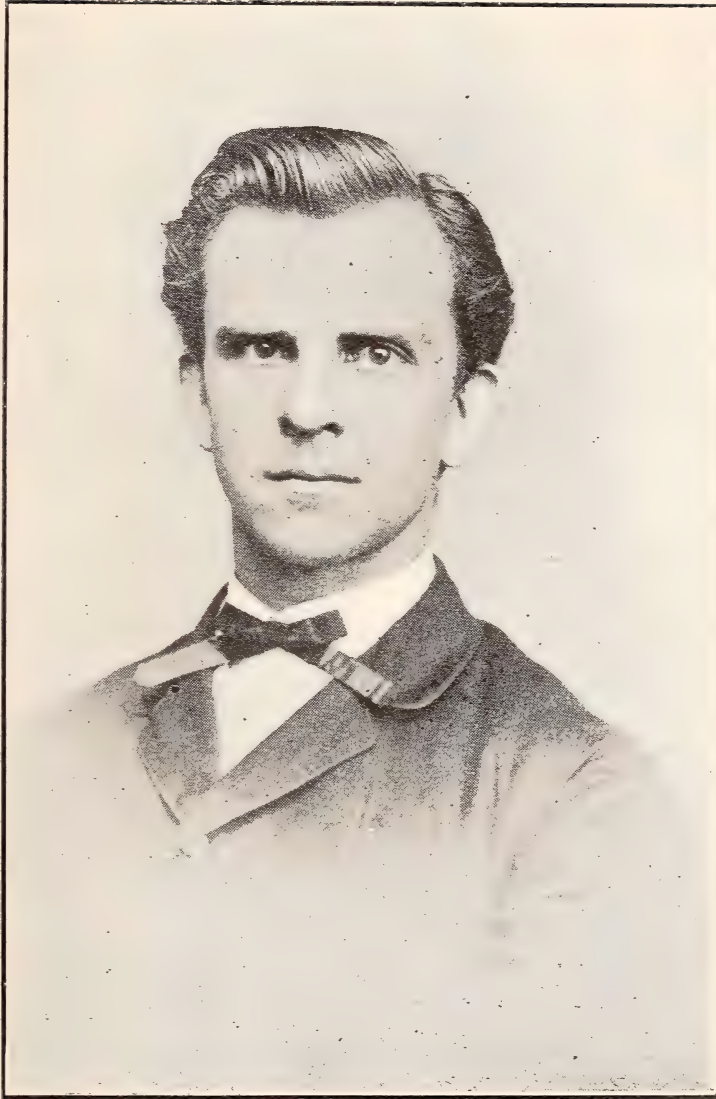
AS A

THEOLOGICAL STUDENT

For the next two years, my time was devoted to a specific training in the Northwestern Theological Seminary for my chosen profession. No longer distracted by the Civil War, I gave the prescribed studies faithful attention. I sought, never with so much earnestness, to become a competent exponent of my avowed beliefs.

Before long, however, I began to be seriously concerned over some of the doctrines I had received from my teachers, especially those which presented the Calvinistic conception of the "Plan of Salvation." *I was not inclined to deny, I wished rather to understand why the doctrines must be true.* To my surprise, I had found among my Chicago teachers less an appearance of sympathy with differing ways of theological thinking than I had seen among the professors at Princeton. Noticeably, such liberalism towards "Science" as that, for example, of Arnold Guyot, or of Stephen Alexander, seemed to be unfelt among the members of the Chicago Seminary's faculty.

As the winter advanced, my mental unrest increased. But I was faithful in attendance at Church and at our devotional meetings. I was active in the City Mission work. I often met Mr. Dwight L. Moody, and was several times a speaker at his "Illinois Street Mission."



AT THE NORTHWESTERN THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY, 1866

In my second year, I especially enjoyed listening to Professor David Swing, newly come to the pulpit of Westminster Church. There was no question then of his Orthodoxy. He was popular because he was interesting, and generous, and broad in his preaching. In my Senior year he invited me once to preach for him.

Throughout both those years I could not at any time have been called a "disbeliever," disturbed though I was over important articles in my inherited and cherished Creed.

1.

Licentiate of the Presbytery of Chicago.

Towards the spring of 1866, I appeared before the Presbytery of Chicago as a candidate for a "license to preach." I was required to prepare various papers and to pass an examination to indicate my qualifications for the privilege I sought.

1. The Latin Essay prescribed for me was on the question, "*An Regenerati peccare possint?*" "Can the Regenerate sin?" I sought, with the help I could get from accepted writers, to prove that the truly regenerate human being does not, and can not, sin; that when one, who has been actually "born again of the Holy Spirit," appears to do evil, it is "no longer he that sins but the evil that dwells within him."

2. My Trial Lecture, which was an exposition of the opening verses of the First Psalm, under the title "*True Blessedness realized in God;*" and my Probationary Sermon, on "*Jesus as the Source of true Rest for the Soul,*" were both accepted and approved.

I intended to indicate some mental unrest by an answer which I made in the Oral Examination to which I was

subjected, but what I said was either unheard, or, if heard, was not considered of importance.

At a meeting in Earlville, Illinois, on April 10th 1866, I was authorized "as a probationer for the holy ministry within the bounds of the Presbytery, or wherever else I should be orderly called." That action, notwithstanding the formal withdrawal, afterwards, of my license to preach, because of a change of belief concerning certain theological dogmas, I have always regarded as my authoritative introduction into the Christian Ministry.

a. The Summer at Depere, Wisconsin.—Five days later, the Presbyterian Board of Domestic Missions, at the request of the Presbytery of Winnebago, commissioned me to be, for six months, the stated supply of the pulpit of a small Presbyterian Church in Depere, Wisconsin. My Middle Year summer vacation was, consequently, spent as a licensed preacher.

I

FIRST OFFICIAL SERMON.

The first sermon I delivered under ecclesiastical authority I preached at Depere, taking for its text the Apostle Paul's sublime boast :—

"I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST."

I should like to embody this sermon in full among these personal "Memorabilia," that I might show to friends of later years how loyally I had received and sought to interpret my inherited Creed when I began to exercise my life's vocation, in an officially recognized station. But I will content myself with some indication of its movement ;—repeating a few of its distinctive passages.

I began the sermon with a description of Tarsus, Saul's home; sketching in a few paragraphs Saul's earlier life, his conversion, and his consecration to Christ's Gospel, which he proclaimed ever thereafter as "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," though it was "foolishness to the Greek," and "to the Jew a stumbling block."

"To Paul," I said, "had come the good news of the very Son of God, of God incarnate:—glad tidings of great joy from a merciful God to a depraved, wretched, dying world. Its bearer was God-man, who, in the incomprehensible union of divine and human natures, had 'borne the griefs of the whole world and was wounded for its transgressions.' - - - He was God-man:—man in union with God, that his work might have the worth of the Godhood and, also, that man might be saved by man. In fact, Christ became accursed that man might escape impending wrath. The heart-rending agony of Gethsemane; and the wrath of God, endured on the Cross, were but the consummation of Christ's humiliation, accepted for the accomplishment of the eternal Plan of Redemption."

The Gospel, so I argued, was to Paul "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

1. The Gospel shows, first, God's *ability* to save. All things are possible to God except denial of Himself. Infinite Justice demanded the death of every human creature: Infinite Love pleaded for their life. Unless Justice could be satisfied, no salvation was possible. Therefore, upon the only and well-beloved Son,—Son of God and Son of Man,—divine Justice wreaked the vengeance due to man. Justice was appeased and, so, man could be saved.

2. Then, second, the Gospel shows God's power to *save*. The world lying in wickedness was in danger of eternal misery. Millions of intelligent creatures, God's own handiwork, created in his own image, had fallen and were exposed to eternal wrath. For these, *salvation* had been made possible.

"Touch the eyes of him doomed to perpetual darkness

and open them to the light ; make the dulled ear hear for the first time the words of loving friends and the harmonies of music ; give strength to the paralytic ; restore health to the sick ; remove gloom from the melancholy ; give hope to the despairing, joy to the mourner ; open the prison door ; go among the low haunts of towns and cities and replace vice and poverty with virtue and riches ; break off the manacles of the slave and bid the captive go free : stand by the death bed of one loved, and bid light again to the eye, glow to the cheek, and life and movement to the stiff limbs ; and you can appreciate earthly salvation. But the giving of holiness for pollution ; righteousness for sin ; salvation for the eternally lost ; and heaven for the hell-deserving, who can understand ? Yet, this is the salvation the Gospel proclaims.

In Christ's side the flaming sword that guarded the way to the Tree of Life is buried ; and the entrance to Paradise is wide and free to those who believe. He is their Saviour. By His death the Temple veil is rent in twain, and we can enter the very Holy of Holies, and at the Mercy Seat lie in the full light of the Shekinah."

3. But then, *further*, the Gospel, though it is the power of God unto salvation, is this power only to him that *believeth*. Man is justified only by faith. Good words and good works can not do it.

Nevertheless, let us understand that faith without works is dead. Pure faith is to believe that God, in His mercy to the world, gave Christ to endure the curse to which it was doomed. When this is realized, pure faith urges the soul towards perfection in the way of obedience. It develops hope that, through Christ, salvation has come ; and it compels consecration of all the energies to the development of love, the highest form of faith. Faith begets love,—love to God for His love to you ; and love to perishing man,—perishing, ignorant of his unutterable blessings. Hence comes a life devotion :—eagerness to know the will of God and alacrity to do it when known ; desire to know the character of the Saviour, and constant searching for some means whereby to glorify Him ;—a crucifixion of self and an entire consecration to His service. This is Christian

perfection. But few attain it while beset in this sinful world, yet every true Christian seeks it. Hence his constant prayer is, "Lord, increase my faith."

So, to every one who has faith, and whose faith works towards this perfection; to all such, the Gospel of Christ is the power of eternal salvation. This is the glorious Gospel that Christ gave to the world; and of this Gospel it was Paul's pride to boast."

I closed the sermon with an earnest appeal to the "unconverted" among my hearers to accept this Gospel for themselves. The appeal took the form of an affectionate entreaty,—such form was characteristically instinctive with me,—but the appeal was fraught, too, in accordance with my guiding Creed, with the most solemn and portentous warnings. I declared,—

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God; and knowing the terror of the Law we persuade you."

My last words were those of a hymn which I hoped would be effective in arousing some tender conscience among those to whom the life and death of Jesus were familiar, as they were to nearly all who heard me.

"Ashamed of Jesus! Yes! I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain.
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me."

b. A Notable Sequence to the Sermon.—An incident following the preaching of that first official sermon gave me not a little concern. I had become quite sensitive, intellectually, because of the experiences of which I have already written. The solemn closing appeal, however, had been conscientiously made; prepared in honest

accord with the course of the instructions which I had received continually from childhood up to that time. My special training for the ministry had been shaped under the intention of leading me to preach not only "the good news of salvation," but to accompany that message with earnest warnings of the terrible consequences of refusal to accept the merciful Gospel. I was but doing my duty, therefore, when I said, in the closing appeal I had made to the "unconverted" among my hearers:—

"I beseech you not to be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, or refuse to accept it. Remember, you must live forever. Listen to the word of God, 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His Glory.' Your condition is fearful. To-morrow it may be too late to be saved: after death it certainly will be. Now, it is as though the Great Judge were holding you over the Pit of eternal misery. Only His long suffering power keeps you from falling into it. His cry is continually 'Look unto me and be saved.' Do not continue to rebel. Do not refuse longer to look. Patience may soon cease. The Hand which now sustains you may be withdrawn, and you will sink into that awful abyss where Mercy cannot enter; where Remorse will sting; Memory will gnaw, and the flame of Conscience will not be quenched forever."

These were dreadful words. I knew perfectly well that they were dreadful at the time I spoke them. But I had no good reason for doubting their truth, then; and all the authority I recognized then had enjoined upon me the doctrine they taught, and had denounced doubt of them as, itself, the fruit of evil.

When I gave the warning, I had in my possession some verses ascribed to one whom I, with hosts of others, revered

as one of the most authoritative theological instructors of the time,—Dr. Archibald Alexander, recently deceased. The verses had long been circulated by the Presbyterian Board of Publication as a denominational tract. They had been given to me in childhood, and had aroused in me many anxious hours. As late as 1868, I received a copy of them from an interested correspondent, who wrote, condemning me for having entered the Liberal Christian ministry and showing me what had probably become my fate. I did not quote these verses when I wrote the appeal and warning of that first sermon ; but the verses were vividly in mind as I wrote. I have never forgotten their awful movement :—

There is a time—we know not when,—
A point we know not where,—
Which marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path ;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,—
To die as if by stealth :
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man, as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

Indeed, the doomed one's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed :
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed :—

He feels, perchance, that all is well
And every fear is calmed :
He lives,—he dies,—he wakes in Hell,
Not only *doomed* but *damned*.

Oh, where, is that mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed ;
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost ?

My conscience, because of the dogma in this hymn, was naturally at ease when I had introduced my ministry to the Depere Church with the sermon I have outlined. But the event was not to pass without a surprising consequence to the young minister. Not long after this preachment, I met one of my new made friends, an Episcopalian, who having no church of his own near by, had become an attendant at the services of this frontier Society. He ventured to make a very serious protest to me against the threatening appeal with which my sermon had been closed. He asserted that, even were the doctrine of everlasting future punishment true, it was far from wise to proclaim it with the bald literalism I had used. I defended my office, of course. Nevertheless, I had in a measure already become prepared to admit that there might be good reason for his rebuke. Besides, what he said reminded me of a story related of my favorite and model preacher, Robert Murray McChesney. It told of his meeting a minister friend who glibly said that he had preached on Hell, the day before. McChesney did not answer for a few moments. Then, laying his hand upon his friend's shoulder, he asked, with tears in his eyes, "Oh! did you preach it tenderly?"

The protest of my Episcopalian parishioner, however, did not so much arouse me sentimentally as awake to renewed energy much I had thought in the past, and that had been for some time lying dormant.

Throughout that summer I served my office, as a Presbyterian minister, conscientiously, and, I would have said, in loyal obedience to the training I had received. I had numerous conversations with my Episcopal friend, and with some others. Several of them were generously inclined

theologically. I was not aware of any special weakening of my own devotion to the Creed I had confessed.

Afterwards, however, I could see that during those months my *mental attitude towards the Calvinism of my inheritance had begun to be changed*. Thitherto I had never ventured beyond a solicitous questioning of the Creed. Before I had returned to the Seminary my questionings had become positive doubts.

c. *First Knowledge of Dr. Bushnell's Theology.*—I do not remember just how I came into contact with Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell's books; but one of them dealing directly with the doctrine of the Atonement fell into my possession that autumn. It started reflections which went far towards giving me mental relief.

I was in no way desirous then of emancipation from my creedal inheritance as a whole. I cherished a good deal of satisfaction because of my family lineage, which was almost wholly Scottish; and I had a large circle of kindred and friends which was almost entirely included in Calvinistic Churches. Naturally, I wished to keep within the beliefs and ways of my fathers. Dr. Bushnell, prospectively, gave me much needed relief; and I felt at the same time that the modification and widening of theology which he was making for me, would leave me, for the larger part, still true to my inheritance.

I was not fully committed, at least not consciously, to Dr. Bushnell's interpretation of the Atonement for some time after I returned to the Seminary and had begun the studies of the Senior year. But, not long after the opening of the session, it is fact that I was no longer a Calvinist who was merely troubled by solicitous questionings.

My long held liking for New England and for New

England people, I am confident, had nothing to do, worth serious consideration, with the relief I was finding in Dr. Bushnell's writings. However, a letter that came to me that autumn, from one who had the right to speak frankly, brought me these comments:—

“I feared when you went West that you would fall under the influence of the New England religious views which prevail over a great part of the Northwest. Most of the dwellers in that region come from New England. *Those views have always been latitudinarian, free thinking, ‘progressive.’* I have never had much liking for New England theology. - - - Where God has not made his purpose clear, it hastens to help Him explain His meaning by making it accord with some ‘Yankee’ interpretation of the Divine purpose.”

Another letter from the same correspondent directly charged me with having “strayed from the path of right and duty” because of “association with those who teach a ‘Progressive Christianity,’ the followers of that kind of Christianity taught in the New England States.”

This charge, however, was not made not made with Unitarianism in the writer's mind.

d. Increase of Unrest.—In that autumn, it was, I carried my mental debate over the tenets of my inherited Creed concerning the “Divine Decrees” and the “Vicarious Atonement” to one of the professors in the Seminary; a friend to whom I had at times previously given special confidence. But this venture was met with a severe rebuke. “These doubts,” he asserted, “do not come from any fault in the doctrine. There is no trouble with the doctrine. The difficulty is in yourself. Your doubtings are the promptings of your depraved, sinful nature. Go to your room, and, on your knees, ask God to forgive

you." A letter from home came at about the same time that the conversation just repeated took place. In it I was asked,—

"Have you ever thought that perhaps your 'conscientious' scruples:—the objections and difficulties that you have been so long and so fearfully fighting,—are but the creations and devices of the great enemy of your Saviour and your soul; raised up and urged upon you for the very purpose of bringing about your downfall. Go to your God, and upon your bended knees wrestle with Him in prayer for your guidance, and for a decisive victory over the Devil. Go, too, to those whose pupil you are and plainly explain your difficulties, and seek the aid of their more experienced counsel with God's blessing; and the light you seek will not fail to come. They that seek *shall* find. If the countless thousands of God's ministers who have lived, and yet live, could believe, and teach, and confidently rely upon what the Bible taught, why can't you? - - - I hope that God in His infinite mercy will enlighten your mind and guide your understanding."

My mental unrest, however, against all wish and effort to the contrary, increased as the autumn passed. There happened then another bit of experience which affected, positively, my theological transition. Upon impulse one afternoon, I read Paul's *Epistle to the Romans* through, as though it were only a natural, personal effort of the Apostle to express his thoughts upon "faith in Christ." I tried to ignore, in the reading, my belief that the Epistle was an infallibly inspired message, through him, from God. The immediate effect was extraordinary. I arose from the reading feeling that I had seen Paul's letter in a new light. I had never, thitherto, read any part of the Bible as though it were a product of natural human authorship. Now, it had become illumined with meanings I never before had found in it. I was exhilarated, and yet

troubled over the discovery. From that time, I knew that my relation to the Epistles of the great Apostle and, therewith, to all the other New Testament writings had begun to change.

Evidently, to judge from letters then received, my own letters had begun to tell of the increasing change I was undergoing. In the circle where no hesitation in opinion or judgment was necessary, many important letters were interchanged. Especially pertinent to these "Memories" is this one, from which I quote freely :—

"I feel sorry to hear of your mental troubles. You can not, by searching, fathom the mysteries of Revelation. God has given us, in the Old and and New Testaments, a revelation of His will in regard to Man. If, through your knowledge, you can satisfy yourself that any part of the received translation is erroneous, you would, of course, be justified in adopting what your knowledge of the original would lead you to. But when you attempt to reconcile one doctrine with another, as declared in the Scriptures, you undertake to do that for which knowledge, as we have it, is utterly incompetent. We cannot try God's will, or purposes, by human reason.

While I can not understand, I do not condemn 'Old Calvinism,' as you call it. I give great weight to the Fathers in the Church who lived much nearer God than I do, and had much better spiritual and temporal opportunities to fathom the mysteries of the 'Word' than I have. Where I can not see as they saw, I trust that they are right. Their opinions and the continuous teachings of the Church should have great weight in the formation of any opinions, especially by so young and inexperienced a mind as yours."

e. Decision to become a Liberal Congregationalist.—

Before that mid-winter had passed I was fully convinced that if my coming ministerial career were to have any satisfaction in it for myself, or to be in any honest way

useful to others, I must have a freer ecclesiastical relationship than that in which I had been reared. Nevertheless, all my instinctive impulses, and, especially, all my family and personal associations, led me to follow then, and always in my after experiences, as conservative a course as I could possibly take honestly,—that is, under the demands made by my conscience for truth. I had become much at ease mentally, with a larger knowledge of Dr. Bushnell's thinking. Besides, his unhampered freedom, as a minister among the Congregational Churches, gave me the stimulating hope that I, also, might find ample scope for my ministry in the pulpit of some Society of the Congregational fellowship.

Much regret was expressed by some friends to whom I made this hope known. I met with no resolute opposition from those who were nearest to me. They believed that, though I should, as a Congregationalist, be separated from the Presbyterian ministry, I would still be at work within an accepted, Evangelical, ecclesiastical fellowship. A letter received from home, in comment upon my proposed association with the Congregational ministry, will make this part of my experience clearer.

“That you have had mental struggles is doubtless true. But if others were blessed with victory and subsequent peace, so should you be. That God doubtless tries, as in a fiery furnace, those whom He desires to use for His service and glory is beyond doubt; and that He, in due time, gives them peace and content is also the experience of His servants. Why should you have so much unrest, so much doubt, where others are at peace? We now hope that the day of doubt is past: that you have secured the victory, and will now go on in the path He appears to have chosen for you.

Pass through your Seminary course, and the field of the

world will then be before you. If, by that time, you feel that you can not enter our Church, we will cheerfully see you put on the 'armor of Christ' under the banner of some Orthodox denomination."

But another letter, from a very near relative then holding a high position in one of the principal national organizations of the Presbyterian denomination, expressed much dissatisfaction with my proposed move:—

"You certainly do not appreciate the pain it has ever given me to differ with you on so many and such radical points, as has been my lot. I have always felt, and now keenly realize, the danger of alienation, where I have earnestly, prayerfully, desired stronger cords of mutual affection and confidence. But, however harsh my letters may have seemed to you, they were prompted by the tenderest regard for your highest welfare in every respect in which you may stand related to yourself, your family and the Church. I have ever had a pride in you, and a jealousy that you might so develop in the symmetry of your character, physical, mental, spiritual, that you would be honored in doing a mighty work for the glory of the Master. - - -

I am more grieved than a little to hear of your intention to go to a Congregational Church. I feel compromised in my official position. I have supposed that the Church in which you were trained had range sufficiently wide, and work sufficiently varied and pressing, to furnish a field adequate to all your energies. I offer no advice as none has been solicited."

2.

Concerning an Important Personal Factor.

This opposition to the momentous change then imminent in my career, especially as it was for the most part associated with much affectionate protestation, was painful to me,—inevitably very painful,—because of the very great strength of my attachment to those who opposed me. I

shrank from doing anything that would cause them distress. But then, because of other factors operative in my nature, I could not yield to their protests. Above all, it has been true of me, ever since boyhood, that, when I am once clearly convinced that I ought to do one thing rather than another, I am practically under an irresistible compulsion. Neither the fear, nor the lure, of consequences materially affects this ethical subjection, however much other influences, for the time, seem to make me vacillating, or indecisive. In the end, I obey as conscience commands.

No one who knows me well, I am confident, will read this self-judgment as a bit of empty boasting, or as mere self-glorification. But some may wonder why I give the judgment so pronounced an emphasis in these "Memories." My reason is that, unless I comment upon it here, I can not satisfactorily realize one the chief purposes I have in telling this story. It is my wish to recall with some particularity and fulness several notable experiences. A few of the more important among them, at the times when I passed through them, I felt impelled to let pass without adequate explanation to my friends, though I well knew that I hazarded serious misjudgment towards myself. In making these events known now more fully and correctly, I think it needful to bring the trait just spoken of prominently into memory, especially in its interaction with some other forceful personal qualities.

To this end I will interrupt my story for a while with frank comment upon what I think are personal characteristics, so far as they are needful to make the story properly intelligible.

Every normal person, as a matter of course, indulges at

times in self-reflection, and makes a more or less complete estimate of his own qualities, or characteristics. The estimate may, or, it may not, be correct; but it becomes for each person the real measure for self-criticism, or self-appreciation. I venture to think that, if sincerely made, it has more of truth in it than most estimates made by others, despite Burns's much quoted couplet about seeing "oursels as ithers see us."

I have already spoken of various personal characteristics which, I think, were noticeable in me as a child:--my exceptional physical vitality, for instance, and my love of adventure; indisposition to provoke quarrels with my play mates, though fighting often for what I believed to be self-defense, or defense of others; my acute self-consciousness and desire for approbation; my mental inquisitiveness; excessive sensitiveness to the claims of affection, and my susceptibility to spiritual emotion.

As I grew towards manhood these personal qualities became only the more pronounced. Because of an increasing sense of being "able to do things," I suppose that I must have often seemed to others to be self-willed and obstinate. But I am confident that, when I did not feel bound by some higher obligation, I was only too ready to yield my wishes to the desires of others.

Those who showed affection could do practically as they pleased with me so far as merely my own wishes were hazarded. In fact, the influence of the affection of parents and of friends often seriously delayed the course of my needed development in youth; by making me, for the time, irresolute and, upon occasion, even weak. Not infrequently my "amiability" opened the way for others

to my possessions and services which should to have been reserved for myself.

Later, in early manhood, when really serious questions had to be answered, I was at times not a little embarrassed by personal predilections and attachments. So, when I was compelled to begin the theological changes which at length had to be made, I sought to keep the break with those for whom I cared as small as possible. And as inevitable separations took place, the uppermost pleadings I made to friends were that our personal relations should not alter. Also, in the separations I made from them, it is notable that I never would go more than just beyond the stage where an imperative conscience had eased its demands.

To that distance, however, I was under compulsion to go; and that far, whatever the cost, I did go. It is eminently true, that, at the last, when decision became inevitable, I could not disobey the demands which my sense of what I ought to do imposed.

As a consequence of the final decisions which were reached in these critical experiences, there was, despite my entreaties, an apparent loss, at times, of both friends and of prospective gains, pecuniarily and in desired stations. I am glad to say now, however, that this loss was generally more seeming than real.

Reviewing my long life, I now see that, somehow, I have had, at some time, almost always ample compensation for the privations thus caused. Permanent alienations between me and old friends, because of my persistence in spite of their opposition, have been very few indeed; and I have never long suffered from pecuniary loss; or from loss of position or office.

a. *An Illustrative Incident in the Princeton Days.*—Towards the close of my College course an incident occurred in our class politics which well illustrates the statements I have just been making about my dominating, or distinctive, personal characteristics.

I had indulged somewhat, as contributor to our College magazine, in versifying; and it was the general intention of my class-mates to elect me the Poet for our Class-day exercises. I had no opponent. The choice of the Class Orator was also necessary. I happened to prefer for this latter honor a class-mate whom I did not know very well personally, but who, I was convinced, would most fittingly represent us as Orator. A canvas of our class showed that, without my vote, the class would be evenly divided. I withheld an announcement of my choice, because all my closest friends were pledged to the side which, I conscientiously felt, I must oppose. For a long time, notwithstanding all solicitation, I kept my decision to myself, not wishing to antagonize my intimate friends, and hoping all the while that the tie would somehow be broken.

At last, when the time for the election had come and my decision could no longer be withheld, I announced, to the dismay of my friends, that I should vote for the candidate to whom they were opposed. At the same time, in order that I might prevent, as far as possible, any further contention in the class, I declined absolutely to be considered available for the office of Class Poet.

My vote broke the tie, and my friends were compelled to bear defeat.

No one, I think, was quite so unhappy during that struggle as I was. But I simply could not do other-

wise,—so stern and rigid a tyrant was my conscience. *I am not intending to say that I was then, or that I have always, since then, been prompted to do what is right. The special fact I wish to make clear is that, when I have been led to judge one course rather than another to be the right one it has been imperative with me to go as this judgment directs.*

For a while I was forced to bear severe punishment from my class-mates because of my "obstinacy." I was, for some weeks, practically companionless and friendless. I declined to receive the laudations of the enemies of my friends, though I had wrought victory for them : and, with my former friends avoiding me, I was necessitated to "go it alone."

But, the pleasant fact of which I have spoken, as being true after other like crises in my career, became evident in that College trouble before the day of our graduation had come. All my old time, particular friends voluntarily resumed their friendship with me ; and, in my Class-Autograph books I read, now, more references to that unfortunate incident, and more protestations of personal friendship because of it, than are connected with any other of our personal relationships. One class-mate, who had seemed for a while actually embittered because of his disappointment, wrote :—

"Let me now say with all truthfulness that your conduct in the political line last session is worthy of all praise."

Another wrote,— "When we were about to bestow upon you the honorable appellation of Class Poet, you, from right motives, no doubt made another sacrifice of interest to those good principles which have ever characterized your course in College."

Another wrote, "On one occasion you have been a sub-

ject of which some would have made political capital. But from the dilemma in which you were placed—you escaped with great honor to yourself—though it may have been with personal sacrifice.”

Still another apologized for his temporary alienation, saying, “You know my circumstances and it is unnecessary to bring up again the unpleasant associations of the past.”

And yet another wrote,—“In behalf of one having no claims upon your sympathy, or support, you voluntarily sacrificed honor which awaited you. I will ever associate,” etc., etc.—

But I need not repeat farther what this classmate wrote, or continue these tributes. I recall the details of this College affair that it may illustrate the particular statements I have thought it pertinent to make here,—statements which I should like my friends to bear in mind when some other events in my career of much greater personal, and even of public, importance meet us in the pages to come.

Whatever qualifications I may have had for the honorable office which my classmates were to have given me, the only candidate for the position, I have never believed made me worthy of the offered distinction,—certainly not of the title, “*poet* ;” but I was fond of putting my thought into verse then ; and the liking has never wholly failed me. So here, as another bit of self-gratification in the making of this personal souvenir, I wish to embody an illustrative item of those days in College, which, unexpectedly, has happened to become available while I am writing this chapter.

Because of some correspondence I had been having last year, (1913), with an old friend in Boston, the following letter and its sequel came to pass. I am now pleasantly surprised at finding the correspondence and more in print

in the "Phi Kappa Sigma News Letter," of March, 1914.

I take the liberty of "lifting" it for these pages.

"DEAR BROTHERS OF PHI KAPPA SIGMA,

Alpha Mu Chapter,

BOSTON, MASS.

In the winter of 1861-62 our Beta Chapter was active and flourishing at Princeton College (now University). I was then eighteen years old and was a Junior in the College, transferred from Dickinson College, where I had been a member of the Epsilon Chapter of our Fraternity. During the winter of 1861-62, so I think, an anniversary banquet was held by the Beta Chapter at Princeton in the hotel then opposite the west campus gate, and I had been appointed to propose "the toast of the evening." Being somewhat addicted to verse-making I perpetrated "a pome" for the occasion, laboring hard to make it a worthy offering to our Fraternity and to the devotion of the Phi Kap devotees. What became of the finished effort I do not know.

Some months ago, more than a half century after this effusion was displayed to the Beta votaries at our Phi Kap Shrine, I happened, in looking over some old papers, to find, to my gratification, an early and well advanced draft of this metrical achievement of my boyhood. Of course, "the find" interests me as a production of my enthusiastic youth, and I have dared fancy that it might be worth while to transfer it to some of the Twentieth Century Phi Kaps as a bit of our history when the young Brotherhood was feeling its growing power and worth.

As I am more closely associated now with the Alpha Mu Chapter than with any other, and the dear old Beta is only a memory, because of college discipline, I have taken the liberty of sending this relic of long ago to the brethren of Alpha Mu, with my love and best wishes.

I have copied the verses from the old yellowed sheets almost *verbatim et literatim*, so that "the pome" reads now practically as it was read then, the only serious change being the dropping out of about a dozen lines which were

guilty of containing too many repetitions, and the doing away of some badly mixed metaphors. For the rest, the production is just as I gave it to the devoted group of happy Phi Kap boys, when I was a boy with them, at a dinner we ate one winter night in Princeton, at least fifty years ago. Most of the boys are now either very old men, or have left this world. As a matter of personal gratification, and also of love for "our dear Fraternity," I send this old-time tribute to the Brotherhood of this generation, who may care to keep it.

Fraternally yours,

CLAY MACCAULEY.

Tokyo, Japan, August 10, 1913.

OUR SHRINE AND OUR FRATERNITY.

A TOAST.

1861-62, Princeton, N. J.

Old Father Time again with kindly hand
Unites us at this feast—a Brother band ;
A band connected by the strongest ties
Which in our Shrine of hallowed friendship rise ;
A band in which the bonds of sacred Love
With every thought and rite are interwove,
And in whose Symbols bloom the choicest flowers
With which to brighten e'en the darkest hours.

Our *Shrine* is nobly raised, on *Union* based,
While quick-eyed *Honor*, faithful guard, is placed,
To watch with jealous eye its vestal flame
And keep our holy *Altar* free from shame.
There *Secrecy* stands veiled in mystic guise,
Bearing an incense we must ever prize.
And *Sympathy* is ready with her balm ;—
Concordia Semper, too, with potent calm ;—
Both oft assuage our harassed, tempted hours,
With peace far sweeter than the breath of flowers.

The *Star*, see ! how it sheds its brilliant rays
Full on our *Ensign*, where amid its blaze,
'Mid gleams so bright as almost dazzles sight
Are seen three letters writ in living light,—
"Phi Kappa Sigma," showing every hour
Our treasured "*Knowledge*" as the "*Key to Power*."
The *Hand* there points us from a path of harm
Towards the *Serpent*, with whose subtle charm
We start renewed from 'neath the *Pillared Arch*,
'Round which it twines ; thence onward take our march
O'er *Wisdom's* ways about our noble *Shrine*,
And gain the *Sceptre*,—*Power's* royal sign.

Though hoar antiquity may not make boast
That she can scan the ages gone and lost,
And claim she planted there the corner-stone,
And raised our mighty *Shrine* ;—yet it has grown
Today to such proportions massive, that its walls
Are reared aloft on deep-laid pedestals
So firm that ocean's waves could better shock
And dash into oblivion the stubborn rock,
Than Persecution, though with fiercest blame,
Could hope to sweep from earth its potent flame,
Or Slander vile, though full with malice fraught,
Could crush to earth and bring it down to naught.
It firmly stands, high-domed, full-towered still,
Has stood unscathed and proved invincible.

Its votaries are a host,—one Brother band,—
Whose chiefest joy is going hand in hand,—
Strong with the weak—each helping each in love
O'er all the ways in which their footsteps move.
Their aims are pure, and holy is their cause ;
Their deeds are ruled by ancient, holy laws ;
Those laws,—the worthiest gifts to man e'er given,—
The *Guide* for him to God, to Peace, to Heaven.
These are the ways in which they seek to go,
This is the life they wish this world to show,—
Their words as bonds, their oaths as consecrate,
Their love sincere, their thoughts immaculate.

My Brothers, now, eleven years have gone
 Since first we laid our *Shrine's* grand *Corner-stone* ;
 Since first our three-fold *Ensign* was displayed.
 What is the score ?

Behold the record made !

See ! from the rough Atlantic main
 To fair Louisiana's sunny plain ;
 E'en from New England's bleak and cragged hills
 To where the fragrant orange flower distils
 Its sweet perfume, a host has risen to praise
 Our glorious *Shrine*, which in each noon-day blaze,
 With full-orbed dome, stands forth in noble mien ;
 And on its glittering walls are clearly seen
 These words enwrit, in brilliant, living light,—
 Brave words, proclaiming far a well-won right,—
 "*Stellis Aequus Durando*," that they are
 As "lasting in duration as a star."
 Then, see our worthy Brother-host arrayed
 Throughout the world, in every sphere and grade
 Of human life, of high and low degree,—
 These members of our dear Fraternity.
 In Legislative Halls their power is felt ;
 In Courts of Law as judges they have dwelt ;
 The altars of the Holy Church have seen
 Them serve the Will Divine with humble mien ;
 In palaces of opulence and fame ;
 In homes of humbler wealth and modest name ;
 In many ways of Science and of Art,
 They've found a place and hold a worthy part,—
 Exemplars by a high fidelity
 Of that which gives our *Shrine* its right to be.

Long would I dwell upon a theme so grand,
 The *Shrine* and merits of our Brother-band,
 But need is none that I should sound their praise ;
 Wide-known our *Shrine*, well-sung our Brothers' ways.
 My task is done when I but give the toast,—
 "*Phi Kappa Sigma's Shrine and Brother-host* "

CLAY MACCAULEY,

Princeton, New Jersey.

Epsilon and Beta, 1861-62.

HALL OF ALPHA MU CHAPTER,
PHI KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY,
225 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.
October 29, 1913.

REV. DR. CLAY MACCAULEY,
TOKYO, JAPAN.

Dear Sir and Brother ; At a dinner following the initiation of six new Phi Kaps, Brother H. F. King read "Our Shrine and Our Fraternity." The time for this presentation was more than fitting since the dinner was held in honor of "Founder's Day." The poem coming as it did from the early ages of Phi Kapdom brought closer together those who have labored in the past for the Fraternity, and those at present actively interested.

Upon motion of Brother Dow, the Chapter by a rising vote, expressed its appreciation for your message and active interest in Alpha Mu.

We are all looking forward to the time when you will be with us once more, and we all join in extending you the best wishes for the future.

Fraternally yours,

CHARLES W. FRY,

*Sigma for Alpha Mu Chapter,
Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity.*

3.

The Pastorate of a Congregational Church in Prospect.

As the last year of my studies while I was a member of the Northwestern Theological Seminary was passing, the desired opportunity for beginning work as a settled minister was offered much earlier than I had expected. Being a member of the Senior Class of the Seminary and licensed to preach, I was invited that winter to the pulpits of several churches in the Northwest, both Presbyterian and Congregational.

I had no intention of taking a pastorate before my graduation, but, at the end of January, 1867, I received a call, unanimously given, to become pastor of the "First Congregational Society" in Morrison, Illinois. The call was so gratifying personally and the prospect through it for a satisfactory and useful ministry was so promising, that I signified my willingness to accept it, not intending, however, to take up permanent residence with the Society until I should have completed the Seminary course.

Immediately, I met with a strong opposition from some members of the faculty and of the Presbytery whose licentiate I was. Consequently, I wrote on February 6th, 1867, to my Morrison friends ;—

"I am, as you know, a licentiate of the Chicago Presbytery and as such am under its control. While I continue to be a member of that body, I am in conscience bound to obey its directions. A prominent member of that body has told me that, until I am disconnected from the Presbytery, I have no legal, or moral, right to preach as candidate, or pastor, outside the Presbyterian communion. A professor of the Seminary said to me yesterday that it is his wish that no call should be accepted by a student while in attendance at the Seminary. I can see no other way than to submit to this condition while I am a Seminary student. My obligations to the Church which has reared and educated me are stronger than I had realized, and I must withdraw my acceptance of your affectionate call."

4.

Graduation from the Theological Seminary.

Thereupon I secluded myself to my duties as a Seminary Student. With the spring I was given an honorable graduation. My parents having returned during that year to Chambersburg, which was rapidly rebuilding,

replacing the losses of the great conflagration of two years before, I was left in the Northwest wholly reliant upon my personal resources ; confronting my life-work ; having been made ready to enter whatever way in my profession that might be opened.

CHAPTER FOURTH

THE WINNING OF MY FAITH

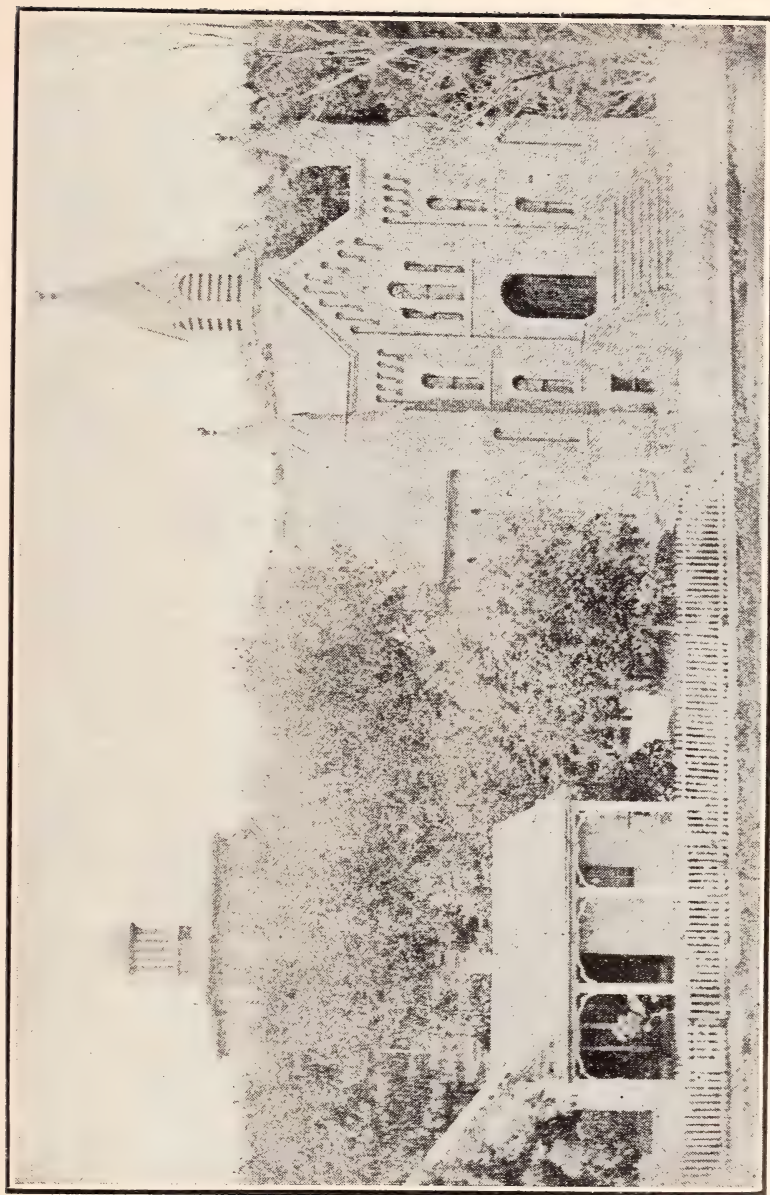
I.

Ministry at Morrison.

With graduation from the Seminary, I became free to accept a pastorate. On the 9th of May, 1867, the Morrison Church urgently renewed its invitation. Enabled to procure a dismissal from the Chicago Presbytery to "unite with the Northwestern Congregational Association," I accepted the call, and immediately assumed my first charge as a prospective pastor. From the vantage ground I had thereby gained, I felt at liberty to preach as one of the several liberals who were then acceptably in fellowship with Congregational Churches in the West as, also, in New England.

. During the ensuing summer I had what seemed to be a notably successful ministry. I heard once that one of the Church officers expressed some concern about the coming to our services of some of "the infidels" of the town. But, all in all, the Society and its minister were happy; and they had good reason to be hopeful of a prosperous and useful future.

a. The Council at Morrison.—On August 7th, a Church meeting was held. It was unanimously voted then that, "Rev. Clay McCauley become the pastor of the Church by being regularly installed as such at the time of



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MORRISON, ILLINOIS, 1867

his ordination." Arrangements had already been made for the assembling of an ecclesiastical Council in September, for a formal "ordination." What happened then is copied here from *The Whiteside Sentinel*, of an issue early in that month.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH COUNCIL.

"The First Congregational Church of this place convened a Council of neighboring ministers and delegates, Thursday, the 5th inst., for the purpose of examining, and, if the way should prove clear, ordaining Mr. Clay McCauley lately invited to the pulpit. Representatives were here from Sterling, Como, Amboy, Lyndon and Lanark. The pastors of the churches of this town were also present by invitation. At 3 p.m., the meeting was called to order. M. Payne, of Amboy, was elected Scribe, and Rev. J. E. Roy, Sec. A.H.M.S., Moderator. The Candidate was subjected to the usual course of examination on "religious experience and theology" before the Council and the large audience gathered in from the town and vicinity. After the dismissal of the people, the Council had a secret session and arrived at the following conclusion :

'With very great reluctance, the Council have come to the conviction that it would not be wise to proceed, at this time, to the service of ordination.

The Council were delighted with the spirit and general demeanor of the Candidate; and, in the main, with the clearness of view and originality of expression, evinced by him.

But, upon the cardinal doctrine of the Gospel, the vicarious atonement of Christ, his views have not been considered satisfactory to the Council.'

The above, which is part of a letter of advice to the Church, was read to the people in the evening, preceding a very able and interesting sermon by the Moderator, Rev. Roy.

Official action was taken by the Church Monday evening last, on the advice of the Council. The following preamble and resolution was the result :

Whereas, At a Council of neighboring sister churches, called by this "First Congregational Church, of Morrison," to advise with us in relation to ordaining Mr. Clay McCauley to the work of the Gospel Ministry with us ; after a full and critical examination of the Candidate, the Council reported adversely to his ordination at the present time, together with their reasons for coming to this conclusion ; and

Whereas, Upon this report being referred to a full meeting of the Church publicly called, and held this 9th day of Sept., 1867 ; after mature deliberation, it was

Resolved, That this Church accept and adopt the report of the Council in relation to the ordination of Mr. McCauley.

Resolved, That while we regret and mourn the error into which, as we believe, our brother has been led, we still have full and unwavering confidence in his Christian character and integrity, and hope and pray that the Holy Spirit will lead him into all truth, and into a just and proper understanding of Christ and his Atonement.

Resolved, That as a Church we desire and request Mr. McCauley to continue his very acceptable labors with us, and wish to manifest our confidence in him and our love for him, by sustaining him in his arduous labors, and by our prayers for his welfare, and our mutual growth in grace and the knowledge of the truth."

As would be expected, the action of this Council aroused much attention in the little Illinois town. Also, it soon became the subject of discussion, wide spread among the two denominations immediately affected.

The decision of the Council was to me wholly unexpected, because I had been, so far as I knew, welcomed as *persona grata*, theologically, in the larger group of churches in that region forming part of the Congregational fellowship. But it had so happened, that prominent in the Morrison Council was one minister, in special official position, who had come to feel it to be his duty "to root out of the

Congregational Churches of the West the rapidly spreading influence of Bushnellism." Consequently, when the "Confession of Faith" which I had prepared for the Council was read, he discovered an opportunity for his purpose which he did not let pass.

The substance of my offending, he found in these three articles of my "Confession":—

1. "Man is an immortal and sinful creature whose highest life is gained in yielding perfect obedience to the law of God, wherever and however expressed. In the life and death of Jesus Christ, this obedience is most clearly taught and exemplified: therefore, should man follow Jesus in the perfect practice of the divine law as it bears on the human race, that is, supreme love for God and unselfish love for man, his highest earthly existence would be attained.

2. The Atonement is the conciliation of the soul with the law of God. It is effected by the Holy Spirit, in revealing to man the love of God, in Christ, entreating the world to be reconciled to Himself; then, in compelling such penitence for sin and yearning after pardon, that God blesses the penitent with a consciousness of forgiveness.

3. The Sum of Life consists in loving God, wherever discerned, supremely: obeying and imitating Jesus Christ, the divine Incarnation for the guidance of an ignorant, sinful world; relying on the interior working of the Holy Spirit; loving our fellow creatures, and showing that love by endeavoring in all good ways to lift them up to subjection to the law of God; walking humbly through this life with a happy looking forward to existence, with divine and human love, beyond the world:—this is the Whole Duty of Man."

b. Public Comment on the Council.—The refusal of this Council to ordain me having been made public, newspapers near and far began to comment on its action.

Especially noticeable was an editorial which soon appeared in the New York *Independent*.

“THE REBUKES OF A FRIEND.

IT is with great regret that we witness in the Congregational denomination—the noblest (as we think) of all the Christian denominations—a prevailing and increasing tendency among excellent men to persecute each other for heresy.

For illustration, take the unended battle which is still wreathing its smoke around the calm brow and heroic front of Dr. Bushnell. Last week a Congregational clergyman wrote to us from Illinois, mentioning that a Western Congregational council, after having assembled to install a young pastor, suddenly discovered that he held Dr. Bushnell's views of the vicarious sacrifice, and thereupon unanimously refused to proceed with the installation. Almost on the same day, about a thousand miles eastward of Chicago a Congregational council was sitting in New England, composed of some of the most eminent and orthodox of Puritan clergymen—such as President Hopkins, Dr. Todd, and others—a council in which Dr. Bushnell himself was a member, and in which he was received with a welcome due to one of the greatest and best of American clergymen. In fact, he actually preached a sermon before that body, for which he received a public and unanimous vote of thanks. Now here is a Western Congregational council refusing to authorize a young man to preach because he holds Dr. Bushnell's views ; and, on the contrary, here is an Eastern Congregational council appointing Dr. Bushnell himself to be its official preacher, and publicly thanking him for his sermon.”

But some of my former friends, among the Presbyterians, were not so generous as this Congregational editor in their notices of the Morrison happening. The *North Western Presbyterian*, the organ of my Presbytery, mentioned the event as follows :—

AN UNFLEDGED BIRD.

"A Congregational Council recently convened at a town in Illinois, for the purpose of receiving, ordaining, and installing as pastor the member of the last graduating class of our North-western Seminary, who thought he saw the hand of the Master beckoning him over to the Congregational body. Was the young gentleman mistaken? Perhaps so. At any rate, his examination was not satisfactory, and the ordination was therefore indefinitely postponed. I understand that the candidate failed to sustain a satisfactory examination on the subjects of the Trinity and the Atonement. Whether he was too sound, too lax, or too indefinite in his ideas, I know not; but in view of his respectable antecedents, I hope he was too orthodox for his new acquaintances. Perhaps he will conclude that, after all, he had no call in that direction."

Much else appeared in various denominational papers, east and west, which need not be repeated. Somewhat memorable for me, however, was a long article written by Rev. Washington Gladden, in the *Independent*, under the heading, "Are Dr. Bushnell's Views Heretical?" The article is a good way-mark for the advancing liberalism of American Congregationalism, forty-seven years ago. Especially cheering was his personal greeting at the close of his article:—

"And to that young brother on the prairies—whose name I do not know, upon whom a Congregational council has shut the doors of a church—I give my right hand of fellowship, with my heart in it! God bless you, my brother! If they persecute you in one city, flee to another! If you have found something better to preach than a scheme or a contrivance, *preach it!* And doubt not the word of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you alway!"

c. Citation to appear before the Presbytery.—The month immediately following the Morrison Council was

most eventful for me. I continued to occupy the pulpit of the friendly Morrison Church, awaiting—what I was confident would soon come,—some notice of my trouble by the Presbytery whose licentiate I was.

In the middle of October, the 15th, the critical and decisive action was begun. The Presbytery, meeting at Homer, Illinois, had this note among its items of business:—

“The Stated Clerk was directed to ascertain whether Mr. Clay McCauley, a licentiate under this body, and recently dismissed to unite with the North Western Congregational Association, is still subject to our authority, and if so, to call him to appear at the adjourned meeting in Chicago, and satisfy the Presbytery as to the rumors affecting his soundness in the faith.”

Some weeks later, the *North Western Presbyterian* published this record.

WITHDRAWAL OF PRESBYTERIAL LICENSE.

“The Presbytery of Chicago met by adjournment in the lecture room of the North Church, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12th. In the absence of the Moderator, Rev. Wm. Campbell was chosen Moderator *pro tem*. Mr. Clay McCauley, a licentiate of the Presbytery, responded in person to the citation which required him to appear and satisfy the Presbytery as to the truth of certain reports which had gone abroad affecting his soundness in the faith of the church. The Presbytery at once proceeded to examine Bro. McCauley, concerning his views of Christian doctrine. This examination was searching and thorough, yet fraternal and kind. After its conclusion the following paper was unanimously adopted.

“Clay McCauley, a licentiate of this body, has appeared in answer to citation, and, in open Presbytery, has avowed opinions touching the great questions of sin and salvation, which opinions we hold to be fundamental error, viz. : that

a *tendency* to sin cannot be displeasing to God, and is not deserving of punishment; and that the death of Christ was in no sense a sacrifice for the satisfaction of divine justice.

In view of these facts we consider that the welfare of the church, and the maintenance of pure doctrine, imperatively demand of this Presbytery to ordain and declare—

1. That the license to preach the Gospel, heretofore granted to Clay McCauley be, and the same is hereby, revoked.

2. That he is enjoined at once to discontinue the public and official preaching of the word.

As members of the Presbytery we would take occasion to express our deep sorrow on account of the necessity thus laid upon us. We deem it due, however, to Bro. McCauley to say that he regards himself as by no means settled or established in these opinions, but as occupying the position of an inquirer. As we have confidence in his sincerity and integrity, our prayer and our hope is that he may yet become stablished and settled in the truth. Meanwhile, it is due to ourselves that the sanction of this Presbytery to his public ministrations be withdrawn.

We would also record the fact, (to the truth of which Mr. McCauley assents) that this change in his theological belief has taken place *since* he became a licentiate of this Presbytery. At the time of his examination and licensure, he sincerely accepted and believed these doctrines as stated in our Confession of Faith. Upon his own public and distinct declaration to this effect he was licensed to preach the Gospel. Having since changed his views and repudiated the faith of the church his license is justly withdrawn.

‘To the truth of this statement I cordially assent.

(Signed) CLAY MCCAULEY ’ ”

The editor of the paper added the judgment;—“Such a lapse into fundamental error on the part of one who had been reared in our own church, and trained in our own institutions, just when he was about to enter upon the

work of the ministry, is a matter for deep sorrow and humiliation before God. Whether he has thus wandered through pride and love of notoriety, or from serious difficulties as to the proper apprehension of that great system of Divine truth set forth in our Standards, one thing is certain, the responsibility and the consequences of such a course are of the gravest character; far more so than we fear he, or most young men, are likely fully to apprehend. Will not many pious hearts lift up fervent prayers to God that he may yet be convinced of his errors, and be Divinely guided to the knowledge and belief of the truth."

In passing, it may be well to make somewhat clearer what the Presbytery meant by saying that I was in "fundamental error" in declaring that "*a tendency* to sin is not displeasing to God and is not deserving of punishment."

What I intended by my declaration was to profess my "belief," which I expressed in other words in a newspaper interview soon afterwards, that

"A child, though inheriting a nature tending towards sin, is not under divine wrath. The Old School church lays special stress on an imputation of Adam's *guilt* to his posterity. *It is a link which, if broken, destroys the whole chain of Calvinistic doctrine.* For, as Adam's sin, say they, was imputed to all men, so Christ's righteousness, wrought out in his life and death, is imputed to believers. The New School church has broken this link and yet claims to hold the chain of Calvinism complete.

For denial of this important part of a system, Mr. McCauley has had his license withdrawn. He feels that sin to be worthy of punishment, must be an actual transgression, a voluntary act of the individual. He denies that another's sin can be set to our account in any degree whatever. He affirms that for personal acts, and for personal acts alone, is a soul responsible to divine law."

d. *Declination of the renewed Invitation to Morrison.*
The Congregational Council at Morrison having declined

to install me as pastor of the Church which had invited me to its pulpit; and the Presbytery under whose license I had any recognized authority to preach, having ordered me to "discontinue the public and official preaching of the Word"; I decided that the only honest and commendable course for me to follow would be a declination of the renewed invitation of the Morrison Society to continue to occupy its pulpit. I felt that the invitation was not an expression of the theological convictions of the church members, but of their personal regard. Consequently, as soon as I could, after the Presbyterial prohibition was made, I announced my decision to the Church.

The Whiteside Sentinel, in its issue of November 28th, 1867, used the occasion to publish a long resume of my experiences with the Church. Referring to the resolution of renewed invitation, the editor said,—

"The closing resolution, Mr. McCauley retained unanswered until last Sunday, at morning service, when, to the great surprise and grief of many persons in the community, he read the following letter to the audience, just before his sermon:—

Morrison, Ill., Nov. 24th, 1867.

TO THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF MORRISON:

Some time since, this Church made a series of resolutions concerning the action of the Council called to ordain its minister.

The last resolution read as follows:—'That as a church we desire and request Mr. McCauley to continue his very acceptable labors with us, and wish to manifest our confidence in him and love for him by sustaining him in his arduous labors, and by our prayers for his welfare and our mutual growth in grace and the knowledge of the truth.'

This request I have retained unanswered until to-day.

I now can answer it ; but for reasons well known must answer it in the negative.

This closes a service of six months to you. It has been a service of gladness and love. May He who has given you so much peace in my presence, grant you a more abundant blessing in my absence.

Our farewell should not be one of sadness, much less one of gloom. Our short communion has been one of delight. God now has directed me into another path than the one in which we have kept company. Our journeys will still be in parallel roads, and toward the same destination. Therefore let us labor patiently here and look to the end where, we trust, both paths meet, never again to diverge.

As I go under the direction of the Hand guiding me away from you, I leave with you only these words ;—

Be ever firmly united in a sincere consecration to God and humanity, to your Father and brethren. Thus, with a Father's smile on you and loving hearts throbbing all about you, you will hasten that day for which we all so earnestly long ; for which Christ lived and died ; the day of man's redemption from sin, from self, to holiness, to God.

Yours affectionately,

CLAY McCAULEY.

During the reading of the letter there was an oppressive sadness and stillness in the house, testifying much to the love in which Mr. McCauley is held by the people with whom he has been for so short a period."

The writer, in his article, also said,—“ In order that the people in this locality may fully understand the nature of this theological hubbub, and so comprehend the position of Mr. McCauley, we would say that the two heresies for which attempt is made to silence our friend, are, in the first place, what separates the New School Presbyterian Church from the Old ; and, in the second place, what separates the advanced school of the Congregational Church from the strictly “ Evangelical,” as it terms itself.”

e. Extracts from Correspondence.—Not the least significant and important of the happenings in the three months which passed between the refusal of the Council to ordain me and my declination of the renewed invitation of the Church to be its minister, was the personal correspondence I had. This story would become over-long were I to quote freely from the many letters received.

I became an object of much warning and entreaty ; of much rebuke, and of some most gloomy predictions concerning my life here and hereafter. But, in the way of comfort, I received a good deal of sympathy and friendly counsel as to what I might be able to do in the service of my larger faith. Those who were of my nearest kindred were naturally grieved, and were disturbed by painful forebodings. I was, thereby, compelled to bear a very severe emotional strain. I was condemned for "heaping sorrow " upon those who were dearest to me ; for " acting cruelly " ; "causing grief night and day " ; and I was threatened with responsibility for, probably, even graver results than these.

Then, some long-known, familiar associates gave strange and most unpleasant counsel, which was painfully disappointing. One of them, who had the right to talk freely, expressed much regret that I had not shown enough "*prudence*" in my " Confession of Faith " to secure the formal ceremony of ordination, the possession of which would have set me free to express myself as I wished. I had told this correspondent in a letter, of a certain Presbyterian minister, then having a notable popularity, who had said to me that he felt himself " justified " in accepting the doctrine of the Atonement as formulated in the Westminster Confession, as a " part of the historic development

of the Church." But, he added, he "felt free to give it a very generous interpretation in his preaching." He urged me not to be "caught in the trap of heresy-hunters."

My correspondent, referring to this conversation, made the comment that I should have "shown a similar *prudence*."

"By placing your opinions in opposition to the Churches and Churchmen of the day, you *unchurch* yourself, and deprive yourself of the power and opportunity to do the Master's work as efficiently as you might have done. Rejected by the Congregational, and silenced by the Presbyterian Church how can you do as much for Christ and poor dying men, as had you not been so self-opinionated upon the unimportant points? There is no principle involved, sufficient, at least, to justify or compensate a man for the self-destruction you have accomplished. You are now without authority to preach, and will not be recognized by any of the great or small orthodox Churches of the land: and the notion of succeeding as an Independent may or may not result as you hope. Few such efforts come to much:—and, *in the meantime, how are you to live?*

Returning to the subject later my relative wrote;—

"All your troubles, as I have said already, might have been avoided had you not so pertinaciously obtruded your views of these non-essential doctrines upon the public. You could easily, before your Council, have passed these by; because few men are disposed to be strict, where the authorities and the opinions of men so greatly differ. That would have saved you from the recent action of your Presbytery; and, instead of standing where you now do, you might be occupying the position of an acknowledged, respected and useful minister of Christ. Then, once ordained, you could have taught almost anything you thought best; and none would have complained, for sermons from the pulpit are ephemeral,—soon forgotten.

"I wish that you had had the prudence of that clergyman of whom you write. He believes as you do, but he

doesn't feel called upon to quarrel with the received opinions of his Church upon these non-essential matters ; and thus *unchurch* himself, and destroy his future usefulness. Acceptance by some orthodox denomination is the only thing that will save your future career.

" Pause before it is too late. Concede to the opinions of others equally able to judge with you. You are now among a people by whom you are loved, and among whom you believe you are doing good. Why throw away these great opportunities for the sake of a few points that are of a doctrinal character, and that your success or failure will not determine ? " - - - " Something should be accorded to the convictions of others by a mind so harrassed as yours has been." - - - " My advice is,—sacrifice some of your unacceptable views ; yield something to the opinions of others ; admit that you may be wrong. You cannot revolutionize the world, but you may destroy yourself."

During those troubled days, I spoke in a letter of making a visit to my kindred and my home-town, but I was told by one who believed he knew what would happen if I did so :—

" You will not receive the consideration here, heretofore extended to you, until you can come armed by a commission from some Church authority equally reputable with an Old School Presbytery. This, as you know, is not a place in which ' new lights ' can flourish. Even Ritual will not ' go down.' Nothing but Trinitarianism, and old, accepted, and well-tried doctrines will be received with any toleration in this community.

Thus, until you shall have made yourself a name, and acquired a position in the world, you cannot expect to even get a hearing among those who formerly honored you. They might receive you with apparent good will, but there would be no cordiality, and less encouragement, extended to you. They believe you in *error* ; and perhaps only the Judgment Day will change that belief."

In marked contrast, however, with such letters, were many others then sent to me. A Congregational minister,

in charge of an Illinois Church, wrote that he had been attendant at a Council held a few days after the Morrison meeting, and had heard of what had been done with me. He added,—

“I immediately arose and told of a Council recently held in Massachusetts that had installed a pastor although he was well known as an enthusiastic preacher of those doctrines for which you have been proscribed.” - - - - “Not one word of objection was raised against installing the candidate. Dr. Bushnell was himself a member of the Council, cordially fellowshiped, and designated to preach the sermon.” - - - “I accept so much of Dr. Bushnell’s doctrine as rejects the notion that Christ died a judicial victim; suffering the penalty that had been pronounced against men. I can not believe, or teach, that under any conceivable circumstances would Justice be honored by punishing an innocent person; nor do I find any such teaching in the Scriptures. - - - - “I desire to hear from you, and I wish to fellowship you with ten-fold heartiness because of the ban that Mr. ———— and Co., have endeavored to place you under.”

My correspondent gave me, then, an unexpectedly long list of names of Congregational clergymen who, he wrote,

“hold the views of Dr. Bushnell which Mr. ———— is advertising and advancing by his attempts to proscribe and crush them.”

“I hope you will not be driven away. We need such men as you to abide with us so that we may be gathering strength for mutual support.”

Some weeks later, the same clergyman wrote,—

“Your letter reached me while I was journeying in the East. I was then staying with Dr. Bushnell. I read your letter to the Doctor, and it elicited his warm sympathy. He appreciates the cowardice of fellowshiping him and proscribing young men whose belief is similar to his.” - - - “Incidentally I have heard from the Presbyterian minister in this city that a Presby-

tery has summoned you before them for discipline. I am filled with sympathy for you. I know that you will find little consideration before any ecclesiastical judicatory. I assure you of my sincere fellowship and sympathy."

Other equally sympathetic letters were received. Another liberal Congregational minister wrote ;—

"What was it to your Council that the Lord was owning you and blessing you, so long as you could not speak their Shibboleth? I am not sorry for you. I rejoice in and for you. But the blindness of good men, who really want to do right, is pitiable. I am glad you worked your way out of the heathen doctrine of the Atonement. Now, stay where you are.

Never mind the mourning over your error. Two can play at that. You can mourn over their error as sorrowfully as they over yours. And I would do it. Don't stand on the defensive. Don't allow that your views are heretical. Stand up for them squarely, and show them your entire confidence that you are all right, and they are all wrong. I don't mean to counsel you to keep preaching about it: far from that. But let all your bearing with reference to the question show them that you have the firmest conviction that the truth is on your side. Then, let them see that a man holding such a doctrine can be the noblest kind of a Christian."

Yet other sympathetic letters came whose tone was that which is heard in a realm of thought of which I knew but very little, then. One of them stirred me for a while rather deeply, because of its suggestiveness not only of the wide range of intellectual and spiritual freedom which some minds had found and enjoyed, but also of the special content of their thought. I had never met the writer of this next letter; but he was an intimate friend of some newly made and much valued acquaintances. He wrote ;—

"I give you joy of your liberty, and you have my

deepest sympathy. I don't know how far you go, or how much you see. If we could only talk, you could tell me all. But my hope for you is, frankly, that you may break entirely clear of the clerical life, which, in my soberest conviction, is, in the Nineteenth Century, a greenness and a life intrinsically false, and false in its relations. The first thing we find we have to do when we come to the true, virile age; the period of adulthood,—is to abolish and forget all that has been taught us, and begin for ourselves, *tabula rasa*, on a clear page. This I hope for you, and so hope that you will utterly leave the ministry.

Religion itself is the most august and lofty thing that is. But the creeds, doctrines, articles, rituals, novelettes, fables, observances, etc., that combine into a whole and get called so, affect me, I freely own, very much like Obi worship. This thing is to me only more nonsensical in degree. Let what I have said stand to indicate my hope for you. I wish you entire emancipation; and a faith, let it be what it may prove, at all events drawn from your own soul; freed from tradition and education, and brooding earnestly for truth upon the world of men and things among which you dwell.

I remember that eternal ray of Fichte,—‘Not the possession of truth, but the search for truth, is the glory of intellectual life.’ Your position is precisely that of a Turk, born in Constantinople, and therefore a Mohammedan, to whom is presented for the first time, the truths of the higher religion,—say Christianity. You, *born in Christendom and therefore a Christian*, are suddenly confronted with the Infinite; demanding a faith and life out of yourself, out of your independent thought, out of your own soul.”

It may appear rather strange to some friends who are following the course of my experiences during that troubled autumn, that I did not soon seriously consider the advisability of leaving all Orthodox associations, and of seeking the fellowship of some avowedly Liberal religious denomination. But, for a long time, I did not entertain

even a suggestion of doing anything so alien to the whole of my life, thitherto. And when the suggestion to do so seemed commendable, I shrank from it. Habit, interest,—above all, the bonds of friendship and of affection for near kindred,—held me where I was. I considered, much more, the possibility of many other ways of living than those of a religious ministry outside of professed Orthodoxy. Of course, I could not at any time then get rid of the question, “What shall I do as my work in the world?”

Home-friends did not give over the hope that I might still find a satisfactory place among the liberal Orthodox churches. One who was very solicitous about my future wrote:—

“I understand that there are two parties even in the Congregational Church, of diverse views upon the questions that concern you. If you think with either of these parties, are there not enough clergymen near you who think with you, and could be called into Council?—Your Church would like to help you - - - Why do you not stay where you are, where the people want you? Each Congregational Church selects its own pastor. I suppose you do not stand alone. How is this?”

I.

BEGINNING OF FORMAL SEPARATION FROM THE ORTHODOX FELLOWSHIP.

Probably the question here urged would not have been so difficult of answer had I not then been becoming aware of the presence of influences which prompted me to use caution about committing myself further to an avowedly Orthodox fellowship. Just what to do, I had not brought to decision; but it was becoming clear that my intellectual relationship to Orthodox Christianity must undergo a yet

more separating change. I had no inclination, much less any intention, to become so fully "a heretic" that, thereby, I should become practically an alien among those to whom I belonged by the ties of birth, rearing and education. But events had so occurred as to confront me with an intellectual crisis whose passing, in one way, meant just that.

Until that autumn, I had had no important contact with either avowed "rationalists," skeptics or "infidels," either in person or in their writings. During childhood and youth, I had had no opportunities for meeting with such men, or their books. This fact may be almost incredible to most of those who read these "Memories." But, fifty or sixty years ago, and in the places where my youth was spent, nothing was more likely to be the fact. As I grew towards manhood, I heard, of course, of "infidels" and of "infidel books;" but I was always taught to think of such persons as of evil character, and of their books as "devices of Satan."

When, as a college student, I undertook the work of a colporteur in my uncle's parish, I was once confronted by an avowed Universalist. I thought that, with such belief, the man could not be morally upright. Even during my career as a soldier, though I often saw much indifference to religion, and much, even gross, evil, I met with no one who was either a pronounced religious "heretic," or "infidel," And as a student in the theological Seminary, though I knew of the existence of Unitarians, Universalists, and kindred "heretics;" and had then learned enough to know that they were not necessarily bad or immoral folk, nothing brought me into personal association with them. There was nothing singular about this

ignorance. In our student life we were almost inevitably secluded from all people and books which did not have some needful part in our specific, current duties and studies.

Illustrative of this isolation is an incident happening one day when I was passing Rev. Robert Collyer's Church. Seeing the doors open, as the janitor swept the vestibule, I yielded to a momentary curiosity to know what was inside the building. I entered the auditorium rather hesitatingly. The Churchlike look of the interior impressed me; but picking up a hymn-book, I opened it to be much surprised, at meeting, the first thing, one of my favorite hymns.

Throughout the Seminary course, my reading was well within Orthodox bounds. The literature in our library had been chosen for Orthodox purposes. I happened—I forget how—to get possession of the first series of Emerson's "Essays" in my second year, but the volume was more a curiosity than a book to which I might give studious reading. Rationalistic and scientific speculations, appearing in the newspapers and magazines, I either passed by or did not read intelligently. Strange though it may seem, preoccupied as I was with my inherited Creed and regular studies, the meanings of these writings did not get far into my understanding. It is true, that the intellectual world in which I and, so far as I know, my fellow students lived, was literally alien,—foreign to that into which I was guided later and, in time, clearly understood.

It was not, in fact, until I was well advanced in the ministry at Morrison, that I began to understand that I was vitally related to a much broader and more varied domain of sincere and truth-bearing thinking and living than the one

I had thitherto accepted as of real worth. I became closely associated in Morrison with some well-cultured, rationalized and liberally inclined members of the community ; some of whom had become attendants at the services of my Church.

Then, further, during the summer of the year before, at Depere, as I have already noted, I had enjoyed the friendship of the generous Episcopalian who had called me to account for the harsh "appeal" I had made "to the unconverted" in my introductory sermon. Also, during that summer, I had the privilege of gaining the friendship of one who the next year became my wife. This friend, by the way, also a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, was visiting relatives in Depere. Her generous religious sympathies, though her "creed" was that of her Church, almost inevitably gave a more considerate quality to my thinking. Her home was in Bangor, Maine, with relatives who were connected with the "Independent Congregational Society" there, whose minister, then, was the Rev. Charles Carroll Everett.

I became acquainted with Mr. Everett in that Morrison summer. This happening became an event of specific importance, not immediately, but some months afterwards, when my theological troubles had culminated.

I had the good fortune to visit Bangor in July, 1867. During that brief visit an engagement of personal interest associated me rather closely with Mr. Everett. He was the first Unitarian minister I had met. Out of his generosity, he invited the young Congregational minister from the West to occupy his pulpit. I preached in it one of the liberal sermons which, a short time before, I had given to my home congregation.

Mr. Everett and I had no theological discussions ;—my proposed installation as the minister of the Orthodox Congregational Morrison Church was but a few weeks distant. I remember only that I was much impressed by Mr. Everett's personality, as that of a very genial, very wise, and very good man.

I returned to Morrison, starting July 25th, accompanied by Mrs. MacCauley, to continue my pastoral work ; expecting thenceforward, however, to serve as a minister officially installed in office. With what result my expectation was met, the record of the Council, already given, shows.

a. Acquaintance with Herbert Spencer's First Principles. It was not long after the surprising meeting of the Morrison Council, I believe, when I passed through the first experience that made me realize clearly that further attempts to work with any professedly Orthodox Church might not be advisable, or even possible. One of the liberally inclined of the Morrison friends of whom I have spoken, brought to me a copy of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." It was a book quite new in America, then, and attracting much attention. Scientific speculation had been for me, as a rule, the following of such processes as those of Professor Arnold Guyot, and of the Scotsman, Hugh Miller. I could hold what they, and their like, taught, in close agreement with my inherited Creed. Besides, in College, I had faithfully studied Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed," in association with Paley's "Natural Theology." But, under the pressure of the experiences through which I was then passing, I was glad to get hold of this treatise of Spencer's, which, I was assured, had much that would interest me. The first day I had it, I read and

reread in it far into the night, and well into the next morning. Then, I read the first part over and over again, during the days following.

I could not ignore the many questionings which this reading started. Possibly, more than any other one influence, it made me hesitate about complying with the request of my Church to continue with it as its minister; or also, to consider favorably the request of my home friends to gather a Council of friendly ministers that I might receive their endorsement. I did not foresee just where this new thinking would lead me. Moreover, I shrank from adding trouble to the anxiety which already disturbed those to whom I was bound by kinship and affection.

The line of least resistance, thereupon, for a time, seemed to be in a direction widely away from the profession for which I had been prepared. For a while, I thought that I should lessen my most serious difficulties by undertaking some wholly secular work such as that of journalism; or of the lecture platform, and of general literature. But I hesitated to make the venture. I was much perplexed; I waited for yet clearer indications.

b. Correspondence with Charles Carroll Everett. One day in October, a fortunate impulse led me to the writing of a letter whose consequences, at length, changed almost entirely the course of my life. It was the first move I made towards entrance upon the way which, ever since, I have followed.

The letter was to my newly found friend in Bangor, Rev. C. C. Everett, telling him of the decision of the Council, and of the generous renewal of the invitation of the Church to continue as its minister.

"I hardly know," wrote Mr. Everett in reply, "whether

I should express to you my sympathy or congratulations. Either, I could send heartily. I feel that it must be a trying experience to pass through. At the same time there must be a feeling of relief and freedom since the crisis is passed, and you now stand for yourself, responsible to no man or body of men.

The action of your Society seemed to me very pleasant and even touching. It showed that, though they had not your intellectual convictions, they had your broad sympathies, and that though they were not with you in the letter they were in the spirit, which is better.

What you may think best to do I can not of course say. Still, it is not pleasant to work alone, and I would be very glad to do anything possible to facilitate your entrance into new relationships, should you judge best, where you would be as free as you are now, and would have the advantage of co-operation and organization such as you have now left behind you.

Feeling this, I took the liberty to write to Messrs. Lowe and Collyer. Mr. Lowe writes to me that he has written to you urging you to be present at the Unitarian Conference in Chicago. - - - My feeling is not to hurry you from your present post, but that you should feel that the way is open, and that wherever you are you have our hearty sympathy and fellowship."

I did not attend the Chicago Unitarian Conference. I was not yet ready for so extreme a move. But I was much cheered by Mr. Everett's letter; and then by a kindly letter soon received from Mr. Lowe, who was secretary of the American Unitarian Association. I do not remember what reply I made to Mr. Lowe, but I think it was a somewhat detailed statement of my trouble and an announcement of the summons to me to meet the Chicago Presbytery.

c. Visit to Robert Collyer.—The day after the Presbytery had withdrawn my license to preach, feeling utterly alone and friendless in the big city, Chicago, I decided to have a talk with Robert Collyer. I

had not had the letter from him of which Mr. Everett wrote, but I knew that he had heard of me ; and I felt confident that he would welcome me and, possibly, help to make things easier than they were.

I shall never forget the reception Robert Collyer gave me. In answer to my summons he came to the door. When I told him my name, at once he took both my hands in his, and, looking hard at me, exclaimed, " My poor boy, and what have they been doin' to ye? Come in! I know what ye want: it's some beer and a piece of roast beef."

Leading me into a room, and pushing me down upon a lounge, he said, " Mother, bring us some beer."

He then took place beside me and began a cheery, affectionate talk. From that moment I knew I had found a big-hearted friend, to whom I could go for counsel, whatever might befall.

Upon my return to Morrison, and just before I closed official connection with the Morrison Church, another letter from Mr. Lowe came, expressing——

" Deep sympathy, in view of the trying ordeal through which you are passing. Most fervently do I pray that God's blessing and guidance may be vouchsafed to you, and that the issue of what is now so painful an experience to you may be such as to make you rejoice, and to advance, through you, the best interests of Christian truth.

Be assured of the hearty fellowship and support of our own brethern, whatever may be the result of your meeting the Presbytery. I hope that while in Chicago you may have called on our brothers Collyer, who would both feel so deep an interest in your present position."

I was much affected by the kindness and evident real goodness of the writer of these letters. No Orthodox counsellor could have written with more genuine Christian

devoutness,—so I was impressed,—than Charles Lowe; nor could I have received from any friend more tactful help, in the physical and mental distress I was then under, than came through Robert Collyer's big-hearted, humorous hospitality.

It was still to be some time, however, before I considered seriously the proposition made to me to enter the Unitarian ministry. I then had become convinced that I was permanently unfitted to remain longer the minister of any professedly Orthodox Church. Consequently, I gave up the Morrison pastorate, unwilling to compromise further that Church in its relations to its sister Societies.

But, What shall I do? was the immediate, and seriously pressing, problem. A letter from Rev. Robert Collyer, written Nov. 22nd, 1867, and received the day after I had read my letter of declination to the Morrison people, offered a definite answer to this question.

“When I parted from you at the corner,” (as I left him in Chicago ten days before,) “I had an impression that you wanted thenceforth to wrestle the matter out alone. But, in answer to yours of this morning, I have only one thing to say; make your feet stand plumb under your head. That, they are not doing while you stay with the Church out of which they have now driven you.

Personal friendships and regards are nothing when they come into conflict with the need to follow Christ- - - - . But whether you will then stand with us when you have so trued your feet, is quite another thing.—

Besides that, my dear fellow, I have nothing to say except the sweet old prayer, ‘Lord, lift Thou upon him light of Thy Countenance.’ Most lovingly yours.”

d. Special Lecture in Morrison.—For some time after closing the Morrison ministry, I remained in that town trying to come to a decision concerning the future. Dur-

ing the week following the declination, "The Young Men's Literary Association" invited me to deliver a lecture before it at my "earliest convenience." I was much gratified at receiving this important evidence of the confidence and liking of this large part of the community ; and I accepted the invitation.

But I was much perplexed as to the kind of lecture I should give. It was intimated that a personal explanation, and a defense of the course I had followed, would be welcome and popular. But I was already over-weary of the notoriety I had received ; and I declined to do that. And an adequate literary entertainment for the Association I felt would be beyond my abilities. I decided, then, upon rather a bold venture ; yet it seemed to be at the time the only thing really available for me.

I have spoken of having read Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." The reflections which that book had started, and, generally, my newly awakened speculations concerning the deepest questions which Man asks about himself and the Universe, were, aside from my personal troubles, the most interesting facts of my mental occupation. They supplied me with a theme. Consequently, I arranged with the Association to answer their invitation with a lecture upon the very formidable subject, *Man :—His Relation to Force and Law.*

Thus it came about, that on December 12th, 1867, a large audience gathered in the "Concert Hall," and, seemingly, was much interested in what the young minister had to say. The editor of a local newspaper, took my manuscript and published a generous summary of the lecture. In large part, I repeat the summary to indicate the stage to which my mental development had gone.

II.

SYNOPSIS OF THE MORRISON LECTURE.

We promised our readers—in noticing the Lecture delivered by Rev. Clay McCauley, on the evening of the 12th inst., before the Y.M.L. A. of this place—a more extended synopsis of the points made by the speaker upon that occasion, than we were then at leisure to present. No apology is needed for reverting to the subject now, other than is furnished in the interest awakened by the speaker in the minds of those who were so fortunate as to hear him upon that occasion.

MAN: HIS RELATION TO FORCE AND LAW.

Mr. McCauley gave as a reason for his departure from the usual themes of discourse, the great need there is at this time for a popular apprehension of the latest generalizations of science, concerning the why and the how of man's existence,—generalizations which are the property of the few, but which should be possessed by all. To try to make the maturest products of mind living inspirations to the masses, seemed to be his object.

I. His first position was then taken: The sovereignty in the universe of Force and Law, that is, of irresistible Power, and intelligent Control of that Power.

1. One of the first facts the mind grasps, is that of motion—alteration. At last it is proven that not an existence is at rest, from the activity of chemical affinities, to the sweep of nebulae; from the yearnings of a human spirit to the volitions of the eternal Life. Matter and spirit are instinct with change. This universal motion is but the effect of universal Force.

2. Now with this constant Force has been discovered intelligent Direction. The Fetishist and Polytheist recognize the universal Force in independent forces; not the Law over all—the universal unity in diversity. But the man educated to the position whence we act, sees intelligence in every change. Wisdom, order, perfection, are everywhere evident. All acts of the past, present, and future, are in harmony; under control of Force and Law. Nothing can

hasten or hinder their expression. He who fears the logic of this truth, must cease to think under the knowledge of to-day.

Ignorance calls this fact, Fate. Fate is a bad word. But if inevitable Force and irrepressible Law, be Fate, then call them Fate. The name will not hurt the truth. The perfect connection between cause and effect; power and result, law and harmony, is being recognized. There is nothing, from a slip and fall on the sidewalk to the prophecy of an eclipse a thousand years hence and the fulfilment of the prophecy, that is not included in one progressive plan.

II. This brought the speaker to his second thought: The relation of Man to this Force and Law; he is controlled by them, as is every other thing.

1. One of the first acts of consciousness is the recognition of self as a force and law. From the discovery of his ability to throw down a rattle, while yet a babe, man feels himself to be a determining power. From this knowledge and the fact that man is evidently supreme among the creatures of earth, the hasty conclusion has been drawn that he is a kind of isolation in the Universe,—totally different from all other things.

2. It is better known now that man differs chiefly in degree, and less in kind, from his surroundings. He is the supreme delegate on the earth of Force and Law, but no more. He is only farther advanced and more highly endowed than the other creatures,—being the highest mental, and only moral animal.

(a) The most ignorant admit that divine action alone moves the *insensate elements*,—the mineral and vegetable realms.

(b) Even, in *voluntary life*, from the polyp to the mammal, men see God acting through what they call *instinct*.

(c) But at man absolute Divine control is thought to cease. This is the effect of an ignorance and a pride which maturer knowledge destroys. Man is, like other things, a creature. He modifies and subdues the elements and the life about him; and yet, not he, but Force and Law, acting through him.

Through man as well as beast, plant, or mere matter, the same Force and Law work. All his progress, individual, national, and racial, conforms to certain Force and Law.

III. Then the speaker took his last chief position. The first two thoughts being of facts, we now learn that Man is being borne through an ordained, perfect existence as a whole.

Man, *en masse*, has birth, infancy, childhood, and maturity. As individuals round out perfect lives; as their lives round out a nation's life; as nations round out the life of a generation; so generations will form, at last, a perfect life for the race. Credulity, ignorance, and superstition, are marks of infancy; examination knowledge, and faith, are signs of maturer life. About the past hang the former,—the present glories in the latter.

Man is now leaving his infancy and entering his childhood and youth. The ages gone by were, of necessity, ages of terror and helplessness. No more should they be condemned than should a babe be condemned. From its nature, infancy is not governed by conscious intelligence. Ignorance, superstition, fear of the unknown and unexamined things about man, make natural impressions on his mind. He has misunderstood almost everything. Dreadful supernaturalism has pervaded everything. But Force has moved him forward, and Law has directed the progress. Like a young child he has begun to ask intelligent questions concerning his surroundings. But he is as yet only a child. He has asked some questions and received some answers; how few, the man of the future will show. The highest thing as yet accomplished by him is release from the bewilderment of infancy. His life is but a childish one, full of wonders and extravagances. His eager cry is now heard everywhere for science, knowledge. Where the infant man at every movement was face to face with mystery and recoiled in terror, now, the youth steps to the same mystery with eagerness, and compels it to explain itself. Not a thing inspires the educated, scientific mind with the old time fear. Man knows that Nature is his to control. His inquiries are often impertinent, but impertinence is natural to a youth. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence

and the violent take it by force." Man under Force and Law is growing,, comprehending, subduing, all things around him.

1. Only one sacred theme,—the highest in the affection and imagination,—receives gentle treatment in this universal search, is asked fewest questions and with little boldness,—Religion. Why? Why does not Man search it as other things, to clear away its marks of infancy, its ignorance, and superstition? The time is not fully here yet. It is the last questioned, because it should be the last. It will be a science, however, as all other things are becoming sciences ; based on fact instead of fancy. When man is ready for it, it will come. Religion is now under the guardianship of dogmatism, of authority, it is not based on science ; authority as many shaped as Proteus. It pretends to absolutism from the word of the South African to interpretations of the highest Scripture. Its power rests on terror and mystery, not on discovered scientific truth, on which, alone, true authority can be based. A day will come when Ecclesiastic absolutism over the conscience, concerning religion, will be as perfectly cast off as it has been from the mind, concerning geography and astronomy. Religion is under the guidance of Force and Law, and when the time comes this freedom will be gained. Religion as it is, accomplishes a beautiful work, produces peace, piety ;—matures the growing man. But as there is a physical and mental Science, so will there be a Spiritual Science.

2. As with man in the Church so will it be with him in the State.

As individual freedom based on spiritual science will form the Church of the future, so individual freedom, based on true political science, will form the State of the future. To this youth of our race are Force and Law surely directing us.

The first inspirations to this life are to be felt in this Republic. Greece, though called a democracy, was but an aristocracy, through her slavery. We are having the first true Republic of the world ; and already it is shaping itself

into the great Democracy for which we hope. Democracy is the maturest life we can prophesy.

Here the world of the future is heralded. Force and Law are working here towards the mature life—perfecting Man. Trust these certain powers amid all the scenes which transpire around us. Remember the thoughts through which we have passed. You can not doubt then the glory and strength that are yet in store for Man in every relation he has. Beyond this immediate future we can not now see. The men of the coming days must describe that time ; we are only children and have just begun to know.

d. Reading "Broken Lights" and "Reason in Religion."—Not long after the delivery of the Morrison lecture, another formative event in my intellectual and spiritual experience came to pass. This happening went far to hasten the decision to which I at length came concerning the future.

I was the guest of a friend in Chicago. He was a member of the New Church (Swedenborgian), an earnestly religious man, but hospitable, generally, to the notable religious literature of the times.

Among the books lying on a table in his library, I saw two whose titles attracted me :—"Broken Lights" by Frances Power Cobbe, and "Reason in Religion" by Frederic Henry Hedge. I began to read Miss Cobbe's book in the evening. After the family had retired, I continued to read until I had read the book through.

f. Conscious Release from Orthodoxy.—With that reading, the hold upon me of Orthodoxy at last broke, consciously and wholly. I found that at last I was without even a slack allegiance to my inherited Creed. I felt, in religious thinking, as though I had found myself, all at once, adrift.

My next reading was of Dr. Hedge's book. Then, so I thought, I saw a harbor to be gained. But how to manage my craft to enter it, I did not know. That midwinter week, however, I remember as the time when I began to know that I was winning a faith; really gaining a faith because of efforts made through my own brain and heart.

Ere long, I felt sure of my possession. A Faith became mine which, through all the years since, has been for me as an ample port and harbor of refuge; or rather as a sanctuary, whence I have been enabled to give whatever devotion, or service that has appeared in my long career.

Those two books, I have always believed, marked the culmination of the long series of experiences through which my intellectual emancipation in religion was achieved and made secure.

2.

At Detroit.

With the coming of the new year, 1868, I began to be hopeful that I might continue in my career as a Christian minister. I had spent several years in preparation for service in that sacred office; and I was unwilling to sacrifice unnecessarily the results of the long labor. Besides, with my conscious, evident winning of a satisfying faith, my former desire to proclaim "the Good News" was revived.

It became, of course, continually clearer that, if I should go beyond the limits of some kind of Orthodox fellowship, I would cause much sorrow and protest in the circle of my immediate kindred and friends. But, all this notwithstanding, I felt compelled, finally, after much painful thinking over it, to go forward in the newly opened way.

a. *Invitation to the Detroit Unitarian Church.*—In January, I was invited to occupy the pulpit of the "First Congregational Unitarian Society," Detroit, Michigan. I informed my home-folk of the invitation, adding that I should accept this opportunity and see what the future would bring forth.

A reply came at once that my family were "grieved to think that I had any Unitarian tendencies, or would accept charge of a Unitarian Society. I may not fully understand their views," wrote my correspondent, "but any denial or repudiation of the Divinity of my Saviour I cannot tolerate."

The next bit of record I have from my closest kindred, I find in a letter written to me in March, after I had preached for a while in Detroit, and was on the verge of accepting an invitation to a ministry of some length there.

"We think you are quite in a hurry to accept an invitation to go to Detroit. How you can preach to a people who deny and degrade Christ, their Saviour, I know not. I thought that when you were examined by the Presbytery you had no trouble about the divinity of Christ.

The *Independent*, I see, now speaks of you as a convert to Unitarianism; and when I think back to the long letter you wrote me, I remember that full half of it was filled with arguments to show that Christ occupied a place second to the Father. I did not think that you doubted Christ's equality with the Father in any respect. The heaven has been working, and is now showing itself.

Verily, you have 'swung round the circle' to make a wreck of yourself. Our sympathies are not with societies outside the acknowledged Christian Church. As you have now determined to cast in your lot with the Detroit Society, we hope that your efforts may prove to the glory of God.

We are "old Fogies." We are content to worship our God as our fathers did; we do not aspire to

be wiser than they. We had hoped that we could be proud of you, and by this time, when your name was mentioned, speak of your honorable position before God and man. But that is past."

b. Public Comment on my becoming a Unitarian.—Beginning with April 1st, 1868, I undertook service to the Detroit Unitarian Church, for a six months ministry. *The Independent* of New York, made this note of the event.

"Some of our readers may remember the case of the Rev. Clay McCauley, who, last year, was refused ordination, on the ground of heretical opinions, by a Congregational association sitting at Morrison, Ill. A few weeks later, license to preach was taken from him by the Old School Presbytery of Chicago. As Orthodox pulpits were thus closed against him, he turned this way and that to find some rostrum on which to stand and utter the thought that was within him. The only door open to him was that of the Unitarian pulpit; and, without trammels or pledges, he went there to preach, using the same sermons that seemed good food to many hearts at Morrison. He is now ministering to the Unitarian society at Detroit. Though still a very young man, he shows a grasp of thought and a power of utterance which are commanding attention in that community. We hope that he will be faithful to the manhood which God has given him; that he will not become embittered by his experience; and that, whatever may be the nominal direction of his mental development hereafter, it may be into the truth, and beauty, and goodness of Christ."

Some former friends of the Presbytery of Chicago, however, were not so generous in their comments as the *Independent*. On May 9th, the *North Western Presbyterian*,—in its "Editorial Brevities"—published the following note. There was reference to another person in the note. I quote only the part referring to me.

“STRAYING STILL FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH.

Mr. Clay McCauley, whose license was withdrawn by the Presbytery of Chicago for defection from the faith of the church, has strayed so far from the truth as to cast in his lot with the Unitarians, and is now preaching to a Unitarian church in Detroit, Mich.

The Rev. Robert Collyer in writing recently to the *Liberal Christian*, thus glories over this accession, to their and our reproach:

‘Rev. C. McCauley, about whose going to Detroit you printed a brief paragraph, gives promise of great usefulness there, or wherever he may go. He has just come to us from the Old School Presbyterians, in one of whose churches at Morrison, in this State, he has been preaching since his ordination with great acceptance. But he got into some trouble about the doctrine of the Atonement—perhaps the most difficult doctrine for any delicate and honorable soul in the whole scheme of Orthodoxy, especially as it is insisted on by the stern Old School of which he is a disciple. The result was, at last, that they turned him out. Perhaps it would be a milder thing to say that they suspended him from preaching.’

The stumbling of such stripling and novice in the truth, at the great central doctrine of the Christian system, necessarily proves nothing, as to the correctness of Unitarianism or Universalism, nor any thing as to the falsity of Orthodoxy. *If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.*”

The italics are those of the editor. The Morrison church was Congregational, not Presbyterian.

There was but little outward change in my preaching at Detroit from that which was given at Morrison. The sermons were nearly all rewritten for the new pulpit, but they were only freed from some of their more pronounced Orthodox phrases, and from what I was discovering then to be their literary crudities, or errors. The Detroit people were very generous, forbearing and encouraging to

the stranger "stripling and novice." My newly-won faith was, of course, not yet well formulated. But I was at last wholly emancipated from the bondage of my "inherited creed." Days of real mental struggle and distress, except for the grief I felt over the sorrow and opposition of kindred and former friends, were past. Mind, heart, soul, I was buoyed upon a serene and sheltered faith. Over me was the open sky, and, before me, freedom to take my way as the Spirit of Truth "might inspire.

The summer passed without notable event. Increasing contentment and undisturbed opportunity to think intelligently of my work for the future, had come. Important personal and professional problems confronted me, but they could be studied without special stress. I read widely among the writings of those who were spoken of as leaders among Liberal Christians, that I might become familiar with their ways of thinking, and with the administration of the doings of the Churches with which I had become associated.

My newly composed sermons were not controversial, or even speculative, notwithstanding my interest in theological readjustments. I made general ethical, and purely religious, motives the principal themes of the new sermonizing. Besides, I took considerable interest in matters of public morals, and in the general welfare of the city. I undertook some campaigning on behalf of the "Massachusetts Society for the Protection of Animals," seeking to bring about a State organization for Michigan. The problems of the city's charities also interested me a good deal.

3.

At Rochester.

But more than all else, as the summer of 1868 advanced, I came to see that my preparation for this new ministry had been very limited, and that the service I was giving to this important Detroit Society was poorly inadequate. I did not seek a change of position, but I freely acknowledge that the invitation which I received in September from Rochester, New York, to go the "First Unitarian Congregational Society," there, upon the close of my Detroit engagement, was welcome. I had become much attached to many persons in Detroit, but the Rochester invitation offered new opportunity for furthering a much needed acquaintance with Unitarian people, and with another phase of the work of the Unitarian ministry, which I thought it wise not to forego.

a. Installation at Rochester, New York — On September 14th, the Rochester Society sent me a unanimous invitation to be its minister for one year, from October 1st.

Five days after the latter date, I was installed in office : Rev. Robert Collyer, preaching the sermon, and Revs. Samuel J. May, Robert Laird Collier, S. R. Calthorp, Frederick Frothingham, and the local Universalist minister, Rev. Asa Saxe, sharing the other parts of the ceremony.

A letter of thanks to Robert Collyer brought a most affectionate answer, from which the following extracts are pertinent here :—

"Very glad I am to see you standing in your true place, winning the love of so true a people as that you have about you in Rochester. I look forward to your gaining there a

great spiritual fortune. "The gold of the land is good and there is bedelium and the honey-comb."

In Detroit, you did well. Your work, I hear on all hands, was wise and good. It was wise, too I think, that you resigned the reins. I suppose they may get———. If they do, he will enter into your labors, and find his own easier through the preparation you made."

The pastorate at Rochester was quite eventful, and it was served with much more ease, because of increasing knowledge on my part of how to preach and of how to work, than the ministry at Detroit. I was beginning really "to find myself"; and to be that much more useful to the parish and to the fellowship of the Churches of a "rational Christian faith." As in Detroit, I took part in several movements in the community directed towards social betterment: also in the affairs of several beneficiary institutions, particularly those connected with reform in the prison, and in the insane asylum, and in the society whose object was protection of animals.

But of special importance for these "Memories," regarded as a series of specific life-sketches, I have to recall the Rochester ministry as being distinctive, because in it my first real antagonism in public to my ancestral Creed was shown; also because, more than any other period in my career, it became one of theological controversy.

b. First Public Attack on Calvinism.—On November 22nd, 1868, I made an open attack on Calvinism, denouncing its distinctive "doctrine of Human Nature." This sermon marks the time when, to the public, I appeared as actually hostile to that irrational, terror-burdened dogma of my inherited Creed,—the "Total Depravity of Human Nature;" and as devoted to the rational optimism of faith in man's Native Dignity.



FIRST UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, 1868

Of necessity, this sermon was the product of a very undeveloped thinker, poorly expressing his new-won faith ; but it had the merit of being the earnest utterance of an emancipated brain and heart, rejoicing under the liberty of brightening truth , exhilarated by the possession of precious gains made in a free study of the spiritual relationship of God and Man.

The sermon as a whole is not worth repeating ; but, as marking the public evidence of my emancipation from bondage to the Calvinistic dogma that “ Human Nature is Totally Depraved,” parts of it are interesting to read now, however little their objective importance in these more enlightened days may be.

I.

THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

I commenced the sermon by saying that, as we begin our lives, among the things we are earliest taught, is “ the greatness, wisdom and holiness of God.” As children we are —“ taught that from eternity God has existed ; crowning eternity with goodness ; and that forever He dwells in the majesty of Holiness. Having received this ‘ knowledge ’ of Deity, we are told that our ancestors, once the pure children of God in Eden, rebelled against divine law, and fell to a lower life than that of the brutes ; and that for six thousand years Humanity, through Adam, has been allied with the Prince of Evil to destroy the glory of God.

Then, we are told that the Eternal Son, himself God, moved with affection for man, entered the sinful creature’s nature, and, after enduring for thirty-three years the assaults of iniquity and the temptations of Satan, died a criminal on the cross of Roman justice ; but that His incarnation, suffering and death made a way of salvation for man ; being a satisfaction and vindication of the violated divine Law. Of course, viewing the wonderful purity of God, the awful degradation of man, and then the Divine sufferer

incarnate for human redemption, we are amazed, and we find expression for our amazement in such words as, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

For fifteen centuries this question has had this meaning, and has been made to serve this use. And for thirteen centuries this meaning and use have been the most powerful influence to hinder the growth of the Life, which we believe to be the true Life of the world. From them the terrors of diabolic presence had their inspiration; the horrors of magic and of witchcraft, the wars of dominating sects, and the persecutions of ecclesiastical, inquisitions:—in fact, all the dreadful results that a low estimate of human nature will produce. From the first, they divided the world into "the kingdom of God and the kingdom of Satan." The few elect churches composed the one, and all else of man and nature, the other. From the first, the two Powers were declared to be in conflict. Every scoff at creed or Christian was thought to be at the instigation of the Devil, and so, every conversion of a blasphemer was said to be the effect of a wonderful divine condescension and a triumph of grace.

Then came into prominence Demonology. Not only was Satan thought to be active in the midst of a captive humanity, endeavoring to destroy God's partially successful work; but he was served by a host of fallen angels; thus making loving Grace more and more wonderful. With the demons the blaze of their grossly material hell became brighter and brighter; and death, said to be a direct effect of the transgression in Eden, became an opening from this life, through which rebellious men were justly thrust into torture with their kindred fiends.

When, in the Sixth Century, as the author of the "History of Rationalism in Europe" says, "the victory of Christianity over paganism, considered as an external system, and the corruption of Christianity itself, were both complete," then commenced the almost unquestioned rule of the plea of our text, considered as the cry of the humbled soul. Satanic power, and Satanic presence were profound and universal.

From the awe-sticken Church went up the cry to the

Redeeming Diety ; a cry into which a meaning was put, of which we can have no conception, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" From awe before God, the Church changed to anger towards men. The iniquitous race, it was determined, could not be judged too severely by the earthly representatives of the "Kingdom of God." "Why should a sinner against Holy Law live?" It was asked for justification, "Is he not already doomed as a rebel against Deity?" David's Psalms of vengeance then became ecclesiastical inspirations. It was declared to be doing God service, to blot off from the earth those who manifested any antagonism to the supposed Divine Grace. Doubt became a subject of discipline and penance. Heresy was judged to be crime worthy of death.

After the Crusades came the Oriental enlightenment, and so "the Revival of Letters." Then the Christian paganism was subjected to what is called the "Reformation." But still the cry of our text went up to God, ascending as the summation of a false theology's decisions concerning Man. More than ever, the Devil was declared to be a really existent Being, owning demons and humanity, as a master possesses slaves. An indescribable force was given to Paul's expressions, the "Prince of the power of the air," and the "God of this world."

The Theology of the Reformation, more even than that of Rome, rested on a system of terrorism. It held up, in dark and authoritative speech, the natural degradation of the race, and the power of evil spirits. The climax of the Satanic life was then reached. It was Witchcraft and its persecution. For some time, this curious phenomenon of superstitious supernaturalism had been gradually manifesting itself. In the Twelfth Century, there was added to the prevalent belief in Satan, his active demons and his captive humanity, the idea that, in addition to the general work humanity was doing for "the devil's kingdom," there were employed very special agents, who were men and women. This idea in after years produced and destroyed witches. It was helped in its development by many causes, but by none more than the Black Death, a mysterious disease, which in six years destroyed, in Europe, one-fourth

of its population, and which was attributed to malignant demoniac influences. Then, in the universal terror, reappeared the Flagellants ; and then arose " the Dancers " in Central Europe who proclaimed, in thousands of numbers, with wild leapings and shrieks of fear, the power and triumph of Satan.

At the time of the Reformation the results of these things culminated. There were then in Europe the Church of Rome and its Protestants arrayed against each other ; each party asserting its infallibility and each making common cause in its estimate of Human Nature by crushing every attempt it made at independence. The land was filled with civil and social debauchery, persecution, crime, terror and anarchy.

But the Reformation, with all its vice, commenced a better life for Christianity than that which Rome had fostered. It gave some little liberty to the right of private judgment. It professed the principle of Protestantism which now has its freedom assured. At first, however, for the rule of the Pope it substituted the authority of the Book. But the Reformers assumed the right to determine what are the Bible's doctrines. The existence of the fallen Archangel and his host ; of the ruin of man, and of the total depravity of all of Adam's posterity ; of hell and redemption from hell by the atonement on Calvary, were made the dogmas of the Reformation. The old cry, therefore, still was heard, " What is man that thou art mindful of Him ? " The same story of blood, therefore, is to be told of Protestantism as of Rome.

But, notwithstanding all these things, it is true, as said before, that the Reformation commenced a better life than that which Rome fostered. Protestantism, to a certain extent, was claimed and established as an individual right. Men became gradually more free. The theology which produced the ghastly facts to which we have referred, was taken from the civil administration and remanded to the Churches which originated it. So rapid has been the progress of ecclesiastical liberty, that now the State has ignored the theology of the Reformation. We are protected by law in coming here to-day and in making this criticism

upon it. The disciples of the literalism of the teachings of Melancthon and Calvin have liberty to stand in their pulpits and defend, with words only, what we condemn. For the promulgation of their doctrines, times have so changed, that they now have legal right to face the audiences who go to hear them preach; but they must wait on the free decision of each mind that listens to them. They have no more powerful right than merely to declare that there is an omnipotent (?) God who has had his authority wrested from him by Satan against his will; and pray, in view of the partial redemption made, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

They can refuse fellowship to heretics; they can issue modern bulls of excommunication, and threaten a future judgment; but they are powerless to execute physical torture. They have no liberty now to use the rack, or the stake, or the "soaking bit," or the poison cup, or the water test. We are free. We are guaranteed by the mature strength of Protestantism, individual liberty; freedom to worship God as we are inspired to worship Him. So much for the understanding and use of our text during the past thirteen centuries.

Its original meaning and what should be its right use are found in the Bible where the words are written. There we find the Psalmist giving utterance to a thought as hopeful and as full of faith as it is possible to have. The whole writing shows that its Medieval meaning was altogether a misapprehension, and its use now a misapplication.

The Hebrew singer meditated on the excellence of the being he trusted as his Jehovah. Above him, perhaps, was the cloudless sky of Palestine; about him the stillness of the night time. All the shining beauty, all the celestial glory, he thought of as the work of his God. In the fervor of his adoration he exclaimed, "When I consider thy heavens the work thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him?" He was overwhelmed with the majesty of God and the apparent feebleness of Man. Then he thought again, instead of man's degradation oppressing

him, all the dignity of human nature filled his soul, and he continued : "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands. Thou hast put all things under his feet. O ! Lord, our Lord ! how excellent is thy name in all the earth! "

There is no voice of terror from the lips of the confiding Hebrew. No contemplation of God's holiness and Man's vileness, and then a cry of amazement that God should visit him as a Redeemer. There is only a wondrous conception of the glory of the Maker of the Heavens that compelled David to ask why such Majesty should be mindful of a poor dweller on the earth; and then a great realization of a human dignity worthy of divine care.

I think we know now, more even than David knew, that if there is anywhere goodness on earth, there is goodness in Man. If there is any being possessed of a natural longing for the true and beautiful, Man has such aspiration. If anywhere nobility seeks its own, it seeks its own in Man. There is holiness, aspiration and grandeur in Man, if anywhere. He is the highest creature of whom there is earthly knowledge. He is the moral creature. He is in ceaseless struggle with everything degrading. He retains in his tenderest recollections, the deeds purity inspires. Vice is set aside or condemned in the histories he loves to write. The good that men do lives after them. Man is the creature possessed of a constant aspiration for the realization of some divine ideal of life. The vision of his seers is one of human life inspired by love.

It is a fond look to that time when war shall only be recollection ; revealing the sweetness of peace by means of its horrors. It has present with it the thought that has made every golden age of the past, and prophesies every millennium of the future. It foresees the blessed reign of righteousness, when all our present institutions for beneficence shall have done the work for which they are made, and shall be transformed into helps for the new dominion; when law shall have done with crime ; when intelligence, philanthropy and piety shall crown every community, and assure to each person a permanent royalty. Man is a

spirit, and, as such, is an image of what we call Deity. It is not wonderful, then, that He to whom "man is like in kind," though from Whom "he is infinitely distant in degree," should be mindful of him. To this faith the race is true. If, for a few hundred years, darkness settles over this life, and it is declared that man is an alien from heaven, and an ally of the Devil ;—if a theology, full of an impossible Satan, cries out against the nature of the noblest work of God, wondering why Deity is mindful of so foul a creature as Man, a divine light at last dispels the darkness, and we believe with the Psalmist that we are "crowned with glory and honor."

Therefore, dear, friends, cast off your early teachings concerning our text, if they are now burdening you. From this city, to day, with but two exceptions, the cry has gone up from pulpits which should elevate Man, a repetition of our text, with the meaning that Mediaeval diabolism, and an early Manichaeism have been giving. You might go from church to church and hear in each one the same dolorous refrain. Each sermon, if true to the preacher's creed, is aimed at making men feel that of all creatures Man is the worst ; for, with such high possibilities, he has degraded himself so low. We know that the words are growing feebler every day ; we know that the Satanic presence and the original sin of to-day are like angelic life and holiness compared with those preached by bishops and priests seven hundred years ago ; by the pulpits of Geneva and of the Kirks of Scotland since the Reformation ; but it is still true, that the Westminster Confession, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Heidelberg Catechism, &c., which seem more like black flags raised against Humanity, than the white banners of the living Prince of Peace, are Church standards. Is there, then, not a demand from every article of the faith we have, to assert the meaning of the Psalmist to be the right meaning ? We should not permit our nature and the power and wisdom of God to be so maligned as it is by the meaning which the Popular Theology has given this great thought.

God was wise enough in the Day of Creation ; and He has made Man and everything else after the plan of His

heart. I am sure, too, He has been powerful enough to keep Man and everything else, in the way in which at creation He ordained them to move. Be free then, and show your freedom by making others free. What sorrow Christendom felt when Satan universally was thought to be a successful rival of God ! How sorcery, magic, witchcraft, torture, burning, poisoning and murder revelled. Tenderness died in the heart. Cruelty took the part of holiness. When the estimate of Human Nature rose ; when men began to think of each person as a child of God, and worth what a being having God's parentage is worth, we received knowledge, patience, justice and love. May the time hasten, when every vestige of superstition shall be taken from the paths of the world ; when all the temples now reared to crush Man, shall be used to ennoble him.

It will come, friends, as certainly as this present glorious day has come ; this day when we can assemble here and say to each other, without fear of the stake, that the Middle Age cry of our text and its modern reproduction are wrong, and that David's adoration was right."

Upon request this sermon, with all its crudities of expression and its unbalanced emphasis, was published in one of the city's papers. Immediately it started a newspaper controversy in which, as one commentator afterwards said, " there is no knowing how many pens would have been leveled at the offending heretic," had not the editor of the publishing journal forbidden the use of his columns. But I note that one writer who came to my defense characterized me, in general, then, " as a man whose voice gives forth no indefinite sound, and who is not afraid to speak the truth as he conceives it, honestly and fearlessly." He said, also, that while I was "rationalistic and dogmatic" I was also "reverent and devotional." Moreover, he added, "having so lately left the Orthodox sects, and knowing the significance of their modes of expression" I was "ever

careful in the use of Orthodox phrases which convey to many hearers a false and delusive impression."

Another friend, impressed by the boldness which had become distinctive, then, of my preaching, sent to me, in manuscript, some laudatory verses, later publishing them in one of the local papers, under the title, "*To a Champion of Truth*," beginning them with the encouraging greeting;—

"Go on, go on thou fearless one;
Broad fields of truth flame bright before thee,
And thou hast caught their bloom of thought
From happy angels hov'ring o'er thee"!

If dull cares press in heaviness,
Upon thy spirit's lofty yearnings,
And friends turn cold when thou art bold,
To count Wrong's losses and Right's earnings,

Lift up thine eyes; old Error dies,
From thrusts at Truth, by foes strong handed,
And evermore Time's wreck-strewn shore
Is dark with Satan's ships, self-stranded!"

One stanza of the verses, however, gave so much of a real poetic phrasing to one of the most tragic facts of history that I repeat it also,—

"And if we slay a Christ to-day
Without a blush of shame or sorrow,
Ere night has sped we love the dead
And crown him *Christ divine* to-morrow."

c. *Character of the Rochester Ministry.* My ministry at Rochester, it is probably needless to say, was used very seriously; yet, I think now, with an extravagant sense of its importance. It was given during a process of vividly conscious emancipation from my ancestral Creed. Many of my pulpit themes were chosen because of the opportunity they gave me to contrast my newly found liberty

with the old bondage. My preaching was not intentionally a stirrer-up of controversy ; but it gave me a sort of notoriety, or, rather, a reputation not generally commended. I received quite a number of denunciatory letters, some of them consigning me to the " nethermost pit of everlasting damnation : " but, contrariwise, I had, also, letters which were far from wrathful. One, which comforted me, was from an anonymous friend who said,—

" When listening to your sermon last Sunday, which was much to me because of your sublime faith, I wondered how you learned it. Colleges do not teach it, do they ? nor books that I have seen. Very few people see the glorious truth you preach. At least I have not met them."

Probably like periods come into the experience of every man who earnestly seeks to know the highest forms of truth, and, at length, finds himself freed from inherited limitations, and exalted by visions of what he is convinced are the treasures sought.

1. In that Rochester sojourn I attempted to make excursions into the domain of Comparative Religion ; also to go much farther than I had yet gone into the histories of the Philosophies that have most held man's allegiance. I was even venturesome enough to occupy the Sunday evenings of February, 1869, with what I ignorantly fancied were critical lectures on some great "*Forms of Religion* ;" characterizing—

A. " Buddhism," as " the extreme activity of Self in relation to Deity."

B. " Positivism," as " the extreme activity of Self in relation to Nature " and

C. " Christianity," as " the balanced activity of Self in

its relations to both Deity and Nature": giving as the closing lecture, a discourse on

D. "Christianity in its Relation to American Civilization."

2. While I was in Rochester I proposed a reorganization of our Church, which was accepted. We stated that we were associated "for the purpose of worship and philanthropy on the broadest possible basis in accordance with our religious ideals." "Conscious of our dependence on the Supreme Being; and believing that the active fraternity of all human beings is essential to the welfare of mankind," we announced our belief in "the Christian law of 'Love to God and Love to Man' as our best rule of life, and Jesus Christ as the highest exemplification of that rule." Then we declared, "because we believe in our personal freedom and responsibility, we make no further declaration of faith."

3. At Rochester, too, I received from my home-folk their final protests against my new position and work.

I had sent to my relatives, as least likely to offend and pain them, a published sermon on "*The Voices of Autumn*," a sermon in which I sought to interpret—

"The wonderful message coming from Him who had crowned the year with goodness." "Whose voice can be heard wherever we go:—in the breath of the breeze, in the rustle of the crisp leaf, in the flutter of the earth bound foliage, and in the crackle of the fallen seed and twigs under our feet."

"The Author and Disposer of Life" I said "is present in the splendors of light and color which characterize this time of the year: in the whole scene of sky and earth. His limitless beauty and goodness are traceable everywhere."

The sermon was intended to be an idyl of faith and of resignation, pictured in the natural phenomena of the

Northern Autumn. At my home, so I learned from an acknowledgment of its receipt, the sermon was "read with much pleasure, and the text"—'We all do fade as a leaf,'—"was appropriate for the season."

"But why do you not preach more of Christ? Do you ignore Him entirely? Why select such subjects as 'Covetousness,' 'Death, and the like. I know it is fashionable to preach upon 'sensational' subjects, but man's spiritual good is not much advantaged thereby. To me it would be feeding on 'husks' to listen to such themes. The spirit would be wanting; the unction of Grace lacking. I know not how your people feel, or what they like. But for their souls' sake and for your own soul's sake I wish you would preach to them something else than these kerneless nothings."

"All your relatives and friends unite in regret that you have broken with our Church, however satisfied you may feel. Between the Church with which you are connected and *all* the Churches in this region there is no intercourse. Therefore your life to us is a blank. Still we trust that you may become an instrument for good in the hands of an all-wise God."

One more letter of disapproval and reproach I find among my papers. This letter, so far as I remember, closed the direct opposition made to my new position and work by those nearest to me. I had sent, later in the winter, several more of my published sermons. One of them was entitled, "*The True Light now Shineth.*"

"By the way" came the question from home, "why is it that you go out of your way to attack all other denominations as you did in the sermon from which I saw an extract, about 'the True Light Shining?' I can see no necessity for that wholesale condemnation of everybody and everything else than yourselves,—especially when so many can not see their way clear to think as you do. I

should think that you would rather want to cultivate a spirit of fraternity with the other preachers and other denominations, instead of repelling them by condemnation of their beliefs.

It also seems singular to me that any clergyman should preach upon "The Opening of the Pacific Railroad." What lessons of instruction in a religious way can be drawn from it, I don't see. Nor how anything can be said upon it to profit a man's soul. For a non-religious lecture, I can well see that it would be a vast theme. But how any *religious* people can tolerate sermons upon themes so foreign to the Gospel, I can't see.

You must not take offence at my referring to this subject and expressing my thoughts. Why a watchman on the Walls of Zion,—a leader of the flocks of the Lord—should waste his time upon such and kindred subjects, is strange to my old-fashioned teachings. It is so contrary to all I have been accustomed to,—so contrary to the purpose of the Gospel,—that I can't help wondering why it is so,—and if the cause is to be found in your present ideas of the Unity of God."

In noting the close of this long, and at times distressing, opposition to the change that had been affecting my religious beliefs and acts, from those whose approval I should have most enjoyed, I am glad to remember that, not many years afterwards, *the principal writer of these letters became reconciled to what had seemed a betrayal of my spiritual inheritance. At length, himself, was frankly sympathetic with me in much of the larger faith which, with so much tribulation, I had made my own.*

4. Also, while I was at Rochester, I received from one of the Liberal ministers who had made himself secure in his fellowship with the Orthodox Congregational Churches, and had earnestly advised me at Morrison to remain in the Congregational communion, a letter that disclosed so much about himself, and is so significant an illustra-

tion of what was far from being rare at that time in the "Orthodox" ministry, that I will quote somewhat from it.

"I have been planting seed patiently here for——years, and really did not know how much of a harvest would come to light on call. But the result reproves me for my lack of faith. I consider that faith in the ghastly theologies of the old dispensation is pretty much gone, and nothing but the creed is left, which folks hold onto like drowning people to a plank. Oh! if the pulpits had only been nourishing *faith*, for these groaning centuries past:—but they have been about other business, and then have had the impudence to complain that the world is lapsing into infidelity.

I like my Church a trifle better than yours, because it has no theological name. There is something to my mind a little exclusive in a theological name, even tho' it may be to you and me philosophically a true one. If I were to write "Unitarian" over my church door, I would scare off some Trinitarians who need medicating with liberal truth. And so, it seems to me that our Liberal friends have got to take a more generous posture, (I do not say spirit) towards benighted Orthodoxy.

Mr. ——— spoke to me of your church; and I told him he ought to have preached so that there would have been no need of an Unitarian Church. Liberalism is doing glorious work, not as a sect or as a Church, but as a spirit. It is the invisible leaven, and I find hardly a soul that is not being more or less affected by it. My society reinstated me in my pulpit on the broadest terms which I wrote out, and which were voted to be recorded on the books as a part of our ecclesiastical history. I am to have freedom to invite any big heretic of either sex into my pulpit, and to preach in any heretical pulpit where I can get a chance. Both "houses,"—Church and Society—sustain "My policy." And so, if the good Lord will give me health during my vacation, I shall unsheath the sword again, and go in for another campaign of the "holy war." God bless and prosper you in all your work."

d. Why I left Rochester.—With the passing of the year the same feeling which disturbed me in Detroit, and eventually caused me to welcome the change from that city to Rochester, began to affect me. I was practically without ministerial associates or near by pulpit exchanges in Rochester, and, so far, had made very few acquaintances among the ministers of the Unitarian Churches generally. I was not a Boston, or a Harvard man, who had separated himself from a long-held domicile in or near the headquarters of the faith; well prepared by education, and such association, to be a Unitarian worker in a distant mission field. I was, by antecedents, wholly an alien among the Unitarian Churches,—“a voice crying in the wilderness.”

More and more, I became aware of my comparative ignorance of the learning with which the New England ministers were familiar. Moreover, I could not rid myself of the feeling that I should never become a really serviceable preacher of Liberal Christianity, until I had been long and intimately in contact with the personal and institutional influences which were dominant in Eastern New England.

In large part, this was the reason why, in some vacation weeks that I had in the summer of 1869, I preached in several of the Unitarian Churches which were kept open, in and near Boston. My preaching was not, avowedly, that of a candidate for a pulpit, but, I must acknowledge, it was with the feeling that I should enjoy the favored environment of the New England Churches, could I be invited into it. Had I been New England born and reared, possibly I might have been actuated differently.

Before the year of my engagement with the Church at Rochester had closed, I was invited cordially to remain with

it as its regular minister. But I had decided by this time to seek a parish in New England. I declined the generous offer, making clear to my friends just why I had decided to go eastward.

On October 11th, 1869, the Rochester Society by a unanimous vote sent me the following letter.

"Whereas, the Rev. Clay McCauley has completed the term for which he accepted the pastorate of our Society, and has declined our call for a continuance of his services among us : *therefore*, to express our regard for him personally, and our appreciation of his services while with us, it is

Resolved, That, in parting with Mr. McCauley, we part with a pastor whose public ministrations have been marked by devotion, by earnest thought, and by great ability, promising to him in the future a high place among the clergy of our denomination : that, in the discharge of his less public duties we have found him kind and sympathizing, and we assure him of our warm personal esteem ; bidding him God-speed, with hearty wishes and affectionate regard."

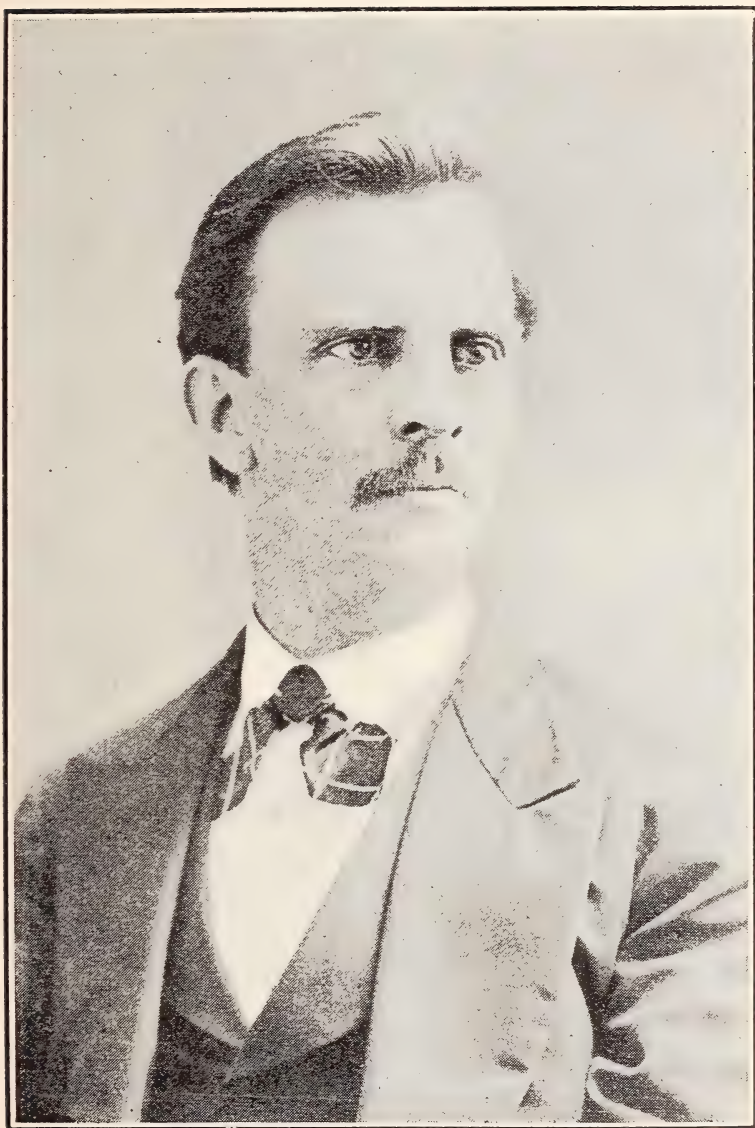
The Rochester Chronicle, noting the event, said.—

Rev. Clay McCauley, who has been preaching in the First Unitarian Church in this city for a year past, has declined a call to remain here. He will return to Boston and spend some months in recreation and literary pursuits, before settling down in any church. During his stay in this city, Mr. McCauley has made many ardent friends. He is one of the most promising of the present school of Unitarian clergymen, and advocates progress. His anxiety to work for the good of his fellow men is peculiarly marked, and we hope he may be spared many years, as we are quite positive his influence for good will be felt and appreciated.

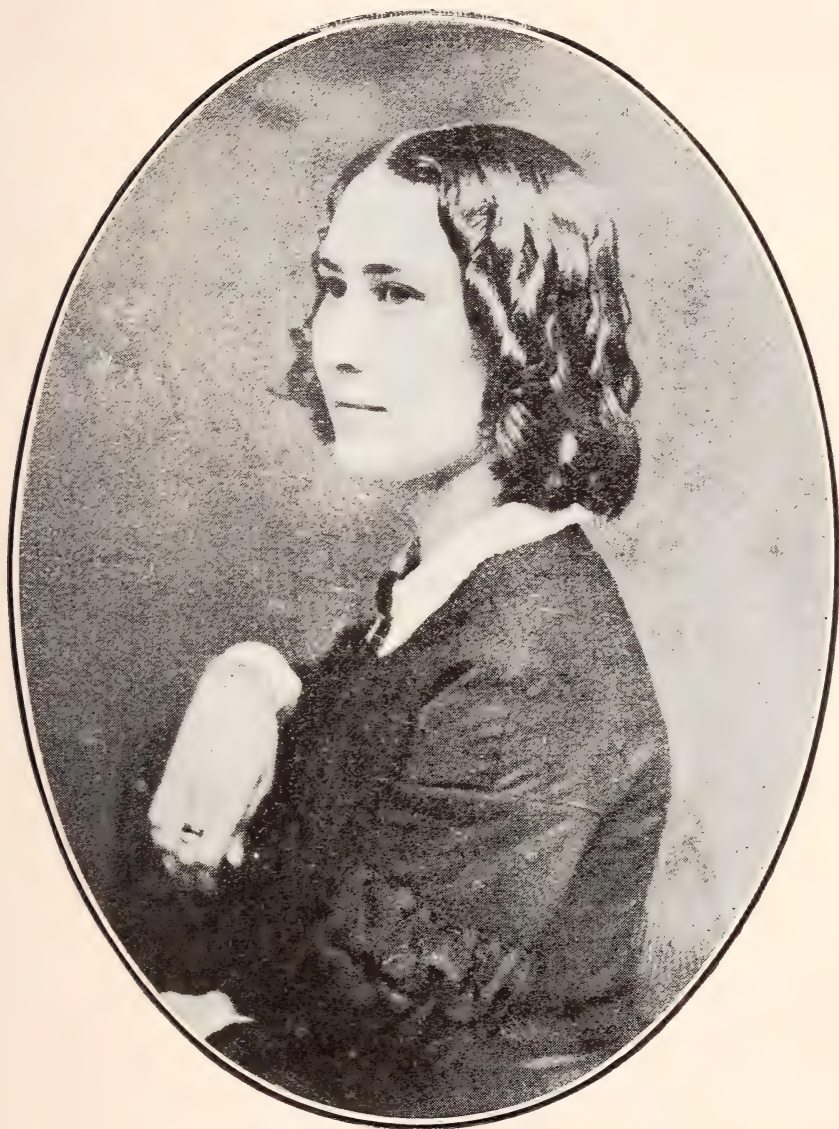
4.

Pastorate at Waltham.

Two months afterwards, November 29th, 1869, "The First Parish" in Waltham, Massachusetts, extended to



AT WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, 1869



ANNIE DEANE MACCAULEY

me a most welcome invitation to become its pastor. I think that I could not have found a better opportunity for rendering the benefit to myself and the service to my fellow beings, which I sought, than were made available from the vantage ground of this ancient Liberal Parish. I gladly responded to the call; and, for more than three years thereafter, had what was to me a thoroughly happy, and, also to me, a most memorable ministry.

At last, so I felt, I was surrounded by just the influences and opportunities I needed for an adequate preparation for, and fulfilment of, the work I had undertaken. The years of lonely struggle and of embarrassing isolation were past. I began to find clarity and order in my thinking, which hitherto was much confused. I was gradually freed from the controversial mood which took possession of me soon after emancipation from the awful creed of Calvin; and I began to find myself in serene and increasingly assured possession of the Faith I had won:—the Faith which, ever since, I have held as the dearest and the most helpful treasure of both my brain and heart.

a. Installation at Waltham, Massachusetts.—I was installed pastor of "The First Parish in Waltham," December 29th, 1869. A local journal describing the event, said,—

"On Wednesday of this week an important step was taken, in the installation of Rev. Clay McCauley, late of Rochester, as the minister of the First Parish. The installing council met at one o'clock. The Society has every convenience for social gatherings, and entertained their friends with a warm-hearted hospitality.

The exercises in the church began at two o'clock, P.M., at which time a large congregation had gathered. The

interior of the building gave evidence of taste and handiwork by the character of the decorations.

Rev. Thomas Hill, a former pastor, after the organ voluntary, made the opening prayer, and Rev. James C. Parsons, another ex-pastor, read the Scriptures.

The sermon, which succeeded the hymn, was given by Rev. C. C. Everett. He preached on the true nature and duties of the priesthood, taking his text from Hebrews 5:10, "Called of God after the order of Melchisedec." The sermon abounded in rich, strong thought, and was very able. Rev. James Freeman Clarke then consecrated the new minister by a deep and earnest prayer. The charge, by Dr. Stearns of the Cambridge Divinity School, was full of wise suggestions, broad and generous in tone, and eminently fitted to give the preacher a larger idea of his duties and work. Rev. Mr. Chaney's right hand of fellowship came from his heart. His words were freighted with cordial sympathy, and he welcomed his brother with friendly greeting. At this point in the service a few sentences were chanted by the choir, after which the Rev. Augustus Woodbury gave the people an excellent address, in which he urged upon them many practical duties. The services closed by prayer from Rev. Richard Metcalf, and the benediction by the pastor."

I wrote for this installation a hymn, to which, however, I was not willing then to attach my name. It was sung after Mr. Woodbury's "Address to the People." I repeat it among these "Memories," making only a verbal change in the first stanza.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

HOLY SPIRIT, source of Blessing !
Bearer of the Father's grace !
May the Church thy Power possessing,
Fill the earth with heavenly Peace.
We, with filial trust, aspiring,
Seek Thee, face to face, to-day,
Faith, and Hope, and Love desiring
For our Truth, our Life, our Way.

Suffer not our Truth to languish !
Keep us from Temptation's harm !
Be our help in joy and anguish,
Day and night, in calm and storm.
When we walk by light surrounded,
Guide us as Thou seest best.
When we faint, in gloom confounded,
Give us humble faith and rest.

In this solemn act of union,
Church with Pastor,—both with Thee,—
May Thyself, in full communion,
Clearly manifested be.
May we see thy revelation,
Made in Christ, the perfect Love ;
Find in Him our aspiration,
Heaven on earth, like heaven above.

Another newspaper added to a like description of the installation the comment,—

“The hearty congratulations of the friends of our Unitarian faith are given to this strong, flourishing and now made happy society, and the belief from every quarter is expressed that a union has there been formed that will prove one of great satisfaction and usefulness.”

When I assumed the pastorate of the Waltham parish, as I saw clearly in after years, my intellectual *Sturm und Drang* period had been fully passed through. I was at last so situated that I could begin to make really intelligible use of the exalted Faith I had won.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE FAITH I HAD GAINED

As the ministry in Waltham had practically no connection with the conflict through which I passed in the winning of my Faith, there is no need to recall here much of my personal experiences during the years in which I was honored with that office.

a. Lessening of Controversial Mood.—One notable fact in that ministry, however, is of interest for these "Memories." Consequent upon a free, rational study of the Christian origins, and an increasing acquaintance with the science and philosophy of the times, my emancipation from the Creed of Calvin had been accompanied, as I have said, by a controversial mood.

With the settlement in Waltham this mood rapidly lessened. I began, moreover, to feel a return of the ardor characteristic of my Orthodox youth. This warmth of emotion soon became all pervading. Ere long I was confident that any lasting and genuine usefulness I might gain as a Unitarian minister would depend, in large measure, upon my positive attitude, as a teacher of Faith rather than of doubt; and upon seeking, for myself and the people, sincerity and fervor as professed followers of Jesus Christ. Intellectually, I was thoroughly rationalistic, critical, and radical; but religiously, I was profoundly moved by spiritual aspiration, and by "intuition" of ideals. In my reading, I remember, I found, to my great

joy, a new "friend in the spirit," who made amply good the loss I had borne in parting fellowship with "Robert Murray McCheyne," the spiritual comrade of my Orthodox youth. The new friend was "Frederick W. Robertson," a knightly saint of the English Broad Church. For many years I received unfailing inspiration from the writings of this free, brave and aspiring spirit. He seemed to me to realize the Christian "Ideal."

This restoration of the religious sensibility of the earlier years gave me a great deal of happiness. And I am sure, now, that the devotion consequent upon its revival went far to guide my Waltham ministry into the happy and measurably useful service it gradually achieved in both parish and community.

1.

Summary of my Faith.

It will be well, I think, to take the opportunity which this recollection of that restful Waltham ministry gives, to summarize the articles of the Faith I had won during the tribulations of the three preceding years. I find much of that Faith quite well presented in some articles which I published in the *Christian Register*, during the weeks that elapsed between my leaving Rochester and my installation at Waltham, together with some special addresses made while I was minister in Waltham. The Faith embodied in these papers and addresses may be regarded, so far as the *substance* of its tenets about the Christ and Christianity is concerned, and so far as its *fundamental* philosophic and theologic principles are involved, as the Faith that has since that time been dominant in my religious speculations and convictions.

This Faith became mine through much trying personal struggle; and it has ever been cherished as *essentially the nearest approximation to spiritual, or religious, truth possible for me*. All the studies and discoveries of the years since it was won have but served to show this Faith in new lights; or have specialized and amplified it; and also have disclosed for it, by its harmonious relations with many other forms of sincere faith, an approximation to universal value. It shines for me, still, as "the master light of all my seeing;" opening for me a way to the deepest apprehension of God; of Christ; and of the nature and the career of Man, that have been possible to my brain and heart.

I.

AN APOLOGY FOR CHRISTIANITY.

The articles which I wrote for the *Christian Register*, just before I was called to the Waltham pastorate, were entitled "*An Apology for Christianity*;"—the word "apology," of course, being used in its technical sense. In literary quality the articles, naturally, were quite crude.

The immediate reason for their writing was that, at the time, (1869), there were among my new friends a good many who, under the name "Radical," were disposed to give up their "Christian" confession. I was a very immature novice among them; but I believed that these "Radical" friends were not at all antagonistic to the "Christianity of Christ," but only to "Christianity" as identified with the dogmatic cult of the historic Ecclesiasticism which has borne the name of Christ.

My purpose, therefore, was to show "by a free investigation of the reported words of the Founder of Christianity, and by a free comparison of the religion of Christ

with other forms of Religion, that Christianity is worthy of the respect and allegiance of those who have the best knowledge." So soon was it that I, who had ventured all in gaining freedom from my Inherited Creed, was impelled to put myself forward as conservative of the Faith I had won.

A.—THE FIRST PROPOSITION.

No Religious Reformation has originated in a surer Radicalism than that of which Jesus Christ was the Soul and John the Baptist the Herald.

We nowhere read of more revolutionary words than those heard in "the country round about Jordan," when "the Baptist" began to proclaim the "baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," instead of the ancestral privileges of the Hebrew nation and the rites of the Temple. John set aside the most cherished traditions of the elders. He claimed to be "a voice crying in the wilderness," those wonderful words of Isaiah, ending, "and all flesh shall see the salvation of God." He met the multitudes, who came to him for baptism, with the severest questions and most rigid demands. Though a Jew, he ignored a Jew's proudest possession, his national birthright. He said, "Bring forth fruits worthy of repentance and begin not to say within yourselves, 'We have Abraham to our father;' for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham." He insisted upon the uselessness, in religion, of the honors of family or nation, for "the axe is laid unto the root of the trees. Every tree, therefore, which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire." Those who had possessions and sought his advice, he told to divide their clothing and food with the needy; the publicans, to gather their taxes with justice; the soldiers, to be merciful and contented. He dared to say boldly to Herod, whose incestuous conduct endangered the purity of the nation, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." Until his death, with a heroism never surpassed, John the

Baptist proclaimed goodness of life to be the supreme human duty.

After the imprisonment of John, Jesus of Nazareth commenced the great work of which "the Baptist" had prophesied, and to which he had been baptized. His voice was the same as that of his cousin. It was the call for repentance and godliness, as necessary for every soul. Then was made the homily from the hill-side, called the "Sermon on the Mount," which we shall see was the inspiration of the whole life of Jesus. In it, rigid morality and charity were held up as the great virtues. Claiming that he did "not come to destroy the law and the prophets," the preacher went on to say that for which any Pharisee would willingly have stoned him to death. He made the holy law of Moses the basis on which to put his own deeper truths. "Ye have heard that it hath been said,"—"but I say unto you," he repeated over and over again, adding some more radical truth at each repetition; one of the vital moralities which have since given Christianity its transcendent power. He closed the discourse with the astounding declaration that though any one might call, never so vehemently, to him, "Lord! Lord!" one should not enter the Kingdom of Heaven unless he should do the will of the Father in heaven.

Not one word of theology was uttered in this first sermon except recognition of God as the universal Father; not one belief offered for a "creed" except faith in holiness; not one system of rites and ordinances was proposed except that of trusting God in the heart and doing good from the heart. Throughout his life, Jesus insisted upon the practice of goodness as essential in the life of man. He sought, with an untiring diligence, to deliver the soul from every bondage of form into the liberty of spirit. Among his last words were scathing denunciations of the ecclesiastical Scribes and Pharisees, sitting in Moses's seat, and binding heavy burdens, and laying them on men's shoulders; broadening their phylacteries, enlarging the borders of their garments; putting themselves forward in the synagogues; shutting up the Kingdom of Heaven against men; compassing sea and land to make one

proselyte ; making him two-fold more a child of hell than themselves ; swearing by the gold on the temple instead of the temple, by the gift on the altar instead of the altar ; paying tithe of mint, anise and cunmin, but omitting the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith ; making clean the outside of the cup and the platter, when within they were full of extortion and excess ; outwardly righteous, but within full of hypocrisy.

Holiness was the only bondage to which Jesus would subject the soul. Each disciple was made a law unto himself, except in his relation to the "law of Love to God and Man." "Whoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

There are several records which show the supreme charity of Jesus. The church has ill overlooked the story in which occur the words, "Forbid him not ; he that is not against me is for me." It has also passed by the more emphatically liberal lesson taught the angry disciples when they besought Jesus to command fire to come down from heaven and consume an inhospitable Samaritan village. Turning to them he delivered this rebuke which should be engraven on every bigotted Christian pulpit, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. The son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

But the most wonderful lesson which the Church has neglected in its definition of Christianity, is that which is contained in the concluding verses of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, where Jesus indignantly says to the Pharisees, "Ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say,"—as so many Pharisees are saying to-day about Christ, Huss, Servetus, and their followers—"If we had been in the days of our fathers *we* would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets ! when *ye be witnesses* that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets. Fill ye up, then, the measure of your fathers. Serpents, generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell ? Behold I send unto you prophets and wise men, and some of them ye shall kill and crucify ; and some of

them ye shall scourge in your synagogues and persecute them from city to city, that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the the blood of Zacharias whom ye slew between the temple and the altar."

But here, indignant as Jesus was, he seemed to remember vividly the humanity in his persecutors. His love for that turned his anger into pity ; and he cried "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together and ye would not."

Surely, holiness was the only bondage to which Jesus subjected the soul. His religion rests on the pure heart. It is a plea for holiness in freedom.

In its resolute proclamation of holy living as the essential human duty ; and in its supreme charity, Christianity is proven to have endeavored to fix itself on a sure Radicalism.

B.—THE SECOND PROPOSITION.

Though Jesus taught both a Theology and a Religion, he made Theology so subordinate to Religion that we are justified in calling the Christian Religion, Christianity.

It is now generally admitted that theology and religion do not bear the relation of cause and effect. Theology is mental ; religion is spiritual. Theology is thought concerning the nature of the Supreme Being and his mode of governing Creation ; Religion is the soul's mood and conduct under consciousness of Deity and in its relations to His works. Theologies may have no likeness to each other ; religions differ only in degree. Theologies may be antagonistic ; religions are always related. Theologies are as separable as human minds ; religions are alike as human hearts. Undoubtedly, Jesus taught both a theology and a religion ; but he made the former of so little importance, compared with the latter, that had he possessed disciples of his spirit, his theology would have remained subject to the religion which is the life of Christianity, and the "Eighteen Christian Centuries" would have been Christian in fact.

Jesus was a Jew, and entered on his ministry conscious of the unity of Deity ; but being himself, he rose, from the thought of Jehovah as the guardian only of the Hebrews, to the conception of Him as the Father of all mankind. Being a Jew he believed that sinners are in danger of eternal death ; but, being the prophet of a " new dispensation," he told his assailants, when they found him among publicans and sinners, violating the Mosaic law, to go and learn the meaning of the declaration, " I will have mercy and not sacrifice ;" and then he taught his companions that he had come to call " the sinners to repentance." Being himself, he claimed to be the divinely appointed Mediator between God's mercy and man's repentance ; but, as we shall see, he never made belief in this theology an essential in the duty he required of mankind.

As the Mediator, Jesus accepted the name of the " Anointed of God,"—" the Christ." In this character he represented himself as the centre of Christian activity. He directed all souls, in penitence, to God as the Saviour, but led them to their Saviour through himself. He declared himself to be " the Way, the Truth, and the Life." He called himself " the Door " through which men should enter " the Kingdom of Heaven ;" and " the Shepherd " who would care for the Christian flock. He claimed, royal prerogatives in " the Kingdom of Heaven." He healed the sick and preached to the poor ; he gathered about him crowds of people who soon covered his fame with the acts of Deity. He felt himself to be not only the " Son of Man " but the " Son of God." He moved through Judea and Galilee, a lonely personality, rapt by the wondrous consciousness which had awakened in him. His disciples could not understand him. The common people heard him gladly ; but they often heard him as they would hear the voice of a " god."

But, never, even in his most exalted moments, did Jesus lose his sense of subordination to the Supreme One, or claim absolute lordship over the minds of men. While he declared his Christly majesty, and directed the world to himself, as " the Way " to heaven, he yet adored the glory of the Author of that majesty, and set forth the

superiority of a holy life over correct thought, as a recommendation to divine favor. "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. Whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come. Make the tree good and his fruit is good. Make the tree corrupt and his fruit is corrupt; for the tree is known by his fruit."

The Publican, in the temple, humbly offered his prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and Jesus said it was a sufficient ground for his justification. We do not know that the Publican ever saw, or cared about, the Christ. The Good Samaritan is represented as thinking nothing more theological than how he could save the life of the man he found wounded at the roadside; yet he is chosen as an exemplification of Christian conduct. The correctly educated priest and Levite, though servants in the holiest place, among the most sacred ordinances, are spoken of as men who were not good men, because they were not neighbors to him that fell among thieves. We are not told that the Good Samaritan ever had a Mediator between himself and God, other than his own good heart. And in the parable of the Prodigal Son, especially exhibited to show the mode of salvation, we are very sure that the only Mediator between the father and son was the penitence of the weeping prodigal.

Then, in one of the last discourses of Jesus, where the Great Judgment, which he believed must take place at the end of the world, is pictured, humanity is separated into two parts. Those who have been lovers of holiness; who have fed the hungry; helped the stranger; clothed the naked, and visited the bound, are welcomed into life eternal; and those who have not done these things, are condemned to everlasting punishment.

Even while Jesus felt himself to be "the Christ," he pronounced blasphemy against himself forgivable; he passed by the errors which must have been in the Samaritan's mind, and declared him saved on account of his holy life;

he praised the acts of the publican and prodigal who sought the Father face to face ; and he announced salvation to be given at the "Great Day" to all who had lived righteously, though they had been in life-long ignorance of their Lord's existence.

His theology, Jesus felt to be important, but not all-important ; the essential thing he believed to be his religion. "If I do not the works of the Father believe me not ; but If I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works." "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." The essential teaching of Jesus, through manifold variations of statement and application throughout his ministry, was, that human duty is comprehended in the two commandments, "Love the Lord thy God" supremely, "and love thy neighbor as thyself." His largest discourse was on this text. The obligations this law lays upon life were introduced with these remarkable words : "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the Kingdom of Heaven ; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the Kingdom of Heaven."

The chief object of Jesus was to inspire the world with an enthusiasm for Piety and Philanthropy ; and, though he had profound convictions as to the importance of his own personality and of his way for the development of this holiness throughout mankind, it is yet clearly manifest, by direct statement and just inference, that he regarded piety and philanthropy to be the essential acquisitions. Jesus invariably subordinated his theology to his religion. Therefore, the religion of Jesus is the essential Christianity, and should be called Christianity.

This definition of our religion is not that of the historic Church ; nor is it the one with which the earnest minds, who are beginning to profess themselves anti-Christian, are in conflict ; yet it seems to be the true definition.

A more extended examination of the words of Jesus

than can be made within the limits of a newspaper article, serves but to confirm the statement of the Proposition with which this writing is headed. The whole career of Jesus indicates its correctness. It has been the source of the real life of the Church. It is the faith towards which every Christian reform moves. It dreads no science; it is in peril of no criticism. It can well claim universal empire, for its dominion would compel humanity to render God a loving service; and it would realize the millennium which has been so long the dream of inspiration.

Christianity is the Christian religion. It is not a creed of the brain, so much as a belief of the heart. It is not a thought, so much as a life. It is an enthusiasm for holiness and love; it is the spirit of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. This being true, the hierarchies, ecclesiasticisms, and confessions of faith, which modern science has been forced to oppose, are not the effects of Christianity but of superstitious ignorance.

C.—THE THIRD PROPOSITION.

Comparative Religion reveals Christianity to be the highest form of Religion, and thus commands for it the respect and allegiance of those who have the best knowledge.

In other words, a free examination of the reported words of the Founder of Christianity having formulated the definition of Christianity as the Christian Religion, a free comparison of Christianity with the other forms of Religion clothes it with the highest authority.

We know that a fair treatment of this Proposition involves an extensive examination of the results of discoveries which the opening up of the world, by international intercourse and the work of science, have brought to us. Through the one, access has been gained to the most isolated portions of the earth. Through the other, our prejudices have been so well destroyed that we are enabled to study the histories and present organizations of foreign nations with that candor and patience, without which the nations would better have remained in their seclusion.

Almost all we can do, therefore, in this limited space, is to assert the truth of our Proposition, urging it upon our readers in a way that may stimulate them to study for themselves the confirmations of our assertion which are made with the publication of every book of foreign travel, and by each new translation of the records which embody the religious histories and aspirations of humanity.

We can now, intelligently, study the myriad incantations of Fetichism, the devotions of Polytheism, the adorations of Monotheism, and the speculations of Pantheism and Atheism. The legends of Obi-worship; the savage thoughts of the South-Sea Islanders; the rude traditions of the Americans, are embodied in printed words. We have the Sagas, the rugged sacred poems of our own ancestors; the hymns of the Hindoos and their million-worded Shastras; the Zendavesta, rays from the Golden Star of the Orient; and the practical Classics of China. We can read the thoughts of the Egyptians and Ninevites from their pictured stones; and we have the sanctified words of Moses and the Prophets side by side with those of the Al Koran. From Buddha to Hegel, and from Confucius to Comte, we have preserved the speculations of mankind on the problems of the Infinite, the Eternal, and Life. We have, within easy access, almost everything in which our fellow-creatures have sought satisfaction for their spiritual nature.

In them all, we discover widely divergent intellectual conceptions of Deity and Nature; but, in them all, there is manifest one religious spirit, shown in as different degrees of excellence as light has brightness. In them all, through the most diverse theologies, there is a recognition of the practice of obedience and worship of Deity, and of duty to be performed among His works, but so dimly in some and so uncertainly in others, that we feel they are only prophecies of some future Light of the World. This Light is revealed the moment Christianity is compared with them. This is shown to be the Sun of Righteousness. It rises above them, lifted up by its royal worth over all. It proves to be itself the source of what is good in them, the power which holds them, the impulse which bears them onward.

It is enthusiasm for holiness and love—Religion's most exalted form.

No genuine Fetichism will yield the law of might to the law of right ; no real Brahminism will let go the aristocracy of caste for the democracy of universal brotherhood ; no true Buddhism will accept a millennial earth for the dead Nirvana ; no faithful Judaism will allow the God of Israel to be the God of Philistia. China is the Celestial Empire, no other country is ; Confucianism is philanthropy, it is never love of God ; Islam is submission, it is never love of God and man. But Christianity is piety towards God, and justice, equality, universal benevolence, charity among men ; it is, towards God and Man, whatever holiness and love, in their most comprehensive sense, demand. It sets the mind forever free ; it is not "Plato's brain." Its civilization lies in the conquests of peace ; it is not "Cæsar's hand." It evolves a truer harmony for the world than "Shakespeare's strain." It is the "Lord Christ's heart." Except under the authority of holiness and love, it is perfect freedom.

The Sixteenth Century was the time of its new birth. Rome was not it, nor of it. The life of Rome, persistent in the corruptions of Protestantism, is not it ; nor of it. An ecclesiastical handwriting of ordinances, and a creed purporting to be God's counsels concerning Man,—proclaiming the triune Being of God ; man's apostacy from holiness to total depravity ; man's salvation solely through the completion of a vindictive act on Calvary, and by the election of the Holy Ghost ; and condemning to eternal torment all who will not thus believe, has no fellowship whatever with the Christ who said that "all the Law and the Prophets" hang on the two commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," supremely, "and thy neighbor as thyself."

The remaining assertions which I made under this "Proposition" were for the most part but repetitions of what had already been claimed. They need not be reproduced here. My belief was sincere that a comparative study of religions shows that Christianity, as I had learned of it, "is the

highest form of Religion " and " as such commands the respect and allegiance of mankind."

But, as a young man twenty five years old, and of not much more than a three years' experience in a free study of Christianity and of the other forms of Religion, evidently I was not prepared to make good my assertions through adequate illustrative comparisons.

This essay should be remembered, therefore, merely as a suggestive exhibit of some of my experiences in the winning of the personal faith which I am describing. Mature study has strengthened my youthful conviction; but " that is another story."

II.

THE WORK OF UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH: HOW IT SHALL BE DONE.

My *Inaugural Sermon* to the Waltham parish, January 2nd, 1870, elaborated the theme embodied in this heading.

Compared with the sermon I preached when I began my ministry at Depere, Wisconsin, four years before, it hardly seems possible that the two deliverances could have come from one mind and heart. There is no difference between the earnestness of religious feeling pervading both, but the intellectual principles and methods of one are almost wholly diverse from those of the other.

In order to make a graphic illustration of the purpose with which I had undertaken my ministry in this pastorate,—my first, professional engagement without a definite time limit,—I chose a highly interesting episode in the history of the Jews.

The parish thought the sermon worth publishing.

INAUGURAL SERMON AT WALTHAM

“WHEN Nebuchadnezzar invaded Judea, Jerusalem was laid waste, and the people carried to Babylon in captivity. About fifty years after, under the reign of Cyrus, the Hebrews were permitted to return to their country to try to re-establish their nationality; but it was not until Nehemiah, an officer of the court of Artaxerxes Longimanus, became their governor, that their endeavors were successful. He consecrated his energies to his people; and through him Jerusalem became again the pride of Judea. This success was achieved with great difficulty. Throughout his work, Nehemiah was resolutely opposed. When Sanballat, the Horonite, heard of his appointment, “it grieved him exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel.” When he heard of the rebuilding walls, “he was wroth, and took great indignation and mocked the Jews.” He endeavored to make war on them, but was foiled. He attempted duplicity, but Nehemiah could not be diverted from his work. “Sanballat and Geshem sent unto me, saying, ‘Come, let us meet together in some one of the villages of the plain of Ono!’ But they thought to do me mischief, and I sent messengers unto them, saying, ‘I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?’ Yet they sent unto me four times after this sort, and I answered them after the same manner.”

As this is the first Sabbath of our union as pastor and church, I will add to our congratulations some thoughts about the purpose of this union, and the manner of its accomplishment. As a basis of what I have to say, I know of nothing better than this history of the unswerving devotion of Nehemiah to the work he undertook for the benefit of his fellow-men. To us, the successful building of our City of Peace is as important as the establishment of the old Jerusalem was to the Hebrews; and until we become like Nehemiah, all our aspirations and endeavors for the building of this city will be as fruitless of joy and as fruitful of sorrow as the strugglings of the Israelities



FIRST PARISH CHURCH, WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, 1869

before the advent of their noble ruler. We must be able to say to every opposition, 'We are doing a great work,' and cannot leave it.

WE ARE DOING A GREAT WORK.

We are a CHURCH. We are conscious that man is the religious creature. We know that the Supreme Being has placed a witness of himself in humanity, and that, in all ages, under all conditions, man has endeavored to obey its promptings. Tradition brings to us, from a remote past, the evidence of this presence. It is shown in the rites of savageism, and in the imaginings and incantations of fetichism. History, dawning on the night of tradition, records the constant upward endeavor of the religious nature. It is revealed in the aspirations and terrors of polytheism, and in the piety and philanthropy which appeared when the shining summit was reached, and man stood in the light of an omnipotent and all-wise Unity. We have seen that, from the earliest and most infantile human consciousness, to the latest and most exalted Christianity, humanity has been guided by a witness of the Supreme Being. Each period of this development has culminated in a faith and an organized worship. This faith and worship is the Church. It is the shrine each generation makes for its most sacred thoughts and deeds. It is the testimony of each era to the indwelling of God in the soul. It builds temples, asserts creeds, and performs duties. It is the deepest and holiest impress man makes on nature. We are, therefore, a Church.

But, because our religious life has been shown its best manifestation in Jesus Christ, the prophet of Nazareth, we are a CHRISTIAN CHURCH. We believe, while God is present in humanity, and religion is a human thing, that Jesus Christ is the medium of God's best revelation of himself to us, and that Christianity is the highest form of religion. We confess ourselves to be the disciples of Jesus Christ, striving to realize his spirit, that we may be the approved children of God, and striving to bring our fellow-creatures into the same discipleship, that there may be established over the sin of the world the kingdom of holi-

ness. We endeavor, through Christ, to love God supremely as our Monarch and Father; and mankind, the subjects of our Ruler and children of our Father, as ourselves. Every truth which reveals to us the Majesty and Fatherhood of God, every inducement which shows to us the Brotherhood of Man, we profess to receive and attempt to realize. We are, therefore, a Christian Church.

And we are a UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN CHURCH. While we believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is the highest form of religion, while we are convinced that it is the source of the piety and philanthropy which is the boast of the civilization of the past eighteen centuries, we in no measure accept the theology which has been associated with Christianity. The dogma of the Trinity, which had its origin in the mysticism that the Christian Church received in some of its early converts, and the many other articles of belief connected with it, are so antagonistic to our judgments of truth, that we have separated from them altogether. Our religious life, in common with that of the rest of Christendom, accepts Jesus Christ as its light and life, and in his spirit it worships the Father and loves mankind. Our intellectual life believes the Father to be the one God, the omnipotent, all-wise Creator, and mankind, which is endowed with reason, freedom, and responsibility, to be individually responsible for its beliefs.

Being a Church, we are answering, as religious creatures, the voice of God within us; as a Christian Church, we are endeavoring, as the disciples of Jesus Christ, to fill the earth with holiness and love; as a Unitarian Christian Church, we are trying to lift off ignorance and superstition from the minds of our fellow-creatures, by teaching the gospel of God's omnipotent, all-wise Unity, and that of the other faiths our free thought has taught us.

We are thus doing a great work; a work which demands our most earnest energies and devout consecration.

Let us, therefore, endeavor to realize fully the purpose for which we have been united as pastor and church. Unitarian Christianity is the Jerusalem whose walls we are to rear as the walls of salvation, and whose gates we are to swing as the gates of praise; and each of us should

be like Nehemiah, as earnest, as unswerving in the determination of our purpose, and as consecrated to our work.

Let us believe, firmly, that God is the ONE all-powerful, all-wise Being. Let us do every possible thing to make those whom we influence receive this faith. As advocates of this belief, we should insist that, because God is omnipotent, he never was, nor can he ever be, defeated; that human nature was not ruined against the divine will, and that the physical world is not under the divine curse. And we should insist that because God is all-wise, he has, in his wisdom, made all things, and will guide and dispose of all things by his wisdom forever. When Calvary is represented as a place where Divine anger was appeased by the shedding of Divine blood, when it is asserted that, on the cross, as a victim of God's justice, "God, the mighty Maker, died," let us be true to a better faith, and oppose the thought which imagines God to be so fond of dramatic display as to occupy Himself with a tragedy so unnecessary to omnipotence, and so perversive of every knowledge we have of wisdom, as that which is pictured in the Trinitarian description of the death of Christ. When salvation is preached as a deliverance from an eternal, physical hell, let us be true to a better faith, by denying the existence of any such hell, and proclaiming in its stead a salvation from sin and its natural penalties, and a redemption found in an endless change from the image of the earthly into the image of the heavenly. Heaven is not the celestial idleness the soul is thought by many to receive at the death of the body, but is an eternal revealing of the spirit of God in us in holiness and truth, and an eternal manifestation of the life of God from us in beauty and love.

When Trinitarianism declares Jesus Christ to be "very God of very God," of the same essence with the Father, let us be true to a better faith, denying the declaration by science and intuition and the words we have direct from the lips of Jesus and his disciples. Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life of the soul. As such, we should receive him faithfully; but we should deny for him and with him always the glory which shines around Deity. And when a misguided reverence produces some-

thing so akin to fetichism as a belief in the words of a book as the only and infallible voice of God, let us be true still to a better faith. We hear the voice of God in the Bible ; but we are children in communion now with the Father. His word is within us. His truth shines through nature and providence. We cannot deny the facts of science and intuition. It has become impossible for us to believe that a book contains the only and infallible word of God. The supreme authority is truth ; truth in nature, truth in history, truth in the mind and truth in the soul ; truth from anywhere and any time, from the feeblest consciousness about the Supreme Being, to the loftiest inspiration in the Bible.

Thus, in a firm adherence to a belief in God's omnipotent and all-wise Unity, every antagonism of the creed attached to the doctrine of the Trinity notwithstanding ; in a sacred allegiance to Jesus Christ ; and in an unswerving declaration of the right of private judgment and the supremacy of truth at whatever cost, we shall be true champions of Unitarianism, and, thus far, loyal workmen on the walls of the world's City of Peace.

Then let us yield our truth to the LAW OF CHRIST. As Unitarians, in a pure faith in one God, we should obtain truth from all directions and from everything. There should not be a discoverable thing relating to our spiritual life after which we should not fearlessly strive. Nothing is so low that we should not seek to raise, nothing so obscure that we should not try to bring to light. As Christians, we should transfer our possessions into the sphere of Love, and with our knowledge sanctified by love, our acts inspired by love, seek an intimate nearness to God, as our Father, and to Creation, as our Father's work.

Among God's works we should see anew the divine presence. The day should mean more than brightness, the night show other wonders than its gloom and stars. The earth and air, the wondrous realm of vegetation, the infinite range of animal existence, from the infusoria to the mammalia, should be the evidence of a universal Wisdom, whose mysteries would welcome our search, and whose rewards would crown us heirs of truth again and again.

In Humanity, we should see anew the same presence,

and do all we can to make it full and clear. To do this we should obey perfectly the law of Christ. Whatever then be our relation to the church universal, to the government of our country and State, to society, to ourselves, as families and individuals, let us be devoted to our work as Christians. Let us do everything we can to bring in the reign of the law of Jesus Christ, thus destroying the power of sin, and building up the walls of the City of Peace.

In the Church Universal, we should be that member whose faithfulness to Christ would continually help to remove bigotry from religion, teaching it to "put on, above all, Charity which is the bond of perfectness." We should rebuke Rome with our love, and teach the Romanism remaining in the churches of the Reformation the gospel of peace and good-will, instead of that of war and hate. Here the church should see that "God is Love, and that those who dwell in love dwell in God and God in them."

In our national and local governments, we should labor to extend individual freedom, limited by nothing save the common wealth. We should not "let politics alone," but should take the State in its corruption, official and personal, and strive to purify it. We should assert and reassert the civil equality of manhood, until the slave of the South be truly a freeman, and the coolie of the Pacific a citizen. We should recognize every attempt at a virtuous education of the children of our people. We should have no false ideas concerning the fancied rights of men to ruin their fellows, in body and soul, but should endeavor to control the liquor shop, the shambles where virtue is sold, and that veiled demon, the gambling hell. We should have no false idea of our right to say who shall govern others, but should believe that "all just governments derive their power from the consent of the governed," and advocate the possession of the ballot by every one who has intelligence sufficient to use it, with no regard to birthplace, color, or sex. In everything we should try to enlist our country and State on the side of the law of Christ.

In Society, we should endeavor to secure the reign of the Christian law. By Society, I mean all common human

life which is not under the immediate control of the civil rule,—commerce, manufacture and produce ; institutions for correction and charity ; schemes of labor and schedules of wages ; marriage and domestic culture where they touch directly the interests of communities. We have as much to do with the selfishness of commerce, the frauds of manufacture, the gambling in produce and exchange, as we have with the ordinances of the sanctuary. We have as much to do with those who are diseased physically, the sick, the insane, the criminal, as those who are spiritually diseased. The burdens on the workman and workwoman are as important to us as the burden on the soul. When marriage is degraded, we should try to make it pure. We have a right to proclaim against the legalized adulteries and marital faithlessness now becoming so common. It is our duty to convict society of its fearful transgression of natural law, and the physical and mental punishment it will receive, when it commits that terrible crime, the murder of unborn life. We should unweariedly warn society against every social vice, and entreat it to seek virtue. We should lead it to the holiness and prosperity which are always revealed when the life of Jesus Christ is felt and his commands obeyed.

Among ourselves, as families and individuals, it is specially important that there should be an exemplification of the law of Christ. We should learn those lessons of affection which would make our households abodes of peace. We should receive such earnest impulse to love our fellow-creatures that they would see our good works, and be compelled to glorify our infinite Father. In this, our sanctuary, the beauty of holiness should be revealed and and sought. Here, we should be taught to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly. Here, we should be shown how to walk safely through temptation, to remove duplicity from our acts, to be fair-handed and pure spoken. Here, we should rise freely towards the perfect truth, goodness and beauty. Here, our faith in God should be as serene as the sunlight, and our love for Christ and our hope for man as bright. Here, let the diseased, the fallen, the besotted, be led to the Great Physician and

restored to health. Here, let those who are mourning under the heaviness of affliction find a place for comfort. Let the bereaved learn that this is a holy place, revealing the Divine tenderness to those who seek it for consolation. Let this place being rest to all who are weary, songs for sadness and robes of joy for the garments of heaviness. Let it be to us all a Bethel and an Emmaus wayside. We shall then be filled with the peace of God, and our hearts shall be aglow with the sweet counsel of Christ. Then shall the walls of the City of Peace rise higher and stronger every day.

From what has been said, it is evident that, as a Unitarian Christian Church, we are doing a great work. Most earnestly do I hope that no temptation shall draw us away from it. Our success depends upon our energy and faithfulness. Though a host of Sanballats and Geshems should tempt us, let us be faithful to our Jerusalem as Nehemiah was to his.

The purpose of our union as pastor and church being now made clear,—

HOW SHALL THE WORK BE DONE?

There is of course but one answer,—by a faithful adherence to the work. Let us realize that this work is our work; then give every energy to its accomplishment. The work is not that of pastor alone, it is that of the church as much. This pulpit is not a lecture-desk, it is a source of spiritual energy, which should find free course in the pews. A sermon is worth anything only when it awakens a truer, better and more beautiful life in the hearers. A church is worth nothing unless it is, in a high sense, a co-operative association. Our church is a community of free minds, loving pure truth, and doing all it can with its pastor, its youth and age, its strength and feebleness, to extend the sway of “Love to God and man” in the midst of the selfishness which so heavily burdens our race. Let us believe, then, that to the work of our church we are all called. As we strive to spread our faith through this community, let us all try to be faithful witnesses to its truth. As we endeavor to remove evil and sorrow from our

fellow-creatures, let us all be earnest laborers in the divine effort. Receive me as one of yourselves only, sharing your joys and tried by your temptations. Let us all endeavour to be devoted workmen. When we are called to our work, we should be ready to answer. When we can uncloud some superstitious or ignorant mind, we should remember Jesus at the well in Samaria. When we are needed to lift up the desponding, heal disease, comfort the sorrowing help the tempted, we should be inspired by the love of the Master, and be ready to lay down somewhat of our life for others, as Christ laid down his for us. The parish union, the Sunday school, the charitable societies, the sociables the religious conferences, may invade our love of ease; many other duties may meet us as we progress in our work; but we should remember always at such times the life of Jesus and his Calvary. We are doing a great work. As a Unitarian Christian church, we believe we are doing the work which will secure for mankind its best prosperity here and hereafter. Temptations are lying in wait on every side; but we should remember the rebuilding walls of Jerusalem and the faithful Nehemiah who labored there. Let us say to all opposition, "We are doing a great work," and cannot leave it. Such devotion cannot fail of success.

The old year has just passed away, and the new-born year is here. Its wondrous possibilities are before us. For the sake of our love to the Father, of our love for Christ, and the welfare of humanity, let us endeavour to make them ours. When, on the 31st day of next December, we see the death of 1870, may we have the joyous knowledge that this church has been faithful to its work, having blessed many of our fellow-creatures with a better knowledge of God and of Christ, and a truer love for each other and themselves. We shall thus do much to build and strengthen that City of Peace, to which, I believe, all nations will at last come, and acknowledge to be the City of God."

III.

SOUTH MIDDLESEX CONFERENCE ADDRESS.

A month later, Feb. 3rd, 1870, I delivered an address before the South Middlesex Conference in the old Harvard Church, Charlestown, near Boston. I used the occasion to make the positive and practical side of my Faith especially evident and intelligible. My theme was, "*Christian Consecration the Source of the True Life of our Churches.*"

By request, the address was published in the *Christian Register*. It was, in its own way, very like one of the fervent exhortations with which I had been familiarized in my Orthodox youth ; but the theological attitude had wholly changed.

I repeat the concluding paragraphs to indicate the tone of this, my first, address to the brethren of the Ministry into which I had just been received. In their generosity they welcomed their counsellor and youthful mentor.

"Let us, then, the members of this conference, pastors and delegates, do all we can to realize the consecration which is the source of the true life of our churches. If any temptations have led us astray from this great essential ; if any fear of man, any desire for the vain applause of crowds ; or the worse evil, any greed of the monied favor of those whom our consecration might offend, let us remember him who for the joy set before him endured even the cross. If we dread the consequences of a fearless advocacy of any truth intended to overthrow the power of error, let us remember him who endured Gethsemane and Pilate's Hall. If we are indifferent to our spiritual life, and have no impulse to lift souls into the presence which cheers all sorrow and strengthens every feebleness ; if we are indifferent to the inspirations of communion with the Infinite Father in meditation and prayer, let us

remember the Christ who spent nights on the mountain in devotion to the Being from whom he proceeded, only as a preparation for the labors of the days which he gave to the sufferers and sinners who sought him. Let us, therefore, devote ourselves, strength, time and money, to a perfect consecration. If we succeed, so far, at least, Unitarian Christianity shall "Arise and shine," with the glory of the Lord risen upon it.

My essay is concluded. I have attempted no argument to prove the truth of our theme. That we admit. I have endeavored only to assert and re-assert our subject, that it may become very prominent in our thoughts. That it has been practically ignored by much of our preaching and practice I think none fairly question. For this both preachers and people are at fault.

Now the question has met us fairly. Christian consecration is the source of the true life of our churches. "Whosoever he be, that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." Are we ready to accept the test of the Master?

IV.

THE POSSIBILITY OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

Intimately related to this Conference Address and like appeals for genuine, devoted consecration to our rational Christian faith, were the results of the studies I had continued to pursue in the domain of religious speculation. Profoundly emotional though I was, my emotion would have soon failed without the stimulus of a clear apprehension of the deeper things of faith:—for instance, the Consciousness of God; also, possession of the best possible theory of the relation of God and the Universe.

One question had been of almost continuous recurrence since I had encountered at Morrison the "Doctrine of the Unknowable" in Herbert Spencer's awakening "First Principles, namely:—" "Is there any datum which we may

confidently claim to be *knowledge* in what we name the domain of spirit?" or, in other words, "*Is Spiritual Science Possible?*"

Believing, at length, that such knowledge is not only possible but is really in our possession, I ventured to make my convictions known in a rather elaborate lecture which I read to the Waltham people in the winter of 1871. I read the lecture to other congregations also, in exchange with several neighboring fellow ministers who had prepared lectures on kindred topics

This lecture, I reproduce, as published in "*The Religious Magazine*" in 1872. It is the best embodiment I had of the primal intellectual elements of my Faith in the days soon after it had been won.

"Is Spiritual Science possible? Four hundred years ago it would have been almost impossible to ask of European thought this question; yet, had our inquiry been made, but one answer would have been elicited,—an unqualified affirmative. In the thought of Europe to-day the question has not only been asked, but, in some directions, it is considered that the final answer has already been given,—a negative as unqualified as would have been the Medieval affirmative. The great movement in which the intellectual attitude of the present has become, in large part, opposite that of the past is one of the most important events in human history. The discovery of the truth or error of the denial of our question is one of the most prominent objects demanding critical investigation.

It is the purpose of this essay to try to show that the denial of our question is erroneous. That I may do this, it shall be my endeavor only to indicate some facts which are an insurmountable obstacle to the logic by which spiritual science is declared to be an impossibility. Previous to this, however, it may aid to a better understanding of the position of the essay to make a brief review of the history of the general movement to which I have

alluded, so far as it has resulted in a negative answer to our inquiry.

Towards the close of the Middle Ages, the Roman Church held the thought of Europe in abject bondage. The word of the Church was the ultimate law. The work of thought was simply to conform reason to ecclesiastical dogma. Probably there was never so complete a servitude of mind as in Scholastic Europe. But, in the presence of this bondage, some fugitive Greeks, in Italy, gave an impulse to the study of the original writings of the ancients. The lately invented printing press was made to propagate the results of their work, and Europe began to be inspired with a new life. "Gradually a band of men, classically educated, opposed itself to the stereotyped, uncritical, and tasteless manner in which the sciences had been cultivated; new ideas came into circulation; and the free, universal, thinking spirit of antiquity was born afresh."

With this event, known as the Revival of Letters, the Middle Ages closed, and the modern enlightenment opened. Thought became conscious of its degradation. It rose against the assumptions of the Church. It rebelled against Scholasticism, and claimed the right to put itself above dogma. It turned away from its dreams to the world of realities, and, what was of the chief importance, began to give an honor to nature and experience, as free and enthusiastic as its association with Rome's arbitrary intellectualisms had been servile and dull.

At length, as the conception of Nature was enlarged by the discovery of the American continent and the way by sea to the East Indies; and as it was magnified still more by Galileo's declaration of the revolution of the earth on its axis, by Kepler's discovery of the laws of planetary motion, and by the Copernican theory of the universe, the assertion of thought of the right of self-possession, and its direction to the facts of the external world and experience, were embodied, and found expression, in two great minds, the English Lord Bacon and the French Descartes. From Bacon and Descartes proceeded, in clearly marked directions, the development of the liberated thought. It is sufficient for the present purpose to say of these directions,

that, while both Bacon and Descartes were actuated by the one spirit which had set Europe free, while they both threw off the incubus of the irrational *dictum* of the founder of Scholasticism, "I believe that I may understand," and accepted, as their inspiration, the assertion of self-conscious, independent thought, "I will understand that I may believe," the one directed his work "to an observing and an experimenting investigation of nature," and the other aimed at discovering, in the human consciousness, the principles of fundamental knowledge. The result has been, that, under the influence of the Baconian method, the immense body of physical knowledge and experiment known as Natural Sciences has matured; and, guided by the method of Descartes, the great body of metaphysical knowledge and speculation known specially as Philosophy.

As it is not within the province of this essay to give any account of the development and influence of metaphysical science, I only make this allusion to the different directions the freed thought took, under the guidance of the two master minds, and will now confine attention to the effects of the progress of the method of which Lord Bacon was the originator and guide.

In Lord Bacon was embodied, to a pre-eminent degree, what is called the "modern spirit." He gave expression to the longing which actuated the emancipated mind of Europe, even more fully than his worthy co-laborer. Perhaps thought never felt poverty so truly as at the close of the Middle Ages. Released from bondage, and aroused from the lethargy of servitude, it became conscious of a great debasement and immeasurable want. What it had been compelled to call Science it discovered to be almost empty of knowledge. The degrading influence of ecclesiastical dogmatism had made its work almost barren of genuine gain. So that, once freed from ecclesiasticism and scholastic dreams, it rapidly became hostile to both, and invested the neglected facts of nature and experience with an exalted honor. As Lord Bacon made nature and experience the sole spheres of knowledge, and as he compelled the mind to approach these lordly realms with the humility of the

spirit of the little child, he gave the most satisfactory expression to the want of the liberated thought. Dr. Schwegler says, "Bacon directed anew the observation and reflection of his contemporaries to actual fact, proximately to nature; he raised experience, which hitherto had been only a matter of chance, into a separate and independent object of thought, and he awoke a general consciousness of its indispensable necessity. To have established the principles of empirical science, a thinking exploration of nature, this is his merit." It is to Lord Bacon, therefore, that we trace the beginning of the wonderful growth of the natural sciences during the past two hundred years, and it is to the influence of his method, sustained and increased by the necessities for physical discovery and invention which the opening up of the world, by international commerce and the settlement of America, have caused, that we must attribute their present dominant interest and importance. Meeting a double demand, the want of the freed thought of Europe for real knowledge, and the necessities of an extending civilization, the effects of the Baconian method have prominent place to-day in every department of European and American life.

But, while this fact is worthy of a cordial approval, in some respects, it is open to criticism. While every one must admit that the allegiance of thought to the method of Lord Bacon has given humanity a farther advance, and promoted a greater welfare in some directions than ever before, yet it is evident, to many who have studied the history of the past two centuries, that the Baconian induction has, so far, had a tendency to cause thought to neglect other directions where mankind can make a still farther advance and gain a still better welfare. Undoubtedly the animating idea of Lord Bacon, that it is the chief aim of thought to minister to the physical well-being of man, was conceived in a noble spirit, and, certainly, it was a natural consequence of the intellectual reaction against ecclesiastical usurpation, to which the Baconian method gave the best expression; but, undoubtedly, it is just as true that there is another well-being of man than the physical, and certainly this as well as the former must be served. The errors of the Middle Ages were

not wholly unmixed errors; and the rebellion of thought against Scholasticism was not against wholly unreal dogmas. Beneath the errors of the Church there were eternal truths, and the dreams of scholastics were in large part of imperishable realities. The self-consciousness which observes nature and measures experience is as worthy and real an object of study as the nature which ministers to physical need and pleasure. And, because the emancipated thought sought the truths of the material world almost wholly, and because Lord Bacon did not give the inner consciousness the honor he bestowed upon the outer nature, the heroic effort of the popular mind and the noble impulse of its chief were at fault, and to these must be traced, not only two centuries of grand achievement in natural science and mechanical art, but, also, two centuries of *an increasing struggle of the human soul against a tendency to merge the observing self in the nature it observes*, or to deny to self any knowledge that should be other than merely phenomenal; in other words, the prevalence, in thought, of the Baconian method has resulted, not only in a magnificent array of the physical sciences and the useful arts, but also in the dogmatisms of Materialism or of an Exclusive Phenomenalism. Consider briefly some of the results at which thought, under the guidance of the Baconian method, has arrived.

The extreme culmination of this method, opposed, we know, to the thought of Lord Bacon personally, yet a legitimate outcome of the exclusive use of his induction, is Materialism. How it was reached it is needless here to show at length. It will be sufficient, for the present purpose, to say that in one direction the work of the English philosopher was taken up by Locke, whose logic was accepted by Condillac, in France, and, through him, carried forward until the French "Encyclopedia," and Baron d'Holbach's "System of Nature," were published; when the extreme word of a wholly natural philosophy was spoken, and a coarse Materialism affronted thought. As expressed in France, at the close of the last century, it professed to have discovered that there is but one substance in existence, and that that substance is active matter. It

asserted that nature alone is the field of research. It declared that man is simply a perishable mass of organization; that his "mind is but the development of his sensations," and that his highest life consists in serving self-interest, and ministering to self-gratification. It also declared that God is but "the diseased fiction of an unenlightened and enthusiastic age." In England, also, Materialism has had bold advocates, and at present it is, perhaps, most fully expressed by some German thinkers, whose conclusions, while not so grossly antagonistic to spiritual truth as those of their French associates, are yet agreed with them in this, that the investigations of nature and experience discover the universe to be but the result of the activity of one material substance.

The more moderate and the more prevalent result of the method of Lord Bacon is what may be called an Exclusive Phenomenalism. I give this name to those intellectual movements which confine themselves to the examination of phenomena in a professed endeavor to discover only their mutual relations and the laws by which such phenomena exist. Unlike materialism, exclusive phenomenalism does not assume to be a theory of the Universe, nor does it actually deny the Universe to be the work of a super-material Being. The claim it makes is, simply, that there can be no knowledge except of the changing surfaces of things; that phenomena do not discover to any extent the nature of the Reality which manifests them.

Among the prominent expressions of Exclusive Phenomenalism are the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and a certain indefinite, unsystematized, philosophy (if it may be so named), especially represented by no one mind, but held by some religious thinkers who are students of the results of the Baconian method. The philosophy of Mr. Spencer declares that phenomena reveal the existence of Power behind them, but that the nature of this Power is utterly inscrutable. The *quasi* philosophy of which I have spoken grants to the truths of physical science the certainty which is derived from experiment. It calls this "Science." To the truths of Religion it allows only the probability arising from an undemonstrable assurance. This it calls

“faith.” These philosophies, the one endorsed by most of the leading scientists of England and our own country, the other prevalent in some directions among theologians, are, from their intimate association with modern life, special objects for criticism.

I have now made a brief review of the history of that change in the attitude of thought which has placed it in large measure, to-day, opposite the position it occupied, as a whole, four hundred years ago, and have indicated some of the results of the development of the Baconian induction. In these results, as said before, the tendency has been to merge the observing self in the nature it observes, or to deny to self any knowledge except that which is merely phenomenal; in other words, the Baconian principles have thus far tended to push thought either into Materialism or an Exclusive Phenomenalism.

As an evidence of how wide-spread these tendencies of the method of Lord Bacon are, I call attention, by way of parenthesis, to the present popular estimate of the word “science,” which, literally, means “knowledge” of any kind, and which, technically, means, “knowledge systematized.” This word, by general consent, seems to be given over to the realm of physical knowledge, as if no other knowledge were possible. The present literature almost invariably refers to physical science without the qualifying adjective. The question asked at the opening of this essay is thus denied by a popular suffrage which elects physical knowledge as the only “Science.” Mr. James Martineau makes these comments on the writings of Mr. Baden Powell, who, as much as any, may be regarded as a representative of the latter of the expressions of Exclusive Phenomenalism to which I referred; “Mr. Powell intended, we are sure, to be not less loyal to his Christian Theism than he was to his Inductive philosophy. When, however, after volumes of proof that the universe discloses nothing but immutable law and material development, so orderly, indeed, as to bespeak Thought, but so inexorable as to be silent of Character, after treating the supernatural as intrinsically incognizable, and the moral and spiritual as entirely out of relation to the rational faculty,

he briefly relegates us to "faith" for our grounds of religious conviction, we certainly feel that the door is rather rudely slammed in the face of our inquiry, and that we are turned out of the select society of the philosophers who know, to take our place among the plebs who believe."

But to show that there is no satisfactory reason for our exclusion from any knowledge except of material things, or that which is merely phenomenal, I propose now to indicate some facts which neither Materialism, nor an Exclusive Phenomenalism, can explain. If the existence of such facts can be proven, then, for the ease of distinction, naming them by the old word "spiritual," as a practical antithesis of "physical," the denial of the question of this essay is itself denied, and spiritual science is possible.

Preparatory to a consideration of this part of the subject, let the reader endeavor, as far as possible, to free his mind from the prejudices which the present importance of the physical sciences may have aroused in it. Let him remember that the present dominant influence of the study of nature is the result, first, of the reaction of thought from its bondage in the Middle Ages, and, second, of the necessity pressing upon it to satisfy the physical needs of mankind produced by the opening up of the world. Let no one forget, that, though four hundred years ago thought was confined to the inner consciousness, its work was almost useless, simply because it had no freedom of action, and because the outer nature, by which to aid in verifying or correcting its conclusions, was ignored. Let the wonderful material progress of the past two centuries be estimated at its full measure; let it be remembered that the skies and the earth have been yielding to man great knowledge and wealth; that two material agents alone, steam and electricity, have been making him physically more prosperous than almost all his previous possessions; that under the growth of the natural sciences the world is becoming a new earth; that the future promises even a more wonderful ministry to human prosperity than the past,—but let it be also remembered, that the marvelous revelations of nature have tended to fascinate thought; that the unvarying confirmations of

the perfect movements of physical law, the increasing discoveries of the relativity of knowledge, the contemplation of the treasures revealed by the telescope, microscope, retort, scalpel, and like instruments, have so absorbed thought that *oftentimes man has seemed to be utterly forgetful that he is the observing consciousness of an unconscious world*. So, taking the independent position characteristic of the modern spirit, and free as possible from the bias which the results of the Baconian induction has made in almost every department of the life of to-day, let the reader give the question of this essay his consideration.

The first position we take is one to which I have already alluded, the old one which has always been asserted by the logic of common sense; namely, that every human being is conscious of two facts: first, that himself exists, and, second, that he is surrounded by something which is not himself. It cannot be disputed, that, as soon as we know anything, we not only know that there is a great world about us, but we know also that we are existences other than the surrounding world. Our first knowledge is always the *double* knowledge of self and not-self; of two unquestionable realities. This being true, it cannot be disputed that both these facts claim attention. Perpetually in the presence of our experience of the outer nature the inner consciousness appears, so that neither can be justly studied to the exclusion of the other. It becomes necessary, then, to discover what truth is presented by both consciousness and experience. Between self and the external world are the senses. Between the consciousness of self and self there is no barrier. We know that we exist simply because we know it. Our knowledge of the nature of self is limited, but its limitations are the effects of the experience of the external world upon us, and our ability to separate between the facts of experience and the truths of consciousness. Self-knowledge, when gained, is thus a more certain knowledge than knowledge of not-self. It is an immediate knowledge, while knowledge of the outer world comes through the media of the senses.

When, therefore, we study ourselves for knowledge of ourselves, and observe that we constantly perform the act

called *thinking*, we know that we think simply because we think. *We are conscious that self is a thinking being. That fact, first, I offer as an insurmountable obstacle in the way both of the Materialist and what I have termed the Exclusive Phenomenalist.*

Certainly Materialism, as expressed in France and as it is now understood, claims that there is but one substance in the universe, and that that substance is active matter. If this were true, thinking then would be either an effect or a form of material energy, and one of two alternatives would have to be accepted,—either that thought is produced by that which does no thinking, or that material energy must in essence be all that thought is. But, as it is a truism that out of an absolute non-existence an absolute some-existence cannot come, so out of only active matter, according to every accepted definition of matter, *purposing* intelligence could not arise. *If, on the other hand, thought be potential in matter, matter is no more matter, and Materialism has committed logical self-destruction.* Materialism to make its claim valid must prove that matter, possessing only *purposeless* force, has produced the universe as it is, with its manifold forms of life, vegetable and animal and human, with human society, state, and church. A complete materialism, however, has never been able to establish itself for any length of time. Its worst foes are those of its own household. Its own logic is the most deadly weapon raised against it.

The presence of thought in man is also an insurmountable obstacle to an Exclusive Phenomenalism. If self thinks self does not *appear* to think, it thinks ;—self is, therefore, *at least*, a thinking being. We know directly, we are conscious that this fact is true of ourselves. Thought may not indicate all that we are, but, as far as it indicates anything, it reveals the nature of the reality we call self. This truth rests upon an unquestionable basis. As thinking realities, we are, in essence, immaterial beings. If this declaration is confronted with evidence of the intimate relations of brain and thought ; if it be shown that race, climate, food, and the like, produce varying physical organisms and mental individualities ; yet, when the whole

exhibit is made, the immaterial thought within these peculiarities remains as the evidence of the immaterial self.

But, not attempting to give the truth of man's immaterial nature a more extended proof here, observe a farther manifestation self makes to consciousness, as evidenced in our own persons, and as testified to in man's history. It is the *conviction* that over self and all else there is Supreme Existence. It does not suffice to say, in explanation of this conviction, that it is an inference from our consciousness of the existence of self and our knowledge of the external world. Unless it be native in consciousness, no finite existence or limited education could place it there. It is the conviction of the Infinite and the Absolute,—a conviction which, *from its quality*, it would be impossible by any amount of finite proof to produce. It is simply present in consciousness, and compels recognition. This fact is another insurmountable obstacle in the way both of materialism and an Exclusive Phenomenalism.

Materialism cannot account for it, for it emphasizes the infinite superiority of this Existence to self. And, as we know that self as a thinking being is necessarily an immaterial being, it follows unavoidably that what supremely transcends self must also be *at least* Immaterial Being. Nor can an Exclusive Phenomenalism confront this conviction better than Materialism. It is true that Mr. Herbert Spencer,* whom I have selected as the most prominent representative of an exclusively phenomenal philosophy, says, "Its positive existence [that of the Absolute] is a necessary datum of consciousness. So long as consciousness continues, we cannot for an instant rid it of this datum; and thus the belief which this datum constitutes has a higher warrant than any other whatever." In saying this, however, Mr. Spencer does not occupy his position as an exclusive phenomenalist. The Absolute can be no phenomenon. It is *the Reality*. Mr. Spencer so names it; and it does not matter whether we know it in what he calls "the strict sense of knowing, or not."

* First Principles, p. 98. I refer the reader to Mr. Spencer's chapter on the Relativity of Knowledge, First Principles, p. 87, for his argument in full concerning the positive consciousness of the Absolute.

We are conscious of it, and consciousness, he admits, is our source of greatest certainty.

But, what especially concerns us, is the question, "Whether any knowledge of the nature of this Reality is possible?" This question introduces Mr. Spencer as the representative of an Exclusive Phenomenalism. As an *a priori* thinker, he posits the Reality of the universe as the most certain of existences; but as an *a posteriori* thinker, he asserts that this "Reality is *utterly inscrutable* in nature."

This, then, is the answer which one of the most prominent and most highly cultured English philosophers of the present day makes to our most momentous inquiry. What wonder, then, that we feel a sense of loneliness and desolation as, out of respect to the writer, we at first contemplate the probability of his reply! For, if the Reality of which we are by nature conscious, and which Mr. Spencer so nobly asserts, be *utterly inscrutable*, we can not know, even in the least part, the truths that the deepest human longings have from time unrecorded most wished to know. We move through a wholly phantasmal existence. The ultimate Reality becomes either an eternal deception in the phenomena it produces, or a captive imprisoned forever in its works. True, Mr. Huxley,* who is in accord with Mr. Spencer, speaks of "worship at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable," and Mr. Drawin,† also in sympathy with Mr. Spencer, defines religion as "love, complete submission to an exalted and mysterious superior, a strong sense of dependence, fear, reverence, gratitude, hope for the future," etc.,—yet how can we worship at the altar of an utter Unknown and Unknowable? And, if Exclusive Phenomenalism be true, how can we accept Mr. Darwin's definition of religion? As Mr. Mivart‡ says, it is "'love' for that of which we can by no possibility know anything whatever, and to which we may as reasonably attribute hideousness and all vileness as beauty and goodness! 'Dependence' on that of which treachery and

* Lay Sermons, p. 16.

† Descent of Man, Vol. I., p. 68.

‡ Contemporary Review, January, 1872, p. 187.

mendacity may be as much characteristics as are faithfulness and truth! 'Reverence' for an entity, whose qualities, if any, may resemble as much all we despise as all we esteem, and which, for all we know, may be indebted to *our faculties* for any recognition of its existence at all! 'Gratitude' to that which we have not the faintest reason to suppose ever willingly did anything for us or ever will! 'Hope' in what we have no right whatever to believe may not, with equal justice, be a legitimate cause for despair as pitiless, inexorable, and unfeeling, if capable of any sort of intelligence whatever!

"This no exaggeration. Every word here put down is *strictly accurate*; for, if that which underlies all things is to us the Unknowable, then there can be no reason to predicate of it any one character rather than its opposite."

But Mr. Spencer, ever in his argument for the unknowableness of the Ultimate Reality, shows his special position to be untenable. That this Reality should be *utterly* inscrutable, no quality or attribute whatever should be predicated of it; yet when Mr. Spencer declares that "we cannot think at all about the impressions the external world makes upon us without thinking of them as caused," and in another place adds, "we are obliged to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some Power by which we are acted upon," he becomes inconsistent with his most prominent assertion, in then concluding that effects proceed from an Ultimate Cause, or that force in nature is an evidence of an Absolute Power behind nature. To be consistent, he has no right to qualify the Supreme Existence in any way. The fact of Supreme Existence is posited by the consciousness. The attribute of cause, or power, must be added to it from the study of phenomena. In this respect, at least, phenomena have been accepted by Mr. Spencer as an interpretation of the Noumenon, and, so far, at least, Exclusive Phenomenalism is self-denied. But, in utter opposition to this self-denial, in the face of his declaration that the Supreme Reality is the Ultimate, Omnipotent, and Omnipresent Cause, Mr. Spencer continually asserts that the Supreme Reality is *utterly inscrutable*. Now I insist that by the same process with which

the professedly exclusive phenomenalist has confirmed the consciousness of the Supreme Existence, and qualified it as Omnipresent Power, we can learn *more and more* of the nature of this Existence.

As illustrations of my meaning ; studying the phenomena crowding upon attention, there is nothing more clearly seen than that, so far as we know, countless *inorganic forms* exist subject to an exact order, changing conformably to invariable laws. These forms, which in part compose what has been called the material universe, and whose changes are directed by what are called the laws of matter, have made special claim to the work of thought, through the modern necessities for physical discovery and mechanical invention. They are the source of the vast body of the classification and generalization of phenomena by which mind has felt justified in writing a history of nature's past, and prophesying its future. Geology, astronomy, chemistry, and the like, have discovered the mode of the formation of planets and stars ; the laws of their motions ; the qualities and relations of the material elements. They also tell us towards what the directing agent in nature is leading it. They say they have traced the stars from vapory nebulae, through flaming spirals, into incandescent suns and worlds. They show us how rocks, crystals, and earths came into being. They catalogue the elements that are aflame in the light of the stars, and describe, in the circling of a storm on the earth, the paths of the winds and the places of special peril. Electricity, magnetism, gravitation, heat, and light have revealed the fact that they act in obedience to perfect order. But if, as Mr. Spencer says, " we are obliged to regard every phenomenon as the manifestation of some power ;" and if, as is self-evident, that which is manifested must proceed out of that which manifests, certainly a Power which manifests a perfect order must itself be, *at least*, orderly. In the material universe then, where we find perfect law and order the Supreme Power must act *at least* by law and order. But law implies *at least* what we call thought, and, so we reason, that a source of law must be *at least* what we call intelligent. How any one can insist that the Power of

the universe is utterly inscrutable, when all else he says is based upon the truth that this Power works in material forms by perfect law, is inexplicable, unless, dazzled by a favorite theory, he is blinded to the over-shining light.

Rising above the realm of inorganic forms into the world of *organisms*, the truth which appears to be so sufficiently proved, on a lower plane, that it might rest there, becomes still clearer. The organic world, which we discover rises by ascending degrees of excellence from the lowest vegetal organism to the most complete animate physical system, shows to a pre-eminent degree the possession of intelligence by the Supreme Power: and in this fact we discover even more than intelligence. The favorite doctrine of physical science, the Theory of Evolution, would not exist were it not animated by the truth that the process of organisms is a gradual development of life from the incomplete to the more complete, from the imperfect towards the perfect. The word which more than any other seems to inspire the study of physical phenomena is "progress;" and life, which Mr. Spencer defines as the "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," is, upon his own showing, constantly rising higher towards the attainment of a perfect equilibrium. As no one will question that the process of organisms is the work of the Supreme Reality, the work is certainly what in our vocabulary we call wise. The Absolute Reality, therefore, must *at least* possess what we call wisdom. The illustrations of this truth are numberless. All the discoveries of plant structure and growth; the sciences of the multitudinous forms of mollusk, fish, insect, bird, reptile, and mammal life, and the like, rise one above the other, a gloriously laid living temple, built by a Master Architect. Intelligence and wisdom are visible everywhere.

But it is not the purpose of this essay to do more than indicate this truth. My object is only to show that the same process which discovers evidence of power in the Existence behind nature must, to be logically consistent, recognize other attributes of this Existence. By Mr. Spencer's own reasoning, we may claim to know already

that there is over the universe a Supreme, Real, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Intelligent, and Wise Cause.

But other than the outer nature are *ourselves*. We are facts as real as any of the external world. We are thinking beings, as much the work of the Supreme Power, and as worthy objects of our own study, as any part of the array of material forms and of the vital evolution surrounding us. We are conscious of the Supreme Existence. We have seen evidences in the physical creation that this Existence is what we would call an Intelligent and Wise Power. Now, when we rise from the world of matter and inferior life into that of ourselves, we perceive only clearer evidences of the truths already discovered. History shows, that, from the lowest barbarisms, man has been striving after and continually approaching the enlightenment with which this century is crowning him. Degree by degree he has been raised from one plane of excellence to a higher. And since we, the glory of whose existence is intelligence and purpose, are as much the creatures of the Supreme Being as the crystal or plant, surely *the Creator must at least be our peer*.

But, what is of chief moment, there are evidences of more than even intelligence and wisdom in us. When we examine consciousness, we find a something we do not discover in the outer nature. We call it the Moral Sense. This is a fact which cannot with justice be set aside. It is an unavoidable phenomenon which self manifests in consciousness, even more certain than the sensations which reach us from the external world. It is the instinct of right and wrong, the native conviction of personal responsibility. It is this that makes human history upon one page so sorrowful, sinful, and tragic, and on another so joyous, pure, and sublime. The material organization of man is the most refined and complex of organisms. But back of all anatomy there is that for which anatomical processes can give no reasons, and which physical law cannot control. Human history is oftentimes heroic where the physical instincts would have made it disgraceful. We hear of prophets battling for truth when truth leads them to dishonor and poverty. We behold seers looking forward to the universal reign of

purity and love. We see hosts of martyrs, for all degrees of noble aims, going in triumph to the stake and cross, believing in an honor and joy made perfect through shame and suffering.

And, more than these, the repentance of the sinful, the remorse and despair of the guilty, as the antitheses of the aspirations and peace of the holy, defy the efforts of the operator's microscope and knife. The moral sense declares that over all our life there must be an Absolute Morality. Thus, in the presence of our own hearts and the history of human kind, as much facts as any truths of nature and natural history, *we cannot help declaring that in the Supreme Power there is at least a good as pure as our best ; a real that at least equals our ideal ; a truth, beauty, and a love, which must at least be as noble as the truth, beauty, and love which inspire us.* Over us, who are thinking persons endowed with a moral consciousness, having sublime intuitions and ideals, there must be *at least* a Supreme Power who perfectly realizes our loftiest conception or imagining. If we have an instinctive faith there must be the possibility of satisfying it. If we long for perfection, for an absolute holiness and love, there must be as great a Holy and Loving Reality as our prayers seek. If we feel in ourselves the instinct of an imperishable life, and if in all ages all races of mankind declare immortality, though widely separated and unknown to each other, *certainly there is Imperishable Life somewhere, and we may reasonably hope that man's personal consciousness of it assures him of personal consciousness in it.*

Having now passed rapidly through some of the truths of both consciousness and experience, and having indicated facts which cannot be accounted for by a materialistic, or exclusively phenomenal, hypothesis, I will rest my essay, adding only, that I think it is evident, from an impartial study of ourselves and the world around us, that we can know that which is immaterial and real as well as that which is material and phenomenal.

Spiritual science, using the word "spiritual" as before indicated, is, therefore, possible. Religion then is

possibly more than mere "faith." Our aspirations after Deity are not futile endeavors to know an utter Unknowable. We may rest with confidence upon our intuitions. We can be loyal to conscience as the witness of a real law of Right. We can trust in goodness as a fact proceeding from an eternal Good. We can obey truth as the word of an absolutely True. As human beings seeking a Divine Being, we do not seek an utter Mystery, but at least a Person who is real as we are. Physical science is useful, and is an incalculable aid to the increase of material comfort and wealth. As the instrument to accomplish these things, it should be carefully nurtured; but when it is permitted to overrule human life, when we allow it to put unconscious Matter on the throne of the universe, or to crown there an utter Unknowable, we are faithless to ourselves, and it is our duty to cherish our nobler personality, giving only to Him whose right it is to reign, and to those revelations which meet our irrepressible longings and endorse our immortal hopes, our reverent homage and allegiance. It should never be forgotten that above all physical truth and use, worthy as are our occupations in them, our true dignity as human creatures consists in looking "at the spiritual and immortal side of our being, and rising evermore above time and sense to that which transcends time and sense and remains where these leave us forever."

V.

THE RELATION OF UNITARIANISM TO THE OLDER CHRISTIAN SECTS.

I add to this account of that period, so important to me personally, one other "Memorial" of the days of spiritual emancipation. The Anniversary meetings committee of the American Unitarian Association invited me to speak at the Association's "Forty Seventh Anniversary," April 30th, 1872. The theme proposed for my speech was as given above.

The address, reported stenographically, was as follows ;—

Mr. President and Fellow-Unitarians,—It has been suggested to me to say something to you about the relation of Unitarianism to the older Christian sects. I willingly accept the suggestion ; the subject is one in which I have a special interest. Having been identified with those sects through the greater part of my life, and being now associated with Unitarianism, I am naturally desirous that the relation of the latter to the former should be well understood. So, if the words of a comparatively new comer among you can be of any help to a better understanding of those relations I will gladly say them.

First, as a help to our subject, let us try to understand what we mean by “Unitarianism,” and by the “older sects.” I do not know that I can define Unitarianism satisfactorily to all who call themselves Unitarians, but I can tell you how the older sects define it ; with what conceptions of it I entered your fellowship, and what has made me proud to be associated with you.

Among the older sects,—and by the older sects I mean those which are known as Orthodox, or Evangelical,—the prominent thought associated with Unitarianism is of a body which has determined to submit to no other authority in religious matters than that of the reason. As confirming this, I noticed in last week’s *Register* that Dr. Guthrie, the eminent Scotch preacher, says of Prof. Maurice,—“reared in the school of Socinianism, he never got rid of the leaven of that school, in the place which it assigns to reason as the test and standard of divine truth.” This is considered to be your great error, for it is a fundamental belief in Orthodoxy that “original sin,” as one of the leaders of modern Calvinism says, “has made every man totally alienated from God, and consequently every act vitiated by his condition as a rebel.” Thus, first and emphatically, to the older sects you are rationalists.

In the next place, the Evangelical sects consider that Unitarianism is a belief in the right of each mind to make its own creed. To them you are not only rationalists, but you are individualists also, refusing to combine and say

what your rationalism believes. This is considered to be your next great error. For it is another fundamental belief of Orthodoxy that, as God has made a perfect revelation in the Bible, it is man's duty to give a systematic expression of the truth of that revelation, and yield it united allegiance.

In the third place, the most prominent doctrines announced by representative Unitarians are held to be fatal errors. You may claim upon the evidences of reason to be Christians; but if you hold any of the representative doctrines of Unitarianism, the Orthodox cannot allow you your claim. You may rationally claim to be religious, but religious you are not esteemed to be, except in the widest judgment of charity. For in the Orthodox faith the foundation of the whole superstructure is belief in "man's ruined condition by nature," and in the "divine salvation" wrought out by the "propitiating death" of Christ. For this reason Unitarianism is considered to be fatally in error, and is regarded with mingled pity and enmity,—pity, because its advocates are in such a perilous condition, and enmity, because they adopt a method so sinful in its results. I believe I am not making any misstatement about the estimate that the prominent Orthodox minds place upon Unitarianism. Of course, there are exceptions to what I am saying: there are gross bigots who are not as just as my statement would make them, and there are liberals who see some truth in the position our denomination is thought to have assumed. I do not refer to these, but to those minds with whom the name and character of the older sects are most often associated. But whether what I am saying of those sects be true or not, it expresses exactly the conception of Unitarianism that I received from my Orthodox teachers.

Seven years ago I was a Calvinist, and seldom heard of the existence of Unitarianism; but when the name happened to be called to my attention, I always thought of its advocates as independent rationalists. This evening I am a speaker at an anniversary of the American Unitarian Association. In seven years a great change has occurred in my position. But while I will not try to tell you now how my mind struggled out of the old bondage into this new

freedom, yet there are some facts which I take the liberty of mentioning as illustrating our subject, and as being substantially true of every Orthodox mind obtaining intellectual freedom. By a combination of many influences, I gradually began to doubt what I had been taught of the utter untrustworthiness of reason. I slowly commenced to admit questions about doctrines against which my intuitions had been protesting, but which protest I had attributed not to error in the doctrines, but to the perversity of my heart. And this last fact I may mention as being the mightiest power which sustains the theological position of Orthodoxy. For, taught from childhood that doubt is born of sin, and not of the instinct for truth, what Orthodox mind dare harbor doubt? But to return. My questionings cost me more mental anguish than I can tell; and time only served to increase the trouble. How I longed for rest no other can know.

At length, with a growing conception of the dignity of human nature; with an increasing readiness to examine the reputed infallible guide to faith and practice; with a new idea of the meaning of the omnipotence of God, and a conviction of the impossibility of a sacrifice like that attributed to Christ,—I determined to claim perfect intellectual freedom, and to find, if possible, a better truth than that in which I had been educated. I will not recount what followed; but that determination I consider to be the most important act of my theological life; for, however erroneous the conclusions may be that I have drawn from my investigations, the method by which I have worked I consider to be the true one; and it is exactly opposite that which governed me while identified with the older sects.

After being dispossessed of ministerial standing, though deprived of the name, I still considered myself to be a Christian; and I wished to do the work to which I had given myself; because I did not then believe, did not see reason, nor have I since seen reason for believing, that Christianity and perfect intellectual liberty are antagonistic. Of course, the impulse which sent me into the Christian ministry, the desire to aid in the salvation of souls from hell by preaching the atoning sacrifice of Christ was gone;

but the inspiration to be a spiritual help to my fellow-beings still remained, and I desired to continue the work my Presbytery had commanded me not to do. But where to do it was the important question.

While trying to answer that question, kind words came to me from representative Unitarians. In substance they were, "If you have any message by which you wish to make your fellow-beings better and happier, Unitarianism offers you free pulpits. We are Christian, but Christian without definition; and we limit in no way the right of free inquiry." This invitation instantly put me into sympathy with you, and, for five years now, I have found that the expressions of those whom I have met,—of most of those whom I have met who bear the Unitarian name—seem to confirm all the conceptions I had of Unitarianism. And that apparent confirmation is the source of the pride I have in being now associated with you.

But what are the older sects? They are Christian churches, gathered round noble religious truths, and inspired by a genuine piety, and a self-sacrificing love for man. Against the faith, purity, and love which characterize them no one can say any thing. They nurture as beautiful a spiritual life as can be found on earth. The most that Unitarianism can do in its religious relations to Orthodoxy is to give evidence in its freedom of as devout and fervent a spirituality; with the added confidence and joy which a more hopeful faith should inspire. But, as time limits what I have to say about the relations of Unitarianism to the older sects to their intellectual characteristics, I will not refer to this further.

Theologically, the older sects are the servants of fixed, external authority; they believe that God has made a perfect revelation in the Bible; and that in "the Scheme of Salvation" emphasized by the Protestant Reformation is the only avenue by which ruined man can escape his doom. They deny the right of inquiry outside of the Bible; and further, they deny any interpretation of the Bible other than that which conforms to what they authorize. Such are the older sects, according to their standards. From their standards we must

make our judgment of them, not from the words of any of the few free minds with whom we are sometimes tempted to identify Orthodoxy.

What, then, is the relation between Unitarianism and the older sects? On the one hand is Unitarianism, a professedly Christian body, claiming perfect intellectual freedom, and declaring as the final test of religious truth the authority of the reason. On the other hand are the Evangelical sects, Christian, too, but limiting intellectual freedom to their special interpretation of the infallible Bible. The relation of the former to the latter, as I judge it, is twofold: First, it is a refuge for every mind seeking release from ecclesiastical bondage, that truth may be sought with no limitation other than the liberty with which the truth shall make free; and second, in the name of the very charity we claim, Unitarianism is the antagonist of the principles by which the older sects are separated from it.

Contrary to what my brother, who has just spoken, says; on the front we present to Orthodoxy we should proclaim above all else that "it is our creed to have no creed." Liberty is not yet as perilous to Unitarianism as some have declared it to be. Knowing Orthodoxy as I do, the age is not liberalizing too fast. Liberty is the one word mightier than all the others that called Unitarianism into being. The time has not yet come for it to become secondary. Unitarianism is Christian; and Christian I believe free inquiry will cause it and all religious thought to become more and more; but one of the greatest Christian virtues of Unitarianism is that, above all, it is intellectually free. Woe to it in the day, should it ever come, when this bright crescent shall fade from its front! Unitarianism is not in sympathy with the older sects: it is their antagonist. Between the two there is a chasm which cannot be bridged until Orthodoxy shall spring the arches after the Unitarian pattern. Meanwhile, it is your mission to give a cordial welcome to every mind struggling, through the abyss, for liberty; to meet him, as Christ would, with no limit to your fellowship, if he be earnest and pure in purpose, desiring to know only what is true, and to do only what is good.

The very charity we claim is a reason why we should endeavor to destroy the distinguishing principles of Orthodoxy. It is our duty to prove that no external authority is competent to fix the limit within which religious thought shall act. A shrewd man of the State lately said to me, "It is your mission as an organization to liberalize the sects of this country, that in the end all may become free. Your sectarian work is to destroy sects."

And further, though at the risk of wandering from my subject, I will say that, for the sake of our relation to the older sects, Unitarianism should be very cautious in what it does concerning what calls itself more advanced thought, and professes to occupy a more free position than the one Unitarianism seems willing to assume. On every side our principles should be preserved inviolate. Is it not possible, friends, that some error has been committed, somewhere at some time, that Unitarianism has not been able to keep within itself some of the earnest minds who now think of us as we think of the older sects? This is a question I cannot enter upon here, but if it suggest any wrong in our denominational record; in the acts of this Association; in the declarations of that body which claims to be our representative Conference; then for the sake of our far past; for the sake of truth; for Christ's sake, let the wrong be made right.

To all earnest Unitarians let one say, who has come to you from the older sects, who knows their estimate of you, who knows of many he left behind him longing for a Christian body, in which, with its vital religion, there shall be perfect mental freedom,—“Beware of every act which may identify Unitarianism in letter or in spirit with the principles of the sects from which your fathers struggled so nobly to be free.” Should Unitarianism become true to its understood principles, it has a grand future. As an alliance of free minds, it can make itself the agent for setting Christianity in America free; and as Christianity becomes free, it can afford room in which the liberated thought can perfect itself, while at the same time it can continue to cherish the religious life,—the Christian life,

to which all intellectual action must ever be subordinate, with as excellent a culture as the best older sect has achieved.

I prophesy that, like the world now springing into life, with each leaf and flower maturing after its own nature, each showing forth its own measure of the universal life, and all combining to make up the wide expanse of grace and fragrance now surrounding us, so can Unitarianism become a true Church of God, where each soul can grow to maturity after its own nature, inspired by its own knowledge and experience of the universal Fatherhood of God and of the universal Brotherhood of Man : all making the true Kingdom of Heaven upon earth which seers in all ages have beheld in visions, but which Jesus of Nazareth realized in his life and teachings.

CHAPTER SIXTH

CONSUMMATE EXPRESSION OF MY FAITH

Nearly a half century has now passed since the days in which I realized fully that I had been emancipated from the "Creed of Calvin," and, with freed mind and heart, had gained a reasonable and happy personal Faith in God, in Christ, and in Man.

As I have already said, the experiences of after years in no way essentially changed the Faith which I had won in early manhood. But, inevitably, that Faith has been intimately involved in the whole of my much varied and eventful personal career; and it has been given expression in many different forms. It has naturally, too, passed through processes of expansion, and of development.

Looking now, over writings which were devoted to themes specifically religious, I have chosen a few, prepared in the after years, in which I think my Faith received consummate expression. I shall reproduce two of these articles in this chapter. Some other writings which, though fundamentally religious, are especially products of formal philosophical speculation, I shall repeat in a subsequent chapter.

a. Resignation from the Waltham Pulpit.—The Waltham pastorate was served with zeal and with much mental serenity. I did my work as well as I could, making continuously a wider acquaintance with books and men.

Of specific moment in connection with my mental development was membership in the Chestnut Street Club

of Boston, meeting at the house of Rev. John T. Sargent. Also, I joined the Free Religious Association, and was much interested in its efforts on behalf of full liberty in theological thinking. I had the privilege, too, of friendship with several prominent members of these fine fellowships; friendships ever since memorable as factors in my intellectual growth. Among those who were most active in these organizations devoted to the larger liberty, and whom, under the limitations of my youth, I learned to know most closely, were R. W. Emerson, A. B. Alcott, O. B. Frothingham, T. W. Higginson, John Weiss, D. A. Wasson, Samuel Longfellow, Dr. C. A. Bartol and Francis Tiffany. And I was honored in gaining very pleasant acquaintanceships with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall and Miss Louisa M. Alcott. My religious conservatism and Christian discipleship in no way seriously separated me from a thoroughly free fellowship with the more "radical" of the two "wings" with which the Unitarian fellowship then seemed to be finding its evolution.

So far as I had, at the time, any intention concerning my professional future, I regarded myself as indefinitely the minister of the Waltham "First Parish." I was well aware of my own serious intellectual limitations, especially in the deeper study of religious problems which some of my more favored acquaintances had achieved. But I was not restless because of the fact.

Unexpectedly, however, after about three years of this pleasant ministry, a parishioner generously gave me an opportunity to go to Europe and spend some time in the pursuit of favorite studies. The offer was so attractive in every way that I willingly accepted it and resigned my

pastorate; though I sincerely regretted closing, thereby, official relations with the Waltham people.

b. In Europe:—Heidelberg, Leipzig, and Dresden. Early in 1873, I went to Germany where, for the next two years and longer, I attended lectures on Philosophy and Theology at the universities of Heidelberg and Leipzig. In 1874, I represented the American Unitarian Association at the meetings of the *Protestantenverein*, in Wiesbaden. For some months in the same year, I had special readings in Philosophy with a friend in Dresden, Dr. Paul Hohl-feld, a devoted disciple and interpreter of Krause's speculative system, known, in the modern Philosophy of Religion, as *Panentheism*.

The effect of these years on my Faith was not to change it, except by further informing it, clarifying it, making it more reasonable; and by disclosing more clearly what I had already apprehended as its immovable foundation. My readings carried me well into the records of the great historic systems of Philosophy; the history of the origins and development of Christianity; and, somewhat, into the new science of "Comparative Religion."

c. The Philosophy of Karl Christian Friedrich Krause.—During my last year in Germany, I became accidentally acquainted with the writings of a much neglected, or rather but little known, philosopher of the early part of the Nineteenth Century, Karl Christian Friedrich Krause.

In conversation with a German acquaintance I had told him of my absorbing interest in a clarified Theism. He answered that I "ought by all means" to study the "Subjective Analytic, and Objective Synthetic Philosophy" of Krause,—the clearest exponent, he believed, of the God Idea among modern thinkers. I gave months, as I have said,

to a study of the works of this writer. Both his method and the content of his thinking were especially congenial to me. My own speculative predilections were well in harmony with his assumptions. I could not follow him throughout over the way he went, but I willingly went far with him ; receiving much support for my Faith from what he had "excogitated," or thought out.

To Krause, neither the word Theism, nor Pantheism, expresses the Principle which satisfies fully man's ultimate apprehension, when thinking about Universal Being. He devised in the word *Panentheism* what he considered would be a far more satisfying symbol,—all thoughts and things considered. This term has, in recent years, received the endorsement of several leaders in religious speculation ; and it is coming into use by many who, perhaps, never heard of its originator and great interpreter.

Rudolph Eucken, a thinker of wide influence to day, writing of the *Renaissance*, adopts, I observe, this term, as though it had become a part of the common vocabulary of Philosophy.

Eucken says, "We find here lofty natures and select groups of thinkers developing a nobler and deeper religion, a religion for religion's sake. Here endeavor soars above all visible and finite forms: the idea arises of a universal religion. The spontaneous joy in life which belonged to the Renaissance is glorified into a religion, which includes both Theism and Pantheism,—*Panentheism*,—exalting man to life unending by union with the Godhead." And he remarks of a later time, "There is much closer kinship to Panentheism, the creed of the noblest minds of the Renaissance, than to the distinctively Christian view which these men incline to look upon as a mere refuge for the weak and sickly. Religion for them is rather an invisible Presence which attends their work than a specific form of spiritual experience."

Then, in the wonderful selection of reflections made from the writings of that rare-souled Frenchman of Switzerland, Henri Frederic Amiel,—his “Journal Intime,”—I have read ;—

“The minds which have reached the doctrine of Immanence are incomprehensible to the fanatics of transcendence. They will never understand,—these last,—that the Panentheism of Krause is ten times more religious than their dogmatic supernaturalism.”

I never became so fully a disciple that I could properly be named a follower of Krause, but I gladly acknowledge a great obligation to him because of the clearer apprehension, through him, of the philosophic grounding of my Faith.

I have always been gratified to know that such eminent historians of Philosophy as Erdmann and Ueberweg have generously recognized the importance of Krause's thinking. Froebel, I know, drew his philosophic inspiration chiefly from Krause's thought. Erdmann went so far as to claim that Krause's “profound teachings” are “important for the present age, not so much because of the number of his professed followers, as because of the number of those who, without naming him, plunder him.”

Why Krause did not receive a larger recognition among his contemporaries? is a question not very difficult of answer, when it is remembered, first, that politically he was a *persona non grata* in official Germany. He was a believer in the sanctity and dignity of the individual man; he was of most earnest conviction in developing his wonderful social beliefs and aspirations under an autocratic government. His “Ideal of Humanity,”—*Urbild der Menschheit*—is a work to be classed with the most beautiful dreams of the

world's visionaries, in its proclamation of the way to, and its prophecies of, ultimate human blessedness. Krause was for a time accused, though most wrongfully, of collusion with the social revolutionaries of France.

Then, Krause, in advancing his speculations, felt that to make them wholly clear of misunderstanding and of confusion with other terms which bore fixed historic meanings, he must invent wholly "pure" German names. His "purism," thereupon, became so pure that his language was more difficult to understand even on the part of his own countrymen than among foreign readers.

Noting this fact, Erdmann remarks that it has become "an irony of fate that Krause's writings found more acceptance in Germany after his thoughts had been given expression in foreign speech, and, thus,—deprived of their pure German garb,—had been made known at home."

Whatever the reasons, however, it became fact at the outset, and, until recently at least, has remained the fact, that the largest discipleship of Krause's thought has been among other than German peoples, especially among Belgians, French, Spaniards and Italians. In these countries there have been some prominent scholars who have named Krause "the greatest among German thinkers."

Amiel, for instance, was a profound admirer of this illuminated, spiritual German. The following passage from his "Journal Intime" did much, long ago, to strengthen and to confirm my awakened longing to know Amiel as yet another "friend in the life of the spirit":—

"This evening a feeling of emptiness took possession of me, and the solemn ideas of duty, the future, solitude, pressed themselves upon me. I gave myself to meditation. Read part of Krause's book, *Urbild der Menschheit*, which answered

marvellously to my thought and need. This philosopher has always a beneficent effect upon me: his sweet religious serenity gains upon me and invades me. He inspires me with a sense of peace and infinity."

I make this tribute, gratefully, to Krause's memory for the reason that his influence was, in many ways, deeply instructive to me in the maturing of my Faith: and it has always been, since then, an inspiration. I do not wish, however, to place upon Krause responsibility for any of the definite forms in which I have set forth the lines of argument I have used for later expositions of my Faith. I am indebted to him for much, especially for the term *Panentheism*, and for the methods of the thinking with which he illustrated the "Idea" expressed by it. Were I writing of theology, technically, I should gladly use this expressive term "Panentheism" to signify my Theism.

d. *An Exposition of my Faith in God.* Some years after this interesting stay in Germany, when I was minister of All Souls Church in Washington, D.C., I prepared with much enthusiasm, a lecture entitled "*Faith in God*" (using the word "faith" as *belief* rather than *trust*).

Later, in 1879, when I was invited to address a "Conference of Unitarian and other Liberal Christians" meeting in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, I took the substance of the argument of this lecture, and, associating with it man's questionings concerning the "Problem of Evil," offered my conclusions to the Conference. At the time, the later address embodied my most mature convictions on this greatest of all themes possible for man in his thinking concerning "God" and "Divine Providence."

I repeat both papers here that they may show in what

way the development of my Faith had been carried forward. They constitute a religious rather than a speculative statement of my belief. Farther on, I shall return to the theme by the way of distinctively philosophic speculation.

I.

FAITH IN GOD.

In every adequate definition of Religion there is, for its foundation, some form of faith, or rather belief, in God. This faith may be as imperfect, as rudimentary, as that of the savage who thinks himself surrounded by multitudes of mysterious living powers which help or hurt him; or it may be as refined and mature as that of the modern philosopher who declares,—“That amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that man is ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed.” The affirmations of Religion begin naturally, therefore, with the specific “faith” in God which lies at their foundation or source.

If I were required to indicate in a sentence the kind of faith upon which our religion is based, I should say,—It is the faith which is necessitated by the clearest knowledge and the most approved theory of the Universe, together with the demands of the most highly developed Moral Sense now existent among mankind.

An unprejudiced review of human history shows that, however originally a “revelation” that which is called the God-consciousness may have been, the definite form such consciousness has taken has always been dependent upon the current notion of the World and its phenomena, together with man’s own moral needs. The history of Theology is the history of specific effects of man’s growing interpretation of his environment and his ethical aspirations.

Much is written at the present day of the “Conflict of Religion and Science.” There is, however, no real conflict between the two. There never has been a real conflict between them. What seems at times a struggle between

them is always but the strife arising between religious creeds and institutions, which have been developed out of a former view of the World and its forces, and the teachings of more mature Philosophy and Science. The *institutions* of Religion are necessarily conservative. It is they which conflict with advancing Science. It is they which perish in the struggle, not the religious consciousness itself. It is, in fact, the enlightened religious consciousness which determines their destruction. This consciousness is permanent, and it invariably follows as progressing knowledge leads.

To illustrate ; When the Humanity of the far ancient past was, socially, segregated into many small groups, living in almost complete isolation from one another ; shut in to their narrow domains by rivers, mountain-ranges, deserts and seas ; when all they knew of the world was derived from their experiences of the areas immediately around their caves and their hunting grounds, and of the vaulted sky overhead ; when perpetuated tradition was of the briefest and most infantile kind ; they had, so far as we can discover, no such thought of superior and mysterious Being as could now be named "God." The most probable guess, we can at present make, indicates that, at the best, primitive Man peopled the invisible air with a multitude of beings very like himself. To the primitive Man, there was no more a Universe, or one Power governing it, than there is this now to a little child. He had no thought of Creation and of a Creator ; of a realm of Nature and of a Ruler of nature,—of a World and of a God. He lived from day to day simply serving his daily wants. Events which he or his fellows did not cause and could not control, he either did not try to explain, or he referred them to beings in every respect like himself, except perhaps that they were invisible, and often more powerful.

So far as he attempted to interpret the mysterious realm, he projected into it his own thought and feeling. His fellows were many ; the happenings of the world were many ; consequently the unseen beings and their deeds were many. The spirits of things and of the air were neither better nor worse than himself

and his fellow men. Some did harm, others did good, just like human beings. He loved and hated the mysterious spirits, as they were kind or cruel. Sometimes he thanked them and asked favors of them: often, too, he attempted to circumvent them, indeed, to defeat them. The hidden beings, however, had the advantage over him of seeing him, while he could not see them. Consequently, at length, because of the invisibility and the often unexpected exercise of mysterious powers, men became more and more humbled before them, and thus tended towards that mental mood which later became *Worship*.

But not to dwell too much on the early thinking and feeling of Mankind, let us understand here that in that age of child-like humanity, there was a childish interpretation of all things and events.

It was, probably, a long way from the original Childhood of Humanity to the time when man's mind had so far developed, that he thought of a World and of a God over it. It was necessary, before that age could be reached that an enormous experience should be passed through: that tribes of large inclusion should be formed; and that migrations over mountains, across seas and deserts should take place. In particular, it was necessary, that *Tradition* should preserve with some distinctness and coherence the happenings of the past. Society must first become organized. The idea of law and of social order must be, more or less, developed.

As men's knowledge of their surroundings was thus developed, a rudimentary notion of a World came into being. As the force of events gathered tribes into societies, into leagues, and produced embryo nations, so Man's thought of the spirit-realm required order, gradation and law in that realm. As there were traditions of great chiefs in the past, who had died and become denizens of the spirit world, and had become spirit-chiefs there, these chiefs were gradually transformed in thought from rulers of ghosts into really supernatural beings who had lived from time immemorial. At length they were metamorphosed into "gods" whose birth had never taken place in this world.

Then, far along in the course of human progress,—so

tradition now in our possession makes clear,—the distance separating memory and the events it had preserved, became so wide ; also so extensive had become the knowledge of the earth and of the over-arching skies, that, among some portions of Mankind, the thought was conceived, that there is really a great World over which there is one all-seeing and directing “ God.” Such an era was reached, for example, when the Hebrews passed beyond their ancient belief that Canaan alone was Yahweh’s land and that neighboring other lands were ruled by other “ Gods,” and, instead, proclaimed to the world that “ the earth is Yahweh’s and the fulness thereof.”

This larger belief has indicated, substantially, the religious devotion of the leading peoples of Mankind through most of what is called their historic periods. In other words, Human History, for the most part, shows that multitudes of Mankind have long been living under the belief, that there is over the world either only one God, or a Monarch ruling as Chief among the gods. That is to say, a practical Monotheism, of one or another degree of excellence, has been for ages dominant in Religion.

In setting forth the specific faith in God upon which our religion is based, we, therefore, naturally say, “ We believe in one God, and in one God only.”

But what form has our “ Faith in One God ” received? I cannot answer this question satisfactorily without a continuing reference to Man’s past.

Historic Monotheism has been concurrent with Man’s maturing view of the World and his changing ethical longings and ideals.

Recall the Theology prevalent at the time when Man had gained a view of the World so much larger than that of prehistoric man, that he regarded Nature as the realm of one God whose dwelling place was the heavens. As human society was subordinated to its kings, so, ran man’s thought, were all things subject to God. God had his foes also, as kings had foes. God sent forth edicts as did kings. The chief concern of God was for the welfare of his Kingdom. God was a “ Man of War,” as was also a king. God fought the battles of “ chosen peoples,” as did a

sovereign those of favorite tribes, God was, upon occasion, jealous, forgiving, revengeful, or merciful; actuated by the same motives as those of an earthly monarch. Heaven was God's home; but he often came down to the earth, as a king left his palace and visited his provinces. God governed in the world, so men thought three or four thousand years ago, exactly like a Pharaoh.

As the centuries passed, the thoughts of men widening and their ideals becoming ennobled, Theology increasingly became a reflex of the expanding thought and aspiration. As Society became more peaceful and life's burdens easier, a kindlier tone was associated with "divine things." The successive changes in Theology, that were brought about by the advances in human development, were preserved with the some degree of exactness in written speech. The invention and use of writing gave a previously unknown force to Tradition. Consequently, in the sacred books which accumulated from age to age, ancient and outgrown thoughts of God were handed down to posterity side by side with the newer faiths; but with an authority that again and again created dissension among believing recipients, and often forced, apparently, Religion itself into conflict with growing Knowledge.

In the Hebrew Scriptures, for example, Yahweh appears in several reciprocally antagonistic representations. He is now a "God of War," and then a "Lord of Peace." He is a "jealous" God here, and a "long suffering, easy to be entreated" God, there. At one time He commands the warriors of his people to "dash out the brains of" even "the babes" of their enemies, and at another, He counsels as a "Father remembering his children" when even a "mother might forget her babe." In fact, the Hebrew sacred writings are signal illustration of the reflex in Theology of the convictions, struggles, growing aspirations and uplifting ideals of the successive generations. They are preserved among large numbers of the human race even at the present day; and shape more or less completely, for myriads of human souls, the forms of their "Faith in God."

Another glance at History is necessary before I can offer an answer to our question.

Four hundred years ago one of the most stupendous changes that ever took place in man's thought of the Universe, was begun. The ancient notion of the relation of the earth to the sun and stars was proven to be wrong. The Copernican theory of the Universe described the earth as in motion; swinging around a far-away sun. The telescope of Galileo penetrated the space of the supposed concentric spheres which were thought to hold the planets and stars, and disclosed the starry universe as far larger than man had ever dreamed. Kepler's laws of planetary motion did away forever with the dogma of a "firmament." Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation gave a new idea of the quality of physical forces, and demonstrated a possible unity of Force operating among all worlds. The circumnavigation of the globe forced out of the beliefs of the intelligent, the existence of the "Mount of Purgatory" and the "Cave of Hell." The thought of a Heaven just above the visible stars, with the throne of God there, and its surrounding realm of angels, disappeared. All these revolutions took place in the thoughts of civilized Man, producing the most momentous intellectual changes, probably, that had ever occurred thitherto.

Under the new knowledge, of course, the old Theology could not remain dominant. More and more the conviction grew, that in a Universe whose center is every where and whose circumference is nowhere, it cannot be true that the Deity is centralized and enthroned. With the thought of the infinite opening out of Nature, the belief in a real co-diffusion of Divine Presence and Power grew. With this new sense of omnipresent and all-powerful Divine Being, the whole of the old Monotheism and of the Monarchic Theology, began to weaken. In many directions the question was asked, "Is it possible longer, rationally, to think of God as represented by Tradition? Can there possibly be an essential separation between God and the World?"

Many of the clearest minds perceived, then, that most of the cherished religious traditions, as, for example, the

story of the "Fall of Man in the Garden of Eden;" of belief in the Devil; of the necessity for a unique divine Incarnation; of the proffered reason for an Atonement between God and man; of the whole traditional "Scheme of Salvation;" of the heavens and hells; of the expected victory of God in a conflict with a hostile Lord of this World:—that all these and like inherited beliefs could have come into existence, only when Deity was thought of as limited in power, and distant in space, and different in Essence from man and the world. This Theology, in greater or less degree, yet persists, but the history of the recent past, especially of the last two hundred years, is the record of a conflict between the old traditions and the new religious consciousness, in which the old belief has been gradually perishing and a new faith coming into recognition and acceptance.

At this point I am prepared to offer an answer to our question. As I said at the outset, a tenable faith in God, for us, must be such faith as is adequate to, and worthy of, the clearest knowledge and the most approved theory of the Universe, and of the demands of the present developed Ethical Sense of mankind.

Our faith, then, should be nothing less than this. "The Infinite and Eternal Energy, the Source whence all things proceed," is but a scientific symbol of the Faith in God we must hold. We believe, then, in God as Omnipotent, as Omnipresent, as Perfect Being; as Immanent forever in the Universe; necessarily its Source and Life; including within Himself the Universe as His creation, or His manifestation. To us the original, immediate Power and Agent in the Universe is God: the very Substance and Life of all that exists; directing Creation, not by secondary and delegated powers, but being Himself the Power and original Mover, from the mote in the sunbeam to the nebulae of farthest space.

When, for example, "the spectroscope proves that that molecules on the earth pulsate in harmony with molecules in the stars;—when there is forced on one the inference that every point in space thrills with an infinity of vibrations passing through it in all direct-

ions, what else is to be believed but that there is a Universe, not of dead matter, but of an infinity of Life." When it is proved that the motion of this little planet of ours is not made except as it is enmeshed in a perfect web of forces, binding it to the remotest speck shining in the sky which the telescope pierces, how can we close our eyes to the conclusion, that, unbroken, omnipotent Power pervades all? When it is learned that nothing can separate a sand-grain, or Man, from the same bond of ceaseless Life and Force, who can fail to feel that the eternal and the infinite Being enfolds all. We are all partakers in substance with the suns and stars. We are indissolubly bound to all that is, whether atoms or constellations. The word Universe thus takes on a new and a glorious meaning. The World's law and order are seen to be the expression of One who thus works out his own will. The centuries, and each moment, are Divine expressions.

Under this new "Faith in God" the old problems and mysteries of human experience are undergoing readjustment and reinterpretation. It does not fall within the province of this essay to set forth a Theodicy; to justify the ways of God with the World and with Man, but I may say that, under the new faith, I am confident there is a sublime interpretation possible for the world-old conflict which, ever arises in brain and heart over the mystery of the misery, the suffering and the sin which appear on all sides and within. I believe that in a sublimer sense than ever, the past cry of faith, "Yet God is good," will issue from Religion in the future. There is need for a larger perspective, far larger than man has yet known, to call it forth;—but that larger view will surely be opened up.

Certainly, with the new Faith, it can not be maintained that the old, savage imagining, that God is cruel, vindictive, revengeful, is true. For were this imagining true, the moral nature of man, in its present exalted development, would necessarily declare that God is inferior to the human soul, and, besides, its own existence could not be accounted for.

But, also under the new Faith, we can no longer accept the opposite extreme of belief which has sometimes proclaimed that God is to be regarded, in accordance with

the most gentle human Ideal, as tender and loving. For were this true, we should ignore the terrible strife, cruelty, and death in Nature; and the sin, guilt and suffering of Humanity.

In the new Faith in God, the world's sin, and pain, and death must be regarded as existing, not in spite of God's will, but as being in some way, Divinely ordained agencies by which, more and more, an abounding righteousness and peace are wrought out. It could be imagined in past times that the baleful things of the world fell upon it through the machinations of a Devil, or of Evil Forces, which a distant God could not control. But such conclusion can not be made ours. We are compelled, in even a stricter sense than that which Calvin felt it, to conclude that the Universe is absolutely of God's creation and control.

If of God's "creation," what then? There is nothing more certain than that the Being who made and controls Nature and Man can not be less in qualities than the best of his creatures. If, therefore, any creature is benevolent, loving, pure, then it must be true that the Creator, whatever else, or more, He may be, can not be *less* than the creature. Upon this fundamental and inexpugnable assertion of the ethical Reason, our faith will base a firm hope that, however mysterious Life may be made through the countless facts of sin and suffering, time and a sufficient perspective will show that all things and events are parts and moments in the development of the Universe, which, somehow at sometime, brings that which is best for them, —to each and to all beings.

Worse than foolish were we to make our momentary experiences the criterion of the whole of the Divine Purpose. I see, therefore, no grander or more justified attitude for Man at present to take than steadily, in solemn trust, to view human life and all life, as in movement through the inexplicable happenings of each day and of this world; and through the limitless stretches of time beyond this world; somehow towards that which is more beautiful, more pure, more peaceful, and ultimately perfect.

To this conclusion must we now come, or to none that is at all tenable. To deny this conclusion is to blind our-

selves to all present knowledge, and to violate our highest personal law,—our Moral Ideal. We are products of the “infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed;” and, so long as we think at all, we must conclude that the effect can not be greater than its cause. God can not be essentially malevolent, if there is benevolence in any man, or anywhere else in Creation. It needs but time and largeness of vision for us to feel certain, that the Force, the Will, the Providence, the GOD, who is in very truth our eternal Father, is causing all things to work together, in order to perfect a Purpose which is certainly *not less* than all-wise and all loving.

To this height of solemn and sublime Faith are we called at the present day. This Idea of God lies at the source of our definition of Religion. It is really a transfiguration of the supreme conclusion of man’s most mature Philosophy and Science, under direction of the deepest Moral Sense yet reached. And I am confident that to this faith the religious institutions of Christendom, and of the world, will soon or late be conformed, just as in the past they have time and again dropped old, outgrown and outworn garments and clothed themselves afresh in vestures of larger truth.

I commenced this essay with a declaration from one of the leading philosophical thinkers of the present age. Let me close with an expression of the same Faith from one of to-day’s clearest-eyed poets, who sings of,—

“ God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.”

This religious statement of belief in One Being, as Source, Director and Disposer of all the forms and of all modes of being ; this Faith in the infinite and eternal God, which I am confident all mature speculation upon the Universe must at length reach, I associated later as I have said, with the questioning which arises before the pro-

foundest mystery confronting Man in his experiences ;
—the fact of Physical and Moral Evil.

The argument which my reasoning conceived then was elaborated in the following address delivered at a “ General Convention of the Unitarians of the Middle States,” held in Philadelphia, at the end of October, 1879.

II.

FAITH IN GOD : HOW COMPATIBLE WITH THE FACT OF EVIL.

By the term “God” I indicate Absolute Being ;—Being, therefore, which, of and within Itself, is Source and Substance of all that is.

With these words I attempt to express what I am convinced is man’s ultimate thought. If they do not convey this thought all to who hear me ;—well,—any other words which will signify that there is infinite and eternal Being, from Which, or from Whom, all things have derived their existence ; in whom they live, and move, and have their own kinds of being ; by whom they are governed and disposed,—in brief, One Being of whom, by whom, in whom, and for whom the changing Universe comes, is, and goes,—such words will embody essentially what I am thinking when I say “ God.”

A real and personal acceptance of this thought I look upon, for the purpose of this address, as *belief* or *faith in God*. Faith in God, so described, I hold to be the necessary conclusion to which man finally comes, when, under the accumulating philosophy and science of the ages, he meditates seriously upon the question “ Whence came myself and the World ? ”

Among the logical consequences which flow from Faith in God, as here specialized, is the conviction that infinite Being is immeasurably greater than any finite being ; that the eternal Source is infinitely more than any of its temporal products ; that, therefore, the divine Creator certainly surpasses in all qualities the most excellent among

all His creatures; that God is, therefore, at least better than man. Consequently, no human being can have an ideal so sublime, or an aspiration so exalted and holy, that there is not *at least* its equal in that which inheres in, or qualifies, the divine Reality. This conviction I must accept as made necessary by the laws of matured human thought.

A great difficulty, however, in the way to the full acceptance of this conviction, and to some minds an insurmountable obstacle, is the ever present fact of experience called Evil;—the terrible two-fold presence of Physical and Moral Ill; namely, struggle, pain, and death in the physical world, and sin, with its consequences, in the world of the soul, that is to say, the psychical domain.

In insisting, therefore, upon what I have said of God, I cannot ignore those facts of Nature and Life which are often certainly as bad as our worst. I cannot but recognize the momentous question "How is it possible for Evil to exist if the Divine Being is, at least, better than ourselves? Since we naturally dread, and seek to avoid, pain and death; and since, in our highest moods, we recoil from disobedience to the demands of conscience, how can He who is the Source of all, if He is as we represent Him, bring that to pass which, in our most exalted moments, we would, if we could, utterly destroy?"

I do not presume to be able to solve the problem thereby raised. That problem is involved in mystery we cannot dispel. I repeat the inquiry for these reasons. First, desiring to lay special stress upon what I hold to be the Faith in God made necessary today, I know that the question just asked inevitably arises among those who hear me. Next, I ask the question because I wish to claim that, whatever solution of the problem may be given, we, who are familiar with what the laws of thinking demand, must hold to the belief that, however great the mystery in which this problem is placed, God who is the One, before all, over all, through all, and including all, must at least equal in quality any of his creatures; indeed, that, necessarily, He is at least better than our best. My third reason for the question is, that I hope to be able to point out some facts of observation

and experience which tend to confirm the faith in God which I have declared is at present logically necessary.

Recall some of the most notable attempts man has made to explain the presence of Evil in the world.

Mankind in the far past, like savages at the lowest stages of civilization now, have believed that the ills of nature and life are, for the most part, to be ascribed to myriads of invisible beings, working in themselves and in the world, both the good and the evil manifest there: Practically unconscious, in any real sense of the words, of One Being over and through all, to Whom to refer the origin and guidance of the Universe, the savage naturally interprets the ills of the visible world and his own evils by the activity of a host of invisible powers, or spirits; dwellers in a realm other than his own, yet different from his own in little else than in the power and extent of the sway of its inhabitants.

But this, or a like, solution of our problem, we who are here cannot accept. The civilized man can find no satisfaction in either Fetichism, or in any form of Polytheism. Whatever else we may think, we must, in the end, refer the events in the world to One Being who is over and through all. Let that Being be believed to be better, or worse, than ourselves, we must at the last refer all that is and happens to One,—the One whom we have named "God."

It is not possible, therefore, for us to accept the solution of our problem given by that belief of ancient peoples which is called Dualism, or Ditheism. To the immature thought of part of the Humanity of the far past, this answer was for a time satisfactory. The ancient Persian, for example, thought that the only way for solving the problem is to believe, that there are two Powers over the Universe, from which all the good and evil affecting Nature and Man come. This solution, however, could not long stand unmodified. The growing human mind insisted upon an ultimate Unity in the direction of the world. The Parsee himself arrived at length at the conviction that Ahura Mazda, the Principle of Good, is finally to obtain complete victory over Angra Mainyu, the Principle of

Evil ; and that both these Powers have their source in, and are dependent upon, One original, inscrutable Being.

In the development of the faith of which we are heirs, the Dualistic creed has played an important part. The tribal monotheism or monolatry of the Jews previous to the Captivity, when brought into contact with the faith of Persia, was, in a very important manner, influenced by the beliefs of the conquerors. The Persian Dualism strongly impressed Jewish theology during the Captivity. It thereby affected the early, and much of subsequent, Christian faith. It was this which gave a place in Jewish and Christian theology to Satan, or a devil thought of as God's enemy. The monotheistic consciousness of twenty centuries ago was strong enough to assert that the Devil is inferior, though hostile, to God ; but it was not mature enough then to perceive that by making the Devil inferior to God, and yet his antagonist, it thereby asserted that the Divine Being is responsible, if not for the origin, certainly for the continued existence, of his Adversary.

After many centuries of development, the growing consciousness of pure Monotheism in Christian thought culminated in the theology which was perfected by John Calvin. This great Genevan boldly asserted that God, and God alone, is responsible for the Universe and for all that comes to pass in it. The chief strength and excellence of Calvinism lies in just this article of its creed,—that, to One Absolute Being all things and events must, somehow, be referred.

We, who are the heirs of the same religious development with Calvin, are, like him, monotheists in the strictest sense of the term. Neither Polytheism nor Dualism can furnish for us a satisfying answer to any question we ask about the existence of Evil. Under faith in One God, if anywhere, must we look for the desired reply.

We come now to a part of our discussion fraught with most momentous importance.

One monotheistic solution, that of the master theologian of the Protestant Reformation has been given to our problem, I have said. But is that solution the one which we must accept? Evidently, in my belief, it is not. I have

declared that, whatever answer may be given, you and I certainly must at last be satisfied with the faith that, however great the mystery is of the existence of Evil in God's creation, the Creator must be, this notwithstanding, at least better than the best of any of His creatures. But God, as Calvin thought of Him, to judge from the standard by which you and I measure, cannot be regarded as even as good as our own best. Calvin believed in One God who is the Source and Lord of all things and events ; but he believed in Him as having foreordained, for his own glory, an everlasting realm of sin and pain ; a realm far worse than the worst we can imagine. Calvin made God responsible for a condition of the Universe inconceivably more fearful in horrors than the best human benevolence, surely, would tolerate. He asserted that the Devil, Hell and an everlastingly tormented, reprobate portion of human kind, are immortal things. He asserted that God, for his own glory, has put a large part of his own Creation under a never-ending curse. This dogma, surely, does not apprehend God as being better than, or even as good as, we are ; for who of us, at our best, would not, if he could, blot Evil and all its accompaniments out of existence ?

But some one may ask, " How dare you measure God's moral worth by human standards of right and wrong ? Evidently, both physical and moral Evil are facts in the world that God has created ; and most disastrous, tragic facts too. Why, after all, was not Calvin right ? "

Consider, however, these additional facts. You and I, like all other beings, are creatures of the One God. Now, if we are to rely upon any principle of reasoning within our apprehension, it is impossible for us to think of any creature as really independent of, or as wholly different from, its creator. For this reason, it is impossible for you or me to have a standard of right or of good that can be essentially different from, or different at all except in degree, from that which is true of Him from Whom we, and all that we are or have, have come. If, therefore, I could think of my Creator as essentially of different moral quality from myself, I should, thereby, declare myself to be wholly different from Him, of Whom and by Whom, I came into

existence. An effect would thus be looked upon as essentially unlike its cause. Such conclusion, however, would violate, or ignore, all the known laws by which we reason. Whatever others may say, this, at least, you and I must say ;—God cannot be, in any real sense of the words, wholly different from man. While, therefore, we believe that the Infinite, Eternal One is ultimately responsible for the existence and for the condition of whatever He has created, we may be sure that the Creation has not been given existence, nor has its condition been brought about, by a Being who is essentially different from you or me. We may not, through this certainty, be able to explain the mysterious presence of that which we call Evil, but we can be sure that, were this mystery interpreted, we should not find it having place in the Universe under any lower, or essentially other, moral law than that recognised by the purest, noblest soul among ourselves or our fellow beings.

So long, therefore, as we are forced by the laws of our thinking to reason from effect to cause ; so long as we are compelled to believe that a cause is greater than its effect, or, that the cause is at least equal to the effect, just so long we must conclude that, whatever answer may be given to any questioning about the existence of Evil, you and I must at last be satisfied with the conviction that, however great the mystery is, God is nevertheless as good as, or better than, our own best. We must rest in a faith, expanded by our larger knowledge, akin to that of the Isaiah of the Captivity, who, as he saw his countrymen yielding to the influence of the Dualism of Babylon, declared in the name of Jehovah :—

“ I form the light, and create darkness ; I make peace and create evil ; I, Jehovah, do all these things : and there is no God else beside me,—a just God and a Saviour.”

But, as I said in beginning this address, the realm of experience is not utterly barren of support for our asserted faith. Indeed, I am confident that there many facts, even in the physical world so full of strife and seeming cursing, and in the sin-burdened world of man, which go far to confirm the hope which England's poet-laureate has sung for us, that, “ good will be the final goal of ill.”

Take, for example, the domain we call Nature. Read with me a chapter from physical science. Do this with the most comprehensive application of its conclusions. Let us ignore, at the outset, the special relation of Nature's course to you or to me as an individual, or to any one person or thing. If we do this, I am persuaded it will gradually become apparent that in Nature there is Power at work whose acts are, at least, not less than what we would call wise and good. We shall see that our own exalted ideals of what are called, progress, order, peace, beauty and duty are actually in process of realization in this domain of which we are part, and which we do not control.

Follow, for example, the line of this planet's development as now traced in the hypothesis most generally accepted by men of science.

The next few pages of the address may be omitted here. They were written in exposition of the Nebular Hypothesis which was foremost, forty years ago, in scientific speculation upon the origin of our planet. The theory of the formation of the world now most widely favored among scientific philosophers differs somewhat, but only in specific detail, from that of Kant, La Place, and Herschel. The omitted pages are not necessary as a support of the argument here under exposition. I resume the address far enough along in its description of the most probable course of planetary evolution, to bring the argument and the story of natural evolution together, fully in harmony with present day scientific speculation.

At length we behold our world emerging from the conflict of the elements a two-fold being ;—a molten globe enclosed in only a less dense liquid sphere. We see the beginnings of earth and atmosphere. The globe itself, more like the white-hot substance of the heart of a volcano, surges under the tempestuous fluid enclosing it. But

inferior, viewed from the human standpoint, as this world is, compared with the firm, cool planet of to-day with its sunlight and soft clear air, has it not gained already what we would call a higher form of existence than it had in the older past? Certainly, to our thought, a change from worse to better has taken place. Of course, as yet no life is there, but a necessary preparation for this higher form of creation has been made.

Coming farther along the series of what we, without question, would call "developments," we behold the world encrusting as it radiates its heat, and the atmosphere growing purer. Within the darkening globe the energy, so fierce in the past, begins to be imprisoned. It bursts its bounds again and again, and pours red floods over the black world, but the thickening crust gradually gains a larger mastery. Hot torrents fall upon a hotter earth, amid perpetual tempests, and are driven off as dense mists into a sky unilluminated except by the ceaseless flashing of lightning. Nevertheless, this elemental tumult is, to our way of thinking, more orderly than the still more disordered past. The forces that work in the planet are growing less violent; the elements out of which the future world is to be formed are becoming more defined. Solid, liquid, and gas begin to have separate and permanent existence. No life is there; but the immediate requisites for life have appeared. Out of the less than perfect old, to speak after human notions, is coming the nearer perfect new.

Ages later, behold our earth. Over it hangs a murky sky, still pouring down a ceaseless rain. By the ancient struggles of the forces within the planet, the solid crust has been broken into great heights and depths; and from the mountains into the valleys rush the boiling torrents of the skies, scouring down the heights and filling the depths. Fierce tornadoes continue to sweep through the air. The atmosphere is heavy with poisonous gases. Earthquakes shake and shatter the deepening crust. But "God's way is in these whirlwinds," floods, and earthquakes. "He makes then all his ministers."

At last, the sun dimly illumines the darkness, and the

troubled world grows more peaceful. Slowly the old fire-rock is ground into mud by the hot rain, and is piled up in regular strata. The cooling waters gradually fill with the lowest forms of life. The ground at length brings forth plants which, absorbing the poisonous gases of the air, fall and decay; and a higher vegetation strikes its roots into the deepening soil.

But what means this work of the countless ages? Is it not what you and I would call a real *progress*? What a paradise is the scene now pictured to us compared with that with which we commenced our reading of this chapter from physical science! Although not one of us, or of our fellow creatures to-day, could for a moment exist in this atmosphere, yet, to judge from human standards, how excellent, how orderly, how peaceful, how beautiful in comparison with the past, is this present.

Passing still onward, behold the forces of the world growing less and less violent. Gradually, dry land appears. The huge reptiles, fierce as the forces out of which they were born, are perishing. The air purifies and cools; the sky brightens. Only now and then, comparatively, do volcanoes pour forth their desolating floods. Not so often as formerly is the terrible thunder heard. With lessening frequency and force the tornado sweeps through the air. Mighty streams, like those indicated by the Colorado canon and the Mississippi bluffs, are flowing. But these streams are insignificant things compared with the floods of the past. The mammalia, the higher animals as we judge them to be, have already appeared.

At length we detect the human form, and discover the presence of the rational creature, man. Man, as we believe, the highest and therefore the last among the world's creatures. Not man, however, as we know him to-day, in the increasing glory of his power and knowledge; but man, surely far exalted above the lower animals, the thinking, inventing, aspiring creature bearing the crown of the earth's life.

How gratifying, after our way of thinking, the scene we now witness; how serene, as we judge, in comparison, has all Nature become! Dry earth, cool seas, pure air,

clear sky, shining sun by day and brilliant moon by night. The tempest how seldom ; the lightning how feeble. In the animal world how few remnants of the monsters of the past ; how prolific of life the earth ; how comparatively secure all creatures. Is it possible that this sunlit, calm earth and sky were once but a tempest of fire, or a molten globe torn by a mightier than volcanic energy ? Yes. Out of the fierce past has come this calm present : out of that lower life has come this higher.

Moreover, all around us to-day the movement of what we call progress continues. Our earth is yet steadily reaching a yet calmer life. The forces of nature work more slowly and less disastrously with the lapse of ages. The earthquake of to-day, however destructive, is but a feeble reminder of a terrific past. The storm of to-day may awe us and devastate our work, but it is nothing compared with the tempests of the primeval world. The violence of nature is disappearing. Out of the conflict of the past the present serenity has come.

I hold, therefore, that, looking in the largest way at the course of Nature, we see the human notions of progress, order, perfection, peace and beauty in some measure manifested in the doings of the Power at work there. By viewing the world as a whole, and in watching its movement along with the lapse of the ages, it is evident that what we call development has been the mark of Nature's course. Order has been coming out of chaos ; beauty out of deformity ; peace out of conflict ; movement towards perfection out of imperfection.

Therefore, in the natural world, considered as a whole, looked at apart from the individual, the effects of what we call Physical Evil tend only to confirm our assertion that the God of Nature has done for Nature that which *at least* equals what man thinks of as good, or, indeed, as best.

But when we turn to Man, is belief in a Divine Providence at least essentially good, or in accord with what you and I think of as good, supported by human experience ?

How is it, for example with Man in his physical relations ?

In thinking over an adequate answer to this question, we should remember that Humanity exists in the midst of, and, to a certain extent, as a part of Nature. Man instinctively longs for, and seeks, well being, order, peace and beauty in his physical relationships. But it is true that these longings are never fully satisfied. Forces operating in the world often work disaster to him. He is continually in peril of cold, of want, of food, of disease, of wounds and death. Yet, at the same time, we should not ignore the fact, already noted, that man's existence is, in a very important sense, a part of the world whose course as we have seen is, in the long run, forward to what in our best judgment we think of as a better and higher future. In this increasing excellence of the world Man, like all other creatures, has a share: in its imperfections, too, of course he naturally has part.

Now, judging by our own standard of right we may ask here," Why should we demand that our ideal of perfection shall be the measure of that which is evidently in a process of making out of imperfection?" Man's ideal is of the world which probably is to be; his experience is of a world in slow advance toward the realization of his ideal. Impelled by his ideal, he inclines to the demand that the end for him shall be reached without his passing over the path necessary to get to that end.

But then, it may be asked, "Why has Man been placed in this world before it is prepared to afford him a perfectly, orderly, happy, peaceful, beautiful life? To this question I can offer no answer, except to say that Man is part of the developing world, actuated by aspiring impulses, and endowed with powers by which to rise with the whole Creation from lower to continually higher, or other, degrees of excellence.

But if we look at Human History with the same large apprehension with which we have looked at the history of the planet, I doubt not we shall find our faith in God tending here, as before, to an abundant confirmation. The past of Human History shows conclusively that, even so far as Man in his physical relations concerned, there has been a constant advance from what we judge to be lower

to higher degrees of life ; and that this advance has been made largely through just this thing we call Physical Evil. Through just this thing which man shrinks from and condemns, is it, that much of what is most excellent for him has been secured. As Mrs. Browning declares,—

“ Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death.”

Through his struggle with the forces and the things of nature, Man has risen from Savageism to Enlightenment ; from ignorance to knowledge. His instinct for self-preservation and his longings for perfection have stimulated him to act ; his powers have been strengthened and made successful by action ; and his successes have given him new longings, new success, and new strength. In this way, as a race, Man has slowly secured prosperity. By his inventive faculty, under the spur of necessity, he has been constantly finding out ways for making the remains of the violence of the ancient ages of less and less disastrous effect. He has made the lightning less dangerous to himself ; he has even been enabled to send it about the earth on his errands. The storm, he can resist more and more successfully by the better houses he learns to build, and the stronger ships he send forth on the sea. Fire and water, he compels to be his swift servants. Disease, teaches him the laws of health. Danger from savage beasts, and like survivals of the old, wild life, gives him skill to hasten their destruction from the face of the earth. Read such books as that of Professor Marsh,—“ The Earth as Modified by Human Action,” and see how marvellously the world has been changed for the better, and Man elevated, by his use of Nature’s forces.

We can say, truly, of the career of Humanity upon the earth, that, in the largest sense,—that is, ignoring the individual,—its “afflictions, which have been for a moment,” have perpetually wrought out for it “an exceeding and lasting weight of glory,” and that “its chastening,” however “grievous” at the present, has afterwards produced “peaceable fruits.”

Surely, considering Humanity as a whole, it is true, as

we have found it true of our planet, that *progress* has been the mark of its movement; order has come out of disorder; peace out of conflict; beauty out of deformity. Through the life of Humanity "an increasing purpose" has run. Man has been constantly bettered in "the process of the sun."

Now, what is true of the Whole is, in all probability, true of the parts which form the whole.

Looking at Nature and Man in wide-reaching perspective, we cannot doubt that their Author and Lord is, *at least*, what we would call wise; and that the Divine Providence is, *at least*, what we would call good and beautiful.

Why, then, can we not trust Him as no less beneficent to every part of these wholes? It does not follow, surely, that the existence and experience of any individual, most insignificant or greatest, is rounded out in any temporary existence, or in any one series of experiences. I doubt not that, could we look at the life of each individual in the like large way with which we have viewed the wholes of Nature and Man; that is, in a considerable number of stages of its existence, we should see what we would at once acknowledge to be, *at least*, a wise, good and beautiful purpose running through it.

God is his own interpreter; and in some nobler stage of existence we may learn how each individual in the physical world moves, through successive forms and modes of existence, only higher and higher; and how each human individual, by his experiences in successive states of existence, is continually lifted upward. God's work moves slowly. A thousand years with him, we are told, are but as one day. Human longing for the perfect consummation may be, indeed, but Divine prophecy and stimulus. Pain may be an agent for pointing the way to health and peace. Adversity may in the long run lead to prosperity. Death may not be the end-all to any individual, but rather, only an event in a ceaseless ascent;—a passing of each being to only another of many stages, in a progress which sweeps onward through a more and more glorious passage of time. Physical Evil may, in fact, be wholly compatible with faith in One who is at least as good as, and even better than, any Human best.

Turning now from the outer to the inner realm ; that is, from the Physical World to that which is distinctively named Spiritual, we ask,—How is the fact of Sin compatible with our asserted Faith in God ?

This question, as you see, carries us into the region of the Human Will ; it brings us face to face with voluntary transgression of acknowledged law. Our question at this point becomes, seemingly, much more difficult of answer than it has been. Yet, I think that, even in this relation, the probabilities are fully as encouraging as those which we have been discovering.

I know that in the reasons which I am about to offer there lies a practical danger. They may appear to weaken the force of moral conviction,—the means through which Sin becomes the dreadful thing that, with a refined, matured moral sensibility, we feel it to be. Nevertheless, because our search is for truth rather than for emotion, let us, even here, seek for the truth, without reference to such possible consequences. We may rest assured that the proper moral sense will be preserved, notwithstanding all our logic, or reasoning.

Let us look, then, directly at the plain facts concerning Man which are involved in this phase of our question.

It is evident, first, that every human being is subjected to myriad impulses, arising out of myriad appetites and desires. It is also evident that, being moved by these natural impulses, the man acts. If he is hungry, or cold, or in danger, or is suffering pain, he instinctively seeks relief. He aims naturally at self preservation.

But, in addition to what he does in obedience to his natural impulses, every normally organized man is so constituted that he passes judgment upon his impulses. He decides that some of them ought to be obeyed, and that others ought not to be obeyed. This function of his nature makes him what is called the Moral creature. Let the motive for such judgment be what it may : let it be pleasure, or utility ; or the prompting of ideas of truth, of beauty, of good apart from any consideration of mere pleasure or use, man nevertheless acts as judge of his impulses and deeds.

But again, one of the commonest facts of our experience is that every man and woman often obeys impulses which, as their judge, either at the time of the act, or after it, he is sure he ought not to have obeyed. In this disobedience to recognised duty, it is, that what is called Sin takes place.

Now, it is because men so often disobey recognised duty that when we advocate the faith that God is at least as good as, or better than, our best we are prompted to ask the perplexing question, "Why is it that in the domain of Being such as we idealize God to be, there exists a creature so formed that he can, and does, do that which he judges he ought not to do? Why has not God, if He is what we believe Him to be, made Man with only such impulses as he ought to obey; or why has He not made him so that he will follow always only those appetites and desires which the moral sense impels him to judge to be right? Why, in short, if God is what our faith teaches about Him, has He not made it impossible for man to sin?"

I know, of course, it would be folly for one to assume that he could remove the difficulties which are in the way to the answers to these questions. The most, therefore, I can hope to do is to continue in the direction in which we have been going; and to point to certain facts in the inner life whose tendency is, after all, to confirm the faith in God to which the laws of matured reasoning lead. I can, at the most, hope that it may become probable from closer examination of our life within, that the fact of Moral Evil is in the human world while, at the same time, the God, who must be man's Source and Disposer is, nevertheless, at least "a just God and a Saviour." Continuing, therefore, in the way in which we have been following our thought, we must still regard Man as an incomplete being, dwelling in the midst of, and as part of, an imperfect world; but also as advanceing with the world in its progress from lower to higher degrees of development.

Look, therefore, more carefully at just what Man is. A man is not only the culmination and crown, thus far, of the manifold life of the world; he is not only the last of a long series of beings rising from the lowest forms of life towards himself; but he is, also, in a very important sense,

an epitome, or summing up, in himself of what is below him. His body is composed of matter; with material forces, such as gravitation, cohesion, chemical activity and the like at work in him. The lower vital activities, also, are operative in him. And, in large measure, he is nothing more than a highly organised animal. He exists at the head of this world's creatures, being in miniature the great world itself. Rock substance, earths, metals, chemical-activity, plant-life, animal-energy,—all these things go to make up the physical man. Man has been well called the *microcosm*, or the “little universe.”

A further important fact, however, concerning man is this: he is not only the head of the earth's beings, and an epitome of the creation under him; but he is, actually, a practically *new entity* in the world of life. As Man, a man is a self-conscious spirit superimposed upon the world's rising series of lower beings. That is, a man is what we may call a *spirit*, who, under the stimulus of ideals, is endeavoring to bring under his own control the myriad collection, or combination, of forces and impulses constituent in the organization of which he is head.

It is in understanding this complexity of life; in interpreting the relation of the self-conscious spirit to the lower forms of being with which the spirit is organically associated, that we are to find, if anywhere, the further facts which go to confirm our faith in God.

In the human being there is a multitude of forces, each one of them, as it were, asserting itself; while associated with them is the self-conscious spirit directed by its own energy and aims. Should it occur that any impulse active in this complex life is ever strong enough to lead to an act that is contrary to the judgment of the *man*, that is, of the human spirit active as *conscience*, then that which we call *sin* takes place.

Here is the source from which issues what is called moral evil with the consciousness of guilt. Hence, flows the stream which, to our sight, often carries the man downward into degradation and seeming ruin. As Paul declared in the seventh chapter of the *Epistle to the Romans*,—which has been called “The Miserere of the

New Testament,"—"I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not. The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin and death which is in my members."

In reality, then, Sin appears to be an effect of a struggle between superior spirit forces and associated inferior factors that exist in the human creature, who is incomplete, and who is part of the Creation which, as a whole, is rising from a low past to a more exalted future. Were a man a wholly free spirit, he would never sin; just as were he only a creature of matter, or were he merely an animal, he could not sin. It is because, in the complex creature called Man, that which is distinctively *the man*,—the conscious spirit possessed of ideals of beauty, of truth and of goodness,—is placed at the head of an organism of physical and animal forces demanding that they shall conform to its requirements, that sin is possible; and it is because of the, as yet, incomplete supremacy of the spirit in its relation to these forces, that sin actually takes place.

We discover here the sublime facts which, I have come to believe, support the Faith of which I have been speaking. Whatever happens, the normal man, as self-conscious spirit, never wholly omits to demand, either vainly or successfully, that his own ideals shall be served. Through his conscience to the degree of its development the sane man insists, no matter how often he fails,—no matter how much bound by lower forces,—that his whole being shall be raised to higher and higher levels; and that the inferior forces with which he is organically associated, be brought into subjection to his own purposes.

Moreover Human History shows, when looked at in the largest way,—that is as a Whole,—that the human spirit has been surely, though, slowly gaining the mastery of the lower life with which it is co-organized. Looked at apart from any individual experience, it is clearly disclosed that spiritually

mankind have been slowly rising with the passing of the centuries.

As a race, Man has left the savage life behind him. As a race, I am sure that man is today more unselfish, less revengeful, purer, better in every way, more conformed to his ideals of right, of justice, of holiness and of love, than ever before. The very fact that we are able now to look upon the human world as exceedingly wicked ; the very ability mankind have gained to detect sin in more and more forms, has not arisen from any actual increase in human wickedness, but from Man's elevation to a moral level higher than he has ever before attained. It is where the moral sense is most aroused that the consciousness of sin is quickest and most real. It is where self-consciousness is fullest and the vision of perfection clearest that the sense of duty is most stern, and the evidences of disobedience of moral law most plentiful. It is not because men are worse, but because moral perception is stronger, that there is so much evil visible among the mankind of to-day. King David, for instance, was thought to be a man wholly after Jehovah's own heart. But such judgment was possible only so long as spiritual perception could not detect the enormity of theft, of murder, of adultery, and of idolatry. To-day, when David's life is thought of under the Christian ideal of the "Father in Heaven," how unlike a servant of the truer Deity the great King of the Jews becomes. We can confidently say that Man, as a race, has been growing sublimely in real righteousness.

Just as in the realm of Nature, we saw that, through its violent course, order has been coming out of chaos ; peace out of conflict ; approach towards perfection out of imperfection : and just as, in the physical relations of Man, it is evident that the race has been rising, through its struggles with the things and forces of Nature, to higher and higher levels of power and knowledge ; so is it plain that in the inner human world, through the evolution of the spirit over the lower life associated with it, Humanity has been surely "dying unto sin and living unto righteousness."

We may, therefore, reasonably ask, as I have asked before. Is it not probable that what is true of the whole is also, in some way, true of every part? We all do wrong: we all commit sin. Comparing ourselves, as we know we are, with what we know we ought to be, none of us can claim to be righteous. Again and again we violate our sense of duty, and are compelled to bear the burden of conscious guilt, and even to suffer the pangs of remorse. But while, in ourselves and everywhere among men, moral evil is present, shall we not, nevertheless comfort ourselves with the hope,—yes,—the trust, that somehow, for each one, even this thing will in the long run minister to a final good? Is it not probable that Moral Evil as well as Physical Ill is really compatible with the faith that the God of all is *at least* better than our own best?

I leave our main question now; but, in doing this, I wish to put some other questions in its place. Perhaps asking these questions will do more towards solving satisfactorily the Problem we have been facing than all else I have tried to say.

From where, and from whom, I ask, has come to us the power to make the perplexing inquiries we have had before us? How is it that you and I have any sense at all of a possible incompatibility between our logical Faith and our experience? It is to me evident, that were we not the creatures of One who is at least as good as, or better than, ourselves, there would no more be any sense of sin in us; of any struggle towards goodness; than there was in those great reptiles which raged through the seas of the primeval world.

Must we not say that it is from God, our Creator and the Mover of our essential Life, that this ability and impulse to ask and to aspire have come? If God is the source of our power to know good and evil; the source, too, of all that is noblest in us; how dare we say, however great may be the mystery of Evil as existent in his Universe, that He is not at least far better than ourselves?

Let us, therefore, humbly look upon the great Mystery confronting us, as involved in what must be a perfect

Providence ; trusting that sometime and somehow the mystery will be made plain. Our work now is to do our known duty ; to struggle to become complete masters of our complex inner life ; and to use the things and happenings of the world without, as aids in our advance towards the realization of our sublimest ideals ;—ideals which, without question we may be sure, are always immeasurably inferior to the Reality that God is forever making perfect in the Universe he has created.

To this height had I been borne, intellectually and emotionally ; guided by my maturing information, philosophic reflection, and by what I think of as spiritual “intuition.” My personal Faith had attained at that time to this consummate expression ; and there, ever since, it has remained, steadfast and content.

I am inclined to associate immediately, with these two personally significant addresses, the lecture with which I closed a series of lectures delivered before the students and friends of the University of Minnesota in the late winter of 1886-1887. That closing venture was an attempt to obtain an adequate philosophic sanction for the “Belief in God” that I had set forth in the Philadelphia Conference address. Probably, however, my purpose will be just as well served to leave the lecture to appear in its place as part of the University Course, to be reproduced later among these “Memorials.”

It can be read there by any friend who may be enough interested in this profound theme to care for my most mature endeavor to clear away its difficulties, and to make surer man’s culminating gain in Faith.

The title chosen for the lecture, “Apprehension and Real Worth of the Principle of Philosophy,” as well as the

discussion supporting it, is rather technical and abstruse, but I am confident that the process of reasoning followed in it leads to the discovery of the most valuable acquisition thus far made possible to Man in his search for Ultimate Certainty. I believe, consequently, that the culmination of the argument there elaborated is well worth the patient and earnest reflection of all who read these pages.

A thoroughly practical application of what I regard as the greatest and most momentous of the "Ultimate Certainties" in man's possession, I have embodied in a volume which was published as a birth-day souvenir in 1913, under the title "The Faith of the Incarnation : Historic and Ideal."

In the supreme consciousness ascribed to Jesus of Nazareth, as it has been evolved in historic Christianity, I feel confident, we discern the increasing inworking in the manifold life of Mankind of just this consummate "Faith in God : " in " the God who is essentially inclusive of, and immanent in the Universe ;—its Source, Power, Life, Providence and End."

II

MID=LIFE MEMORABILIA

1875=1889

MEMORIAL HYMN.

Eternal Being ! Source of all, and Lord !
Humbly we bow beneath thy sovereign sway;
Both joy and woe at thy resistless word,
Brighten and cloud each creature's fleeting day.

But not to us, O God, is now this faith
Fraught with the doubt and fear our fathers saw ;
We follow one who, from thy Spirit's breath,
Caught the glad message, " Love works through my Law."

He, like thy Christ, thy name, the Father, found ;
He, like thy Christ, in man thy child discerned ;
Wide as the world, he saw thy Grace abound ;
Saw, and to men with eager spirit turned.

Prophet of Grace, of human dignity ;
Truth's bold evangel ; foe to every wrong ;
Brave by thy might to set the bondman free ;
Girt with a power to make the freeman strong !

Father, may we, with like devoted zeal,
Live for the faith that Law Divine is just ;
Strive for the life that aims at human weal ;
Hasten Christ's day of perfect love and trust.

"DR. CHANNING CENTENARY."

Washington, D.C., 1880.

PART TWO

MID-LIFE MEMORABILIA

CHAPTER FIRST

OF THE WASHINGTON MINISTRY.

After returning from Germany in 1875, I was unable for a year, because of certain private obligations, to seek a pastorate. But in the winter of 1876, I was one of the ministers asked to preach for the "First Unitarian Church" in Washington, D.C. Early in the next year, Feb. 9th, 1877, I was invited to a temporary occupancy of the pulpit of that Church. The Washington Unitarian Society was, at the time, entering upon one of the most interesting, probably the most important, of the eras in its history.

a. The First Unitarian Church of Washington, D.C.— For more than fifty years this Church had had place in the national Capital, and had borne witness there to a rational Christian faith. It had been subjected inevitably to many hardships, and had passed, with varying degrees of success, through many vicissitudes. After the Civil War, however, when the renewed national prosperity began to affect Washington City,—evident in an extraordinary increase of its population and of its social importance in relation to the whole country,—the desire arose among the Unitarian

Churches, generally, to have a representative denominational Society in the "Federal City."

This desire became so strong that in the National Unitarian Conference, held at Saratoga, N.Y. in the autumn of 1876, a resolution was passed that made the wish practicable. The Churches there represented promised to give \$30,000 towards the erection of a suitable Church building in Washington, "on condition that a like sum should be furnished by the local church, and the building finished and dedicated free of debt."

Happily, at the time when I was invited to a temporary ministry of the Church, the prospect for a successful answer to the proposition of the Conference was almost clear. In those days the Society occupied the old Church building, on the corner of Sixth and D streets. This building had been the Church home from the year 1822. But, located where it was, it had become widely separated from the residence regions of the city as they were gradually moved Northwestward. For this reason, somewhat, there was a decreased attendance at the Sunday services. A more serious obstacle to the Society's prosperity had been occasioned because of lamentable dissensions arising at the approach of the recent Civil War. Thereby, some members of the Society had been alienated from one another and the Church attendance lessened. Then, there were some other, minor, causes of division which later had been seriously felt.

a. Beginning of my Washington Ministry.—When I went to Washington there was a devoted, but small, body of regular attendants at the Church. In the community, however, a considerable number of persons who had once been either active members of the Society, or its friends,

were then holding themselves aloof. When I took up my work the Sunday morning congregations numbered towards sixty persons; the attendance in the evenings was not much more than half that number. Besides, in the Society there were no active sub-organizations as, for instance, for charity, for education or for literary entertainment. The Society had ceased to have an effective organization except as it was a legal institution operative through a "Board of Trustees."

But there was, as I have said, a small and devoted group of persons maintaining the Church. And these people were feeling very hopeful of the near future, because of their well grounded expectation that a new building, well located, would be secured for them soon; and that, with a stable, careful ministry, probably the alienations roused in the past would disappear,—by-gones would become by-gones;—and that then, all together, with a rallying of new friends, might realize somewhat worthily the high ideals of a Liberal Christian Church.

As it happened, this expectation was met most cheerily. Already in April, largely increased congregations were gathering weekly; and we had become confident that the share of the building fund required of the Washington Society would be secured.

On April 26th, in company with Mr. Henry A. Willard, Chairman of the Board of Trustees and other members of the Board, I was honored with the privilege of turning over the *first spadeful of earth* in our newly purchased building lot, at Fourteenth and L streets, in preparation for the foundations of the Church to be. Mr. Willard, to whose tireless energy and resourcefulness, the excellent progress made for the new enterprize was in largest part

due, together with the other officials present, took part, in this memorable act.

A month later, May 21st, we *bade good-bye to the D Street Church*, and, pending the construction of the new building, held our services in the Hall just back of the old Willard Hotel. Our congregations there were generally upwards of three hundred ; often larger than the Hall could seat.

b. Corner Stone for All Souls Church laid.—Just a month afterwards, on June 27th, with an elaborate ceremony, in which more than seven hundred persons took part, the corner-stone of our new Church was laid. Here is one of several newspaper accounts of the ceremony.

“The ceremony laying of the corner stone for the new Unitarian Church, which was to have taken place at 6.30 last evening, was somewhat delayed by the slight thunder shower that came up about that time. This church, the foundation of which has just been laid, is situated at the corner of 14th and L streets. It is to be of the Renaissance style, and the plan much resembles that of the Church of the Ascension. It is to be known as “All Souls Church.” The arrangements which had been made for the reception and seating of spectators were admirable. At about 7 o’clock a portion of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the District, who were to perform the ceremony of adjusting the corner stone, arrived on the ground, preceded by a detachment of the Marine Band.

The ceremonies were begun with an eloquent invocation from Rev. Mr. Weld, of Baltimore, who asked the blessing of God upon their projected undertaking, alluding to the bow of promise which spanned the heavens as an indication of prosperity. The list of articles put in a box to be deposited in the stone was then read, as follows :—list of contributors to the new church building, roll of church members, constitution and declaration of principles, valedictory sermon in the old church, newspapers of the city, “*Christian Register*” and “*Inquirer*,” coins of this year, roll of officiat-

ing Masons, programme of ceremonies, "The Unitarian Year Book," officers of the church, annual report of the American Unitarian Association, list of pew and seat holders of "All Souls Church," proceedings of the Grand Lodge of 1876, Masonic calendar for 1876-7, organization of the Grand Lodge for 1877.

The box was then placed in the corner-stone. The ceremony of applying the plumb, the level and the square, was then performed by officers of the Grand Lodge designated by the Grand Master, E. G. Davis; after which, corn, wine, and oil were poured upon the stone as emblematic of plenty, prosperity and peace. The covering stone was then placed.

Rev. Clay MacCauley delivered a stirring address, after which, Prof. Petrola, the renowned cornetist, rendered an exquisite solo, during which a collection was taken up.

"The Corner-Stone Hymn," written by Mr. MacCauley, was then sung by the audience; following which was the benediction. Numerous letters had been received, expressing the kindest wishes for the new church. The church when completed will be one of the handsomest in the city."

CORNER-STONE HYMN.

O Thou all Holy One !
Our temple's corner-stone,
To Thee we lay.
Infinite Holiness !
Do Thou our offering bless,
Seal it with righteousness,
We humbly pray.

Take Thou the house we raise,
Make it thy dwelling-place.
O Lord, our God !
That Thee all souls may know ;
That all thy life may show ;
That Christ in all may grow ;
Be this abode.

Come then, Thou Holy One !
Though heaven be thy throne
Here dwell and reign.
Make, by thy pure decree,
This temple worthy Thee ;
Thine shall be the glory be,
Ever. AMEN !

c. Organization of All Souls Church.—One of the most noticeable statements in the account of the laying of the corner-stone is the new name under which the old "First Unitarian Church" appears ;—"All Souls Church."

Soon after I had begun a supply of the Washington pulpit I believed that it would be well, all things considered, for the church to make a new departure, because of the very important new conditions surrounding the revived and rapidly growing Society. I consulted with the Board of Trustees, laying before them details of a proposed reorganization. I had prepared a constitution radically changing the old constitution, yet keeping it still under the provisions of the legal statutes of the District of Columbia ; also, I had formulated a "Declaration of Unitarian Principles," associating with it a "Bond of Union" for the Church membership ; further, I had proposed a systematized grouping of sub-societies which should have in charge the varied interests that belong to the work of a modern Church. I recommended, finally, to signalize markedly its mission in the city, that the Church should be named "The Church of All Souls," or "All Souls' Church." The Board of Trustees, which at that time was practically in control of the affairs of the Church, accepted the new name unanimously, and gave me *carte blanche* for the definite working out of the articles of the

reorganization. They gave me, also, legal counsel for the exact conformation of the old "Articles of Incorporation" to the needs of the new plan of church administration.

On June 4th, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, the new constitution was accepted, and steps were taken to give it legal authority. The members of the Society, assembled at the time, also cordially accepting the "Declaration of Principles," the "Board of Union," and the detailed articles of organization.

d.—Election to the Pastorate of All Souls Church. In that month, the time had come for the choice of a minister, to be installed as the permanent minister of the reorganized Church. I was informed that, in all probability, I would be invited to the office. Naturally, I felt much gratified at the prospect of being asked to become minister in this very important pulpit; but, also, I felt much hesitation about under taking the onerous work which I had learned would await whomever would be chosen.

On June 24th the Society met. At that meeting I received just three-fourths of the eighty votes of the ballot held for the choice of a pastor. Why the opposition votes were cast, I was not told; but I was at once assured, that the opposition was not personal; that it was either the effect of the long standing division in the Society, or of a misunderstanding of the new constitution, or of some other impersonal cause. For whatever reason, however, the meeting was adjourned for a week with the announcement that then another vote would be asked for.

But the fact of the minority vote against me in that first balloting increased my disinclination to assume the important office. Consequently, I wrote on June 29th to the Board of Trustees, requesting that my name be not

considered in connection with the permanent pastorate. The following letter came the next day as its answer.

ALL SOULS CHURCH,
Washington, D.C.,

DEAR SIR, June 30. 1877.

I am directed by the Board of Trustees to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 29th inst, asking that your name be withdrawn from the balloting on Sunday next, and to say that your letter received earnest and careful consideration from each and every member of the Board, and that with one voice they have decided that the interests of the Society, as well as justice to yourself, require that your request shall not be acceded to.

The Board are moved to this conclusion in view of the past history of the Society, and its present condition and prospects.

They are unanimous in their feeling that the presence and co-operation of a pastor in the work of the Society are essential to its success; and while they recognize the fact that a great work has been done during the past two years without a regular pastor, they feel that much more could and would have been accomplished under the leadership of a pastor around whom the people could rally, and who could lead them forward to greater work and wider fields of effort. Entertaining these views, in common with many of the people, they have been anxiously looking for the time when a selection could be made which could give promise of that career of prosperity and usefulness for the Society so earnestly desired by all its friends and supporters.

The Board are unanimous in feeling that the time has arrived; and they are not only unanimous in the feeling themselves, but they feel confident they but give expression to the feeling of almost the entire membership when they say they believe you are the person who should occupy the relation of pastor to this people.

You came among us at our call to supply the pulpit

for a limited time. Known to scarcely any of our people you entered upon the work in the midst of our efforts to build a more suitable place of worship; and from that moment to the present all are witnesses of your hearty, earnest, and intelligent co-operation in our work to secure that result, as well as of your great work in giving to us a form of organization under which almost the entire Society feel we are destined to go forward to greater usefulness in this city.

Most of our people feel that the want of organization, the want of some definite expression of the views generally held by Unitarianns, and so admirably stated in the "Bond of Union and Declaration of Principles" prepared by you and adopted unanimously by our Society, has been our source of our weakness.

Thanks to you, that cause has now been effectually removed, and we stand before this people with a statement so clear and true that it cannot but command the respect and admiration of liberal minded people everywhere.

Added to all the work you have done in the Society at large in going among the people; the many ways in which you have rendered valuable aid to the Committee, in all which you have gained our affection; comes the good word from the Secretary of the A.U.A., and through him from others among whom you have labored, of your successful efforts in the past,—words, too, which do but strengthen the affection we have for you personally, and our belief that under your leadership the influence of All Souls Church will be felt for good through all this community.

The Board appreciate the delicate feeling which prompted the letter addressed to them, and admire you the more for the spirit manifested in every line; a spirit so forgetful of self, and so full of interest in the welfare of the Society; a spirit, too, which they firmly believe if consecrated to the work here will redound to the glory of our cause.

In view, therefore, of what has been stated; in view, too, of the disorganized condition which must necessarily follow a failure to extend a call at this time, the Board

most respectfully insist on presenting your name to the Society on Sunday next.

Very respectfully

W. P. DUNWOODY,

Secretary.

Rev. CLAY MACCAULEY,

Present.

On July 1st, the adjourned meeting of the Society was held with a largely increased attendance. A unanimous invitation was then extended to me to become the pastor of the Church,

In the next issue of New York *Inquirer* appeared this comment on the action of the Church:—

“Not long ago the Society was reorganized. There is now both unity and definiteness in its organization. It has adopted as a Bond of Union, a simple acknowledgment of ‘discipleship to Jesus Christ and of desire for sympathy and co-operation in the study and practice of the Christian religion.’ It has brought into organic connection with the whole body, its Sunday School, its Sewing Society, a Parish Union, etc. It has also put forth, as the general voice of the Society, not as a condition of fellowship however, a Declaration of Principles, showing why Unitarians as individuals are professedly Christian; why, as a Church, they decline to unite in any further confession of faith; and yet how, as it is generally understood, Unitarianism is a protest against the creeds known as ‘Orthodox.’ These and other reasons make the people feel here that what was like a sand-heap has become an organism for which there is to be growth and, they hope, great usefulness hereafter, here and afar.

With unusual unanimity, too, they have decided whom they will have as their pastor. Last Sunday they gave Rev. Clay MacCauley a unanimous call to their pastorate.”

In August, I accepted this call; to continue my ministry from the second Sunday in September.

At the time appointed for the dedication of the new Church building at the end of the next January, I was to be installed the pastor of the Society, charged with the great responsibility of guiding it in its new era.

e. Dedication of All Souls Church, and my Installation as its Pastor.—A great deal of newspaper notice was given to the manifold exercises of that important mid-winter week. There were not only the "Dedication" and the "Installation" ceremonies, but, some very interesting sessions of a Conference of more than a hundred delegates sent from distant Unitarian Churches; and also a memorable Social Festival with which the exercises closed.

All Souls Church was dedicated on January 29th, 1878. Rev. R. R. Shippen, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, opened the services. I conducted the formal "Dedication of the Church;" reading, with the Congregation, a special "Dedicatory Service" which I had been asked to prepare. A "Hymn of Dedication," written by Mr. H. E. Woodbury a member of the parish, was sung; and Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis of the Boston First Church, offered the "Dedicatory Prayer." After the singing of the *Te Deum*, the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows of All Souls Church, New York, preached the "Dedicatory Sermon." The closing "Prayer" was offered by the Rev. Fielder Israel of Salem, Massachusetts.

The Conference of the next day was presided over by Major General Ambrose E. Burnside, at which time Rev. Dr. Farley of Brooklyn N. Y., gave some interesting reminiscences of the old "First Unitarian Church" of Washington; and the Rev. James De Normandie of Portsmouth, N. H., read a suggestive essay on "The True Idea of the American Church."

That evening, January 30th, the "Installation" of the Pastor elect was made, with the following ceremony.

Introductory Service, by Revs. C. R. Weld, of Baltimore, and Joseph May, of Philadelphia.

Sermon, by Rev. J. F. W. Ware, of Boston, on the text "I live by the Faith of the Son of God."

Installing Prayer, by Rev. C. A. Staples, of Providence.

Charge to Pastor by Rev. E. H. Hall, of Boston.

Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. R. R. Shippen, of Boston.

Address to the People, by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, of Concord, Mass.

Prayer, by A. M. Knapp of Bangor.

Benediction, by the Pastor.

I recall these exercises and the names of those who participated in them, chiefly as a personally gratifying memory of the culmination of the ministry, which, for the preceding year, I had given to this Church.

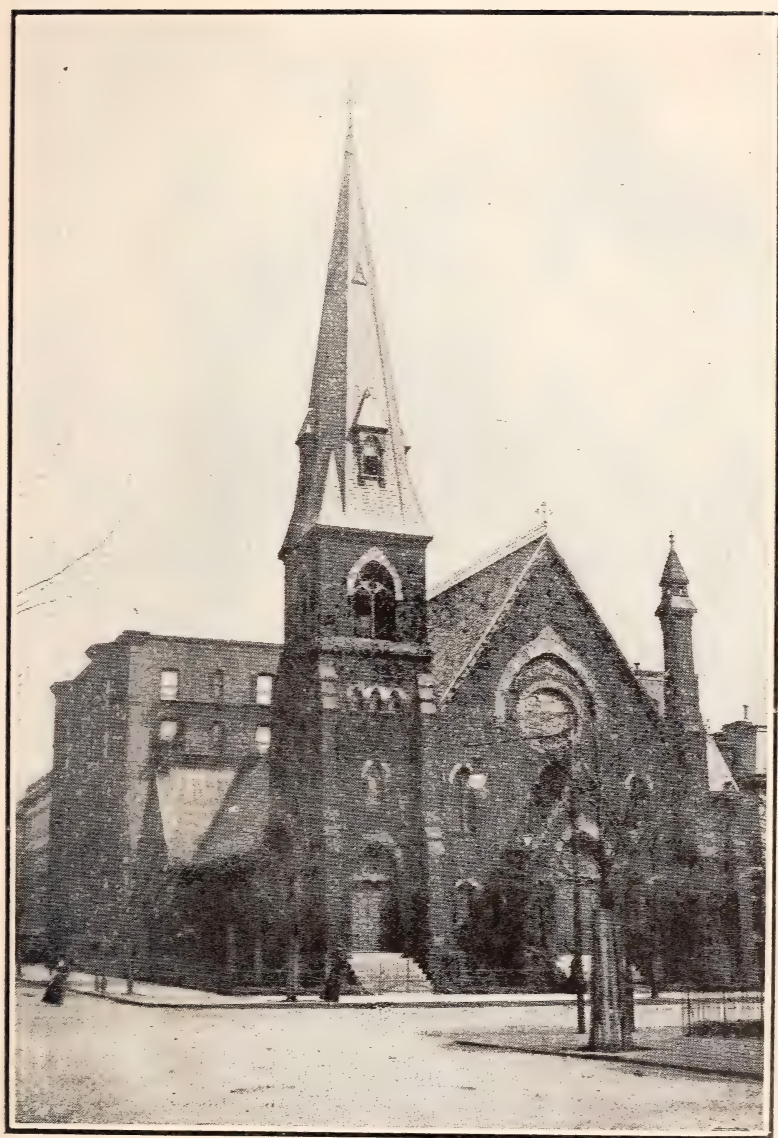
I.

SERMON AT LEAVING THE OLD CHURCH FOR THE NEW.

The chief "Memorial" of the preceding temporary ministry which I wish to associate with these "Memories," is the sermon which I preached when the Society left the old Church building, May 27th, 1877. I wished to commemorate the closing of the historic doors with an address in which we all might fittingly remember by-gone days, and yet hopefully look towards the future. The congregation, then gathered, filled the old sanctuary. The theme I chose, and what I said concerning it, were as follows:—

LIFE'S PROGRESS FROM FORM TO FORM.

The Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land;" and there he builded an altar unto the Lord. And he removed from



ALL SOULS CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D.C.
DEDICATED JANUARY 29TH, 1878

thence unto a mountain, on the east of Bethel, and there he builded an altar unto the Lord.—Gen. xii, 7-8.

There float in the summer seas of the tropics myriads of beautiful creatures called the nautilus. A few years ago, while dreaming away a delicious day on the Gulf of Mexico. I spent hours in watching a fleet of these lovely ships of pearl, their filmy sails spread to the soft breeze and shining in the sunlight. As I looked at the exquisite things there came to my thoughts the little poem Dr. Holmes once wrote near an empty shell of one of these wanderers of the sea :

"Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea.

* * * * *

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

To-day this song rises again in my thoughts.

How well did the poet interpret life! By a very necessity life has no abiding form. Itself is permanent, but moment by moment, a restless workman, it is shaping some new abode, which, at length, it enters, and where it knows the old no more.

Think how this marvellous bodily life of ours changes. You who have reached the maturity of your physical development, contrast your present bodies with the helpless forms you see in mothers' arms. Compare your present physical vigor with that you possessed in childhood, when the distances now so easily traversed by you were passed over with great difficulty; when the weights now so light

to your hands were too heavy for you to lift ; when the deeds you now accomplish with ease were impossible to your childish powers. Compare your physical manhood with your youth, and observe what countless differences there are between you, as the man or woman of to-day, and as the boy or girl of years ago. What ceaseless workers have you been through this score or more of years ! Over and over again have you shaped your bodies anew. As a babe, none of you could remain ; as such you must perish, that, as the child, you could come into being. It was but a few days ago I heard a mother lament, that the baby look had faded from her child's face, and that the new look of the little girl had come. And as the child, you, the ceaseless laborer, could not let your body remain. With the passing of the years, you wrought maturer physical forms for yourself. Now, you are a full-grown man or woman. But, even as such, you cannot continue. Every moment the work of change proceeds. Soon, an older face will take the place of the one you now bear, and at length the cycle of forms possible for you in the present life will have been passed through, and you will leave this world for a new realm of existence. The physical forms of infancy, childhood, and youth are behind you ; now, you labor to reach bodily shapes as yet unattained, and so will you labor until your earthly existence ceases.

Mentally, too, what a varied series of shapes our life takes. "When I was a child," said the Apostle, "I thought as a child, I understood as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." It is so with the mental life of us all. None of you, who now sit here in the strength of mature intellect, could be content with the things in which your mind took pleasure years ago. Pleased with toys in childhood, you demand higher delights now. The little fancies which then excited you, the reasons which then satisfied your questionings, the judgments you then made upon the problems presented to your thoughts, were far different from what you require to-day. Why this change ? Simply because of the restless worker you are. As you impel your body from one form to another, so have you pushed forward your mind. Your eager thought

has taken, successively, this and that form, until you have passed from a feeblest consciousness of self and things about you to the stronger and clearer self-recognition and knowledge of to-day. Intellectually, you cannot rest. Your mental life is perpetually changing. You produce a form of thought, use it, and then, therefrom, produce another form, from which, in its turn, you must pass to a yet higher degree of development. I saw a plant, some years ago, which was but a series of leaves suspended from a library wall. Each successive leaf had taken its birth from a previous leaf, and sustained its life, largely, by the death of the leaf out of which it grew. The latest-born leaf only was green and living. Behind it were but the shrivelled forms of what had once been leaves as green and living as itself. Soon this outermost leaf must, in its turn, give birth to another, and gradually die that the new leaf should grace the air. Has not your mental life been but a succession of states proceeding from the ignorance of infancy to your present maturer knowledge? Your thoughts of to-day have come out of the thoughts of the past. Your present aspirations exist because you have transcended the longings of childhood. Nor will you rest in any form your intellectual life has taken. What you are now, mentally, will perish that you may become that which is yet better.

And what is true of us as individuals is true of us as a race. Physically, we have become what we are through a constant transition, with the lapse of ages, from bodies, we know not how low in the scale of organization, to those of the excellence in which we now rejoice. And, as we see, there lie scattered along the centuries countless worn-out shapes through which our thought also has come. In language are traceable the shapes the human mind in its beginnings took. The carved walls of ancient cities and the lettering of old manuscripts tell us of modes of thought deserted now forever. The busy mind of man has been perpetually building anew for itself, and perpetually leaving the past for a larger future. It has, without cessation, been creating new forms, and forever deserting those which were old that it might enjoy the new.

We need not seek farther to illustrate our truth. It is a law of life, that it may not rest at any moment or anywhere : that it shall express itself in forms which constantly pass away that new forms may take their places. Life is the real Proteus. The inner force persists, but the shapes it takes are perpetually coming and going.

Yet, while this is all true, and while it is our duty to recognize this clearly as the way by which all progress is made ; while we should see in this change from old to new the sure ground of hope that the world is to pass from lower to higher, from imperfection to perfection, nevertheless, wherein the law directly affects us, we cannot help having a sense of sorrow with the inevitable changes we make. It is seldom that we can leave any past, and what we possessed there, without feeling that we lose what we would keep. However bright a future may be, however rich in promise any new form we have made may seem, we almost invariably turn with regret from the old. Only, when in the past and our dwelling there, we have known nothing but shame and pain, do we gladly forget the things which are behind and press forward. Mr. Emerson but expresses universal experience when he says that "the past is enshrined in beauty." For every people, there is no period so glorious as "the Golden Ages" which have perished. To every nation, there are no heroes so brave, so grand as those of the days of the fathers. The nautilus may "stretch in his last-found home, and," without a pang "know the old no more." The butterfly may desert its chrysalis, and, with thoughtless spirit, spread its wings in the sunshine. But the self-conscious, loving soul of man, in its progress from form to form, though it may welcome the new, still clings to that which is passing away. There is a touch of nature which makes the whole human world kin, in the picture which shows us a strong youth leaving fatherland to seek a prosperous home in a distant country, but who, notwithstanding the hopes which fill his thoughts, is casting a long look at the receding shore. And how often, even in the midst of a later prosperity, does the dear old place one left in youth come up, with brightened beauty, in memory !

How priceless is the worth of many things long after they have ceased to be anything but relics! Why should the Old State House of Boston still stand? It blocks the streets of that busy city; its architecture has no beauty; there is another State House on the top of Beacon Hill, an imposing structure, and well adapted to the present needs of the great Commonwealth. Ah! it is the demand of the patriot heart which keeps that old building at the head of State Street. There, were witnessed some of the struggles in the defence of Liberty in America. Those struggles are over now. American Liberty has, now, hosts of proud defenders. We no longer need Boston's Old State House. Nor do we longer need Mount Vernon mansion, and many other old buildings we preserve with sacred care. But the outworn shells are dear to us, nevertheless.

Man instinctively bears love to the past, and cherishes the things of the past long after they have had their day and ceased to be embodiments of living forces.

It is not only true, then, that it is a law of life that it must express itself in forms which are forever passing away, that new forms may take their places, but it is also true that, for man, the transition from one form to another is almost invariably accompanied by regret at the change, and a tender memory of the old forms long after their usefulness has passed.

Dear friends, my thoughts naturally found this expression when I asked myself what I should say to you this morning upon the subject in the minds of us all.

We have felt for a long time that, for the future welfare of this Society, a better house of worship is needed than the one in which for the last half century the Society has dwelt. This necessity is but the effect of the working of the law I have sought to illustrate in our sermon. We are at last impelled to "leave our low-vaulted past," to enter a new abode in which we may more worthily express the great purpose which has brought this Society into being, and where we may become yet more than we have been, a source of blessing to this community. The doors through which we entered this place are about to be closed and idle to us. We are to enter a new-found home, and "know

the old no more." Naturally, we look into the larger future with bright hopes and with strong resolves. We see before us a life by which we hope to be able to do far more than we ever have done, to make pure Christianity a power for emancipating thought, and inspiring holiness and love in our fellow-beings. God grant that we may be truly worthy our new opportunity; that we may nobly lead whither we would have others go.

But, hopeful as we are, glad as we are to enter the larger, brighter future, it is with saddened thoughts we leave this place, hallowed, as it is, by many years of joy and sorrow, failure and triumph. Here, more than fifty years ago, brave men and women, whose names are enshrined in our memories, felt, as did Abram, that the promise was to them and to their children; and here, with earnest prayer, they "builded this altar unto the Lord." Here they worshipped, and at length, one after another, answered the summons which called them from earth. Here their children grew up, many of them walking in their parents' ways, some of them yet among us, loved and revered by us all, as they are passing on into old age. Here the children's children, too, have worshipped; and here, only last Sunday, before this consecrated altar, we placed the sign of Christian Baptism upon some fresh, pure souls who will, I pray, remember, in after years, the tender grace of that day. Sacred associations have gathered about this place, and we cannot leave it without sorrow.

The good which this church has accomplished here and afar we cannot estimate. Notwithstanding the difficulties which have been here met from time; in spite of the hindrances within and without, which have opposed the free course of the faith here professed; I doubt not that this place has been a source of true Christian blessing to this community, and to regions far beyond it. In large measure I believe it has been true, as was hoped by the members of this church in an address sent to friends in New England fifty-four years ago it would be, that "Washington should become a radiant point from which the light of pure

religion might be thrown upon the high places of our whole country."

Standing now on the threshold of our old dwelling-place it would be most fitting for me, before we close these doors, to review the whole half century of our life. This, I regret to say, I am unable now to do; yet, in glancing hastily over some of the church records put into my hands, I have noted a few facts it may be interesting to you to hear. As you remember, it was in the year 1820 that this church organization came into existence. I read, that at that time "a very small congregation of Unitarians was collected in this city by Rev. Robert Little, who had been a respectable Orthodox Dissenting clergyman in England, and who at a great sacrifice for the cause of truth and religious freedom had abandoned the Orthodox creed." This little company of worshippers held their services in the Bath House, on C Street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, until, aided by friends at the North, they, two years afterwards, from the plans of the architect of the Capitol, built and took possession of this edifice, and on the 9th of June, 1822, dedicated it to the sacred use of divine worship upon Unitarian principles. Then commenced the long, arduous career this society has passed through. But the founders of this church were sustained, as they declared in 1823, by a brave faith in the "progress of rational religion, and especially, of those views of Christianity which the wisest and best men in the community regarded as most salutary to society, most sustaining to human hope, and most honorable to the government and character of God." They had determined to establish here a pulpit, from which, not only themselves, but their friends from abroad, might hear a rational Christianity preached; and, moreover, a pulpit from which "the most eminent men of the nation may have an opportunity of hearing the religion of the New Testament represented as something that shall command their respect, and lead them back, from the skepticism into which the finest minds are too often driven by irrational views of religion, to the hopes and to the peace which flow from enlightened faith."

Less courageous souls, however, than those who at the

beginning and since have upheld this church would have faltered and failed long ago before the obstacles which they at length successfully overcame. The name "Unitarian" is of itself a sufficient burden for a church to bear in a community outside of New England ; and, added to this, there has always been the obstacle here of the uncertain, transient character peculiar to the population of this city. For these reasons the way of our people has been especially lonely and difficult. An address to Dr. Channing in 1829, from the officers of the Society, declares that, at that time, the great burden of Unitarianism was borne by only about "thirty pewholders, most of whom held offices dependent upon the will of others, and liable to be removed upon the change of political parties or the caprice of superiors." None of this small number was wealthy, and few, if any, could be considered permanent residents in Washington. Nevertheless, "on Sundays the church was pretty well filled, but the greater number of auditors were not pewholders and did not contribute to the support of the establishment." Yet this very fact, the Society held, was sufficient proof of the importance of sustaining their church. This very fact—the transient character of the large audiences which gathered to hear Unitarian preaching—made them regard their church as "a central fire, warming, enlightening, and invigorating the most distant regions of the country." They promised, therefore, weak as they were, to keep the altar fire alight, if Dr. Channing would induce his friends to establish the altar firmly. At the time of this address the church was in great peril. The little band of pew-holders were bearing a heavy debt ; they were "surrounded with hostile sects, who were continually exciting the public indignation against them, and who would rejoice at their distress, and still more at their annihilation." The dread of being burdened with this debt kept people from associating themselves with the church, while the interest of the debt and the current expenses of the Society were becoming almost too weighty for the few longer to bear up under. What wonder they sent out an appeal for help ! I do not know how it was met, but they must have obtained the desired relief, since,

as we see, the danger they feared was turned aside. They were not despoiled of their altar.

In this same address there is a statement of the reasons which actuated our spiritual fathers in their effort to save and strengthen their church ; a statement which, because it has not yet lost its force, I quote : " It is true," said they, " we are desirous of worshipping our God, according to the simple forms of our ancestors, in spirit and in truth, without being obliged to enter a mental protest against one-half of what we may be obliged to hear, and it is a great comfort to us to be able to do so ; but we have still other objects in view. We wish to exhibit here, in the centre of the Union, at the seat of the National Government, not only the simple doctrines of pure Christianity, but an example of religious republicanism, a model of an independent church, unfettered by human creeds, and unawed by the mandates of Popes and Bishops, Presbyters and Councils, Synods and Sessions, and all the contrivances by which spiritual pride seeks to control the consciences of men ;—manfully to assert that liberty with which Christ has made us free." Let the purpose of our fathers be ours also.

I have no full record of the names of the preachers who aided this society in their endeavor to establish these noble principles ; but among those which were prominent in the first half of the Society's life are such honored ones as those of Bigelow, Dewey, Hale, Palfrey, Bulfinch, Longfellow, and J. H. Allen—names of men who, with devoted purpose and earnest words, proclaimed from this pulpit the free Christianity it is our privilege and honor to profess.

Concerning the audiences which have gathered here during the past half-century, I need but say that there have been observed in them, as regular attendants, some of the best minds which have graced the Capital and the nation's councils. President John Quincy Adams, Hon. J. C. Calhoun, Judge W. Cranch, Moses Poor, Wm. G. Eliot, W. W. Seaton, Joseph Gales, John F. Webb, Richard Wallach, Charles Bulfinch, and others, were among the founders of the church ; and among the earlier

worshippers, Daniel Webster, Chief Justice Marshall, Justice Story, and others, were frequently noticed. I need not attempt to recall any of the many honorable names known here in later times. You know them well.

One word let me add in reference to the last score of years of our life. We see now a serene future opening to us. But we have passed through dark, dangerous days, and the darkest and most dangerous have been those of the last twenty years. Our whole country during that period has been fearfully disturbed, and Washington, as the head of the nation, has been the center of the intense struggle. All interests here have felt the influence of the general conflict. All the churches of the city have been more or less affected by it.

Peculiarly trying has it been for this church, which, so much more than any other, is marked by the individuality of its members, and the consequent sharp assertion of personal opinion. But, notwithstanding all that is painful in our near past, there is much in it that we can recall with pleasure; much that makes these walls very dear to us.

This Society, we remember with pride, did stand faithfully by our country in its peril. And this we also gladly remember, that in 1862, when the hospitals of the District were overcrowded, our Society was the first to offer its building to the Government for the shelter of sick and wounded soldiers, an offer which, Secretary Stanton said, was "in such marked contrast with the behavior of some other societies that it was all the more gratifying to the Government" to receive it. And not only was the building offered, but "the ladies of our church volunteered as nurses, organizing themselves into committees for the care and relief of the sick and wounded. With most punctual fidelity and self-sacrificing zeal did they discharge their benevolent duties, subjecting themselves to fatigues and to diseases from which more than one of their number suffered." The minister, too, the Rev. W. H. Channing, daily visited the church hospital as a volunteer chaplain, doing all manner of good work, until his health was seriously affected by his "untiring and self-imposed labors."

This generous gift of our church was naturally followed by great injury to the congregation. During the six months the building was used as a hospital the audience was dispersed, and not easily gathered when the church was reopened for divine services. Yet no one ever regretted what had been done. The people who reassembled after their voluntary exile felt only that their "sanctuary was made dearer than ever by the deeds of charity in which it had been the privilege of themselves and their friends to participate."

Much more I should like to recall from our recent history, but I cannot now. Each of you knows what, especially, has endeared this place to him or to her, and you will doubtless remember for yourselves where I have failed to remember for you.

I turn with you, then, to bid these old walls farewell. As we go, may we pray from the heart that we shall only the better be able to worship God and to exemplify the Gospel of Christ, in the new temple building for us, than has been in our power in this. And if there are yet among us those who are alienated, by whatever cause, from one another, may it be their and our prayer now that the barriers shall here be broken down and forgotten forever. We are doing a great work. Our cause is of so supreme worth that, for its sake alone, we should do all we can to enter the future with harmony of purpose and deed. Let us, as with one soul, uphold the standard of our free Christianity in this community. Laboring together, and with good courage, we shall, I doubt not, set up in this city a new altar, before which many will worship, gaining there new faith in God, in Christ, in man; receiving there new courage with which to move forward in this life, and new hope for their entrance into the life to come. God bless us in the work it is our purpose to do.

A promise was long ago given unto Abram; and there, where he received the promise, he built an altar unto the Lord.

But he was called thence unto a new place. He carried the promise in his heart thither; and there he built an altar unto the Lord.

As did he, so now do we. Amen.

c. Close of the Washington Ministry.—My ministry as the regular pastor of the Washington All Souls Church did not last quite three years:—altogether I had spent about four years as its minister.

The events of those years are, in large part, of public record, and need no detailed repetition here.

The Society enjoyed much prosperity; its Sunday services were continuously exceptionally popular; its membership became not only large, but was composed of some of the most notable men and women in the official, the literary, the scientific and the social circles of the Capital City. Apparently, I had been given a position as important in its opportunities as any that a minister of Christianity could wish for. And, soon, a most gratifying success for both minister and people, as a Christian Church, seemed to be assured.

I thought of my pastorate then as a charge that I might faithfully and happily care for until, possibly, old age would justify me in transferring it to some other fortunate servant of our inspiring, beneficent faith.

But there gradually developed, unknown however to the parish and really known by but a very few persons, a sequence of events wholly separate from any personal relationships I bore; which, however, any one who is acquainted with my judgments of what would be allowable in the matter in question would understand, could not be other to me than seriously disturbing, since, necessarily, under the circumstances, I was officially connected with it. The burden which I consequently carried, I decided, for the sake of the general welfare of the Society, to bear in silence unless necessity should compel me to "speak out."

This period of serious solicitude lasted for nearly a year

and a half, when, by a bit of good fortune, it was brought to a close, and a cleared way lay open for my further ministry.

But, at the time, I was far from well physically, and I needed rest. Some of the leading members of the Society when I spoke to them privately of handing in a resignation of my pastorate offered to procure for me an extended vacation. I declined the offer. I thought it would be better for both myself and the parish that a new minister should be secured. Consequently, on May 16th 1880, I read to the members of the Church the following letter, published the next day.

II.

LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

"The following is the text of the letter read by the pastor to the members of All Souls Church on Sunday, resigning his charge :—

WASHINGTON, D.C., May 16th, 1880.

To the Members of All Souls Church :

DEAR FRIENDS: More than three years ago (March 18th, 1877) I became your minister. On the 1st day of July of the same year I was invited to the permanent pastorate of this church, the call to take effect on the second Sunday of the following September. After much hesitation I accepted the invitation, continued my work among you, and, in the latter part of the January succeeding, was formally inducted into my office.

To-day I resign the charge then committed to my care, my resignation to take effect at about the end of my official year, the 30th day of September next.

Several reasons lead me to this act; prominent among them is my desire for a much-needed rest. I took charge of this society when its place of worship was the old church at the corner of Sixth and D streets. The regular congre-

gation was then quite small; the church membership almost wholly without organization. For some time the only ministry you had had was that of visiting clergymen having no connection with you other than that secured by the Sunday services—a ministry which, however it may upon occasion have attracted the general public, had been, as it always must be, injurious to your best interests as a church.

My first duty to you, therefore, seemed to be to thoroughly organize the society and to try to make the organization self-dependent. The result was that on June 4th, 1877, you adopted the constitution we now have, by which the "First Unitarian Church" of Washington was reorganized as "All Souls Church." It required no small effort to make the new constitution operative in its various relations: but gradually this was accomplished, and its advantages became apparent. By the division of labor it required and its distribution of responsibilities, the interest in church work of a largely increased number of persons was aroused and sustained. Through the activity of the several subordinate organizations which the constitution brought into being the energy and aims of our growing church were considerably extended and multiplied.

And during my temporary ministry the project for the building of a new church edifice occupied my thoughts as it did yours. I followed the progress of the negotiations of our officers with the officers of the American Unitarian Association with the deepest interest. I turned over the first spadeful of earth in preparing for the foundation of the new building. I made the address called for in the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone, and when, in the presence of the hundreds of our fellow believers, who had gathered here from all parts of our country to rejoice with us and to bid us God-speed, we dedicated this beautiful temple "to the one God, for the service of Man, in the faith of Jesus Christ," I read with them and you a special service of dedication.

As your pastor installed, I became only the more closely identified with and interested in everything that appertained to the welfare of our church. I gave to it an exclusive

service and have watched its career with an unusual degree of solicitude. My most earnest hope and effort have been for its prosperity—especially for its success as a representative exponent of Liberal Christian faith and life in this the Capital City of our nation.

With peculiar anxiety, as some of you know, have I awaited the day that has just come—this day when we can say with an unqualified meaning to our words that we at last have a house of worship free from debt. Our church was dedicated with the proclamation that it was thus free, but at the same time we knew ourselves to be under a moral obligation to the extent of several thousands of dollars to those who had contributed the sum necessary to complete the amount required of this society by the Unitarian denomination before it would transfer its own contribution for the building of the new church to our hands. One of our special endeavors has been to meet this obligation, and I have been glad to see that with each successive year through our increased financial prosperity this indebtedness has grown smaller, and now happily, besides, the one great possible embarrassment to your welfare, and the chief source of my anxiety, has been removed by the sale, just consummated, of the old church property. Thus are we as a church finally, in every sense of the word, free from debt.

To-day, then, All Souls Church, well organized ; with a large membership ; with a regular attendance increased many fold ; with an ample income ; with the respect and confidence of this community ; and as possessor of one of the most beautiful houses of worship in the city, has before it a future clear and free. I bid you with all my heart God-speed on your way, and with all my heart I pray that the past has been only a promise of the better time to come.

But, for the reason I have given, that I wish to take a much-needed rest from the labor and the care I have borne here, I think it wise to place herewith in your hands my resignation of the office I have held during these three eventful years.

CLAY MACCAULEY."

Naturally there was much surprise and questioning in the Society, leading to some public comment in newspapers, over my letter of resignation. This note appearing in the *Christian Register* summarizes the facts, as far as they were known to the public.

“Rev. Clay MacCauley’s resignation of the pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Washington was offered May 16th, to take effect on the 30th of September. After three years of peculiarly exhausting work, Mr. MacCauley finds himself much worn down and in pressing need of a period of rest. His pastorate covers a period of great interest in the history of the parish, for whose reorganization and training to usefulness he has labored indefatigably and with success. Three years ago the society was small and divided, occupying the quite ineligible old building. It is now established, with a large constituency, in the new and elegant edifice which the American Unitarian Association helped to erect; and with no debt, an ample income, and a people who have a mind to the work, its past should indeed be what Mr. MacCauley’s letter of resignation so heartily wishes, “only a promise of the better time to come.” With improving health and a harvest of experience, may this prayer for the people come back in rich answer to himself.”

The consequent official action of the parish came within the week following, during which time I was earnestly urged by several of the most influential members of the Society to withdraw my letter of resignation. A letter asking me not to resign was put into circulation. I requested that it be not carried farther. And the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, who was familiar with the course of events, wrote:—

“I have been much concerned by the word you gave me. I have hoped that you will hold on. I can not think of the person who can go to Washington and carry all as satisfactorily as yourself - - - - Few have the tact and

breadth, and gentlemanly bearing and conciliatory spirit of yourself - - - - In short, and in a word, I do earnestly hope you will take a cheerful view of affairs, and, as Sumner said to Stanton, '*Stick.*' "

But I still believed in my decision as wisely made. The Church returned an answer to my letter : it is given in the following newspaper notice.

" ALL SOULS CHURCH PASTORATE.

There was a large turn out of the members of All Souls Church last night in the chapel, to consider the resignation of the pastor, Rev. Clay MacCauley, tendered last week. Mr. George P. Clarke was elected chairman and Mr. W. P. Dunwoody acted as secretary. On motion of Mr. Scott Smith the resignation was accepted, to take effect September 15. Mr. Smith also offered the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously :

Resolved, That leave of absence be granted our pastor from the 15th of June until the 15th of September.

Hon Horace Davis offered the following, which was unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, Our pastor, Rev. Clay MacCanley, desiring a rest from his arduous labors, has resigned his pastorate, and

WHEREAS, His constant and faithful labor has strengthened and cemented the Society, his zeal in the cause of the Church and his tender sympathy with those in trial and affliction have endeared him to us ; therefore

Resolved, That we regret the necessity that has compelled Mr. MacCauley to resign his pastorate, and shall follow him with our sincere good wishes to whatever field of labor he shall be called to enter.

The meeting then adjourned."

g. Concerning the Resignation of my Washington Pastorate.—Many friends in Washington and elsewhere were puzzled over the giving up of my ministry to All Souls Church. Some of them pronounced it an "unwise,"

and other some, a "precipitate" ending to what had had a most cheering and successful beginning and progress. The pastorate had been accompanied by plentiful evidences of present and prospective usefulness. And these friends knew no good reason for my leaving a position which gave, and promised, so much for both me and the Church.

I do not intend, at this far remove from those disturbing days, to tell in full the story of the happenings that induced me to relinquish the office. But, with the writing of these "Memories," it has seemed to me to be especially opportune,—even to be a matter of duty now,—to say enough to remove whatever misunderstanding there may be among my friends about what I did then.

Primarily, I have to say that, in the course of the events which preceded my resignation, I was actuated by the same imperative personal factor which directed me in the contest in my College class over the election of its Orator, and which also guided me in the mental turmoil aroused during my Morrison ministry. As I have said, I yield personal wishes, that are merely wishes, almost too easily, when they are contrary to the wishes of others: but where what I believe to be a judgment of conscience, is at stake, I am possibly, so it has been said, "over obstinate" in its behalf.

Because of this fact, however, let it not be thought that I am also censorious towards those who differ with me; or that I am disposed to question the sincerity of the motives of others whom I may be compelled to oppose. I am merely stating the fact which happens to be imperative in the regulation of my own acts.

Now, in reference to what happened in Washington leading up to my resignation, I have in mind, in what

I say of it, only my own convictions as to what it was at the time right to do. I have never ventured to interpret the motives of any of the persons with whom I was then associated.

As a matter of self-interpretation only ; merely as making clear the way over which I went to the time when I relinquished my office, I make the statement that here follows.

As all know, much prominence was given throughout the months of the building, and at the dedication of the new Washington Church, to the requirement of the American Unitarian Association that the edifice should be constructed and devoted to its uses, *wholly free from debt*.

This condition was, at the outset, embodied in the Saratoga Conference resolutions. I was entrusted by the Association, under this condition, with the first payment of its contribution to the Building Committee. Then, at the sale of the pews when the new Church was ready for use, the Chairman of the Committee announced that "the American Unitarian Association had contributed its liberal sum on condition that 'there should not be a dollar of debt against the Church.' 'There will be none' said the Chairman.

Further, in an authoritative description of the dedicatory exercises was this declaration : "Unquestionably the most striking feature about the new Church is this, *it is paid for* ; an advance having been made of the amount necessary to make up the sum total, the old Church property as yet unsold having been taken as security for the money advanced." It was the jubilant satisfaction of us all that we took possession of All Souls

Church as our sanctuary entirely freed from any debt arising from its cost.

But, as time passed, a sequence of happenings, which no one I think would say are here incorrectly recounted, came to pass. There was a long, and wholly unexpected delay ; and then a serious uncertainty, concerning a promised sale of the old Church property on D Street. Thereupon, a difference in judgment ere long arose between interested persons and myself as to what should be done in case the promise that had been made for the purchase of the old Church could not be kept by the proposed purchasers. The judgment favored by these friends was almost diametrically opposed to that which I felt compelled to make. I readily grant that they thought their opinion to be right ; or, that at least it was, all things considered, justifiable. I could not agree with them. And moreover, because of a specific official responsibility, I felt compelled to put a series of pertinent questions to the American Unitarian Association, whose interests were involved in the issue.

The matter came under serious discussion as early as the spring of 1879, not much more than a year after my installation. An answer from the Secretary of the Association, Rev. Rush R. Shippen, was received April 24th, 1879. It read ;—

“Certainly you are right in assuming that the new Church is in no wise to be burdened with any affairs of the old one. Whoever managed matters and furnished the money for the new one took all that risk and responsibility. And the congregation and the present officers are not bound to know anything about it.”

Throughout the year following, this difference between me and others who were immediately interested, all of whom had been closely related friends,—men whose

friendship I sincerely desired to keep, and always, at that time and afterwards, sought to keep,—continued. I said nothing of the disagreement, except in confidence to a very few intimate and prudent friends; altogether the facts were kept within the small group of persons directly interested.

By good fortune I was able to delay the proposed action, pending the public legal controversy then being carried on over the sale of the old Church. So, because, consequently, nothing decisive was done, the general life of our Church continued in its successful and peaceful growth. The Society was in no way disturbed by the question which troubled me and my friends.

What finally occurred is noted in my "Letter of Resignation." The sale of the old Church was finally, though with much difficulty, consummated, and thereby the conditions upon which the Unitarian Churches of America had made their contribution to the new building were finally and fully met, in accordance with their original intent.

I have now, I think, told all that is really essential for my friends to know of the series of events which preceded my resignation, in order that they may understand why I was prompted to the decision I made.

But why, it may be asked, did this difference in judgment with some friends, who were interested in the finances of the Church, bring about my resignation? The members of the Church, almost throughout, had no knowledge of the question at issue; and my personal and official relations with the Society were thoroughly harmonious.

I can best reply that, in all probability, it would have been well,—if by-gones could have been made by-gones all

around,—for me to have laid hold of the new opportunities which had come with the delivery of the Church from the possible encumbrance that had threatened it;—to “thank God; take courage, and go forward” in the way that had been made clear. At the time, however, I believed it would be better, all things considered for me to close my ministry there. I had “stood by” from “a day of very small things,” to that of an assured success; and I could, with an easy conscience, transfer my office to another whose ministry would be free from any embarrassment that might possibly remain because of unhappy memories, persisting among some of those to whom my services had been given. Besides, it was fact then that I was not well. My experiences with a serious illness during the next three years showed that I needed the mental and emotional relaxation I thereafter secured.

But whether my resignation was wisely made or not, is not a matter of consequence now. I acted then as my best judgment led me; deciding to continue my life work in new relations and elsewhere.

CHAPTER SECOND
OF THE DECADE, 1880-1889.

1.

*With the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian
Institution, 1880-1884.*

After the closing of the Washington pastorate my commanding need, under the circumstances, was to recover normal health of both body and mind.

Some friends, thinking that travel with an interesting occupation apart from my profession, would bring about the desired restoration arranged to have me undertake special service for the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. I was given, also, supervision of the pending Census of the Indians living east of the Mississippi River, and directed to enquire particularly into the condition, manners and customs, and other interests of the Florida Seminole. In the autumn of 1880, I undertook this pleasant travelling commission, beginning with the Indians on the Minnesota and Wisconsin Reservations; spending some time with the Cherokee living among the mountains of North Carolina; ending my service in the winter and spring of 1881, after a long "camping out," among the Seminole, who were known to be settled somewhere on the borders of the Everglades and in the Big Cypress Swamp, and the Kissimmee Valley of Lower Florida.

a. *Visit to the Menominee of Wisconsin.*—Throughout

these visits to the Indian settlements I met with many most entertaining and instructive experiences. Among the Menomenee of Wisconsin, for instance, I happened to have timed my arrival with the festival gathering of a strange and, just then, much talked of religious organization, whose membership, so I was told, extended widely among the tribes of the Northwest, even as far away as Montana.

Some years later, March 9th, 1893, I delivered an address before a "Missions Conference" in Tokyo, Japan, using this novelty in religious expression *to illustrate a theory which I held as to the origin of the Forms of Religion generally*. It may interest my friends to read of what I saw among the Menomenee, and of what I thought on this theme:—

1.

THE DREAMERS AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN
INDIANS, AS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ORI-
GIN OF FORMS OF RELIGION.

About twelve years ago, I became acquainted with an interesting religious movement then in progress among the Menomenee of Wisconsin. I styled it in a report to Washington, written at the time, "a peculiar fanaticism, which has been brought to the tribe from the Far West, where it had its origin in the visions of a woman of the Sioux."

The followers of the new religion were known as "The Dreamers." A large part of the tribe had been already included among them, and their number was rapidly increasing. While at the reservation, I took copious notes of the movement. Recently, in a conversation with the honored president of this Conference (Dr. Greene) and one of our members, the latter happened to speak of a religious movement, known as *Ten-ri-kyo*, which is now securing a remarkable diffusion among the lower classes of the people

of this country, in Shikoku and in other districts of South Central Japan. What Dr. Knox said of the *Ten-ri-kyo*, revived in memory, "The Dreamers." Some facts about the Japanese devotees recalling certain characteristics of the Indian religionists, these notes, with some suggested observations may not be without interest here, and possibly will not be without use. To begin with, let me tell you the story of "The Dreamers."

WHO ARE THE DREAMERS?

One afternoon of the American "Indian Summer" in the year 1880, I reached the agency house at Keshena, Wisconsin, and soon afterwards was "in council" with four of the principal men of the Menominee tribe. I let it be known that I was an authorized agent of the "Great Father" at Washington, and that I wished to learn something about their numbers, and of their ways of living. Especially, I tried to tell them, I should like to know how they governed themselves as a tribe; how they were related to one another in their kinships; what their totems were; what they thought of the world and of the sky; what they believed of their origin, of life, of sickness and of death and other strange happenings; about all such things I told them I should like to learn whatever they would teach me.

For some time after the interpreter had repeated this speech, my auditors were silent. At length an old man, Metchikeni by name, chief spokesman for the party, stood up and with great dignity answered: "We are glad to see our friend, and to hear kind words from the Great Father. We shall be happy to tell our friend and the Great Father all we can of these things." After a considerable pause, he continued: "To-morrow we dance. Would our friend like to see our dance? It will be Sunday, but our dance is a way we have of going to the Great Spirit, and we like to have it on the white man's good day." "I shall be glad to be with you," I answered. "But," the old man cautioned me, "I shall not look the same as I do now. I shall be painted. I shall wear the clothes of my fathers. These young men will be painted

too ; they will have many feathers and bells ; and there will be a great drum and much noise. Will our friend come ? ” “ Yes, I shall be happy to be with you,” I answered. “ Well, we shall be glad to see our friend.” To this greeting the old man’s companions added a grave but kindly “ *how ! how !* ” in assent.

What further Metchikeni said does not concern my story. Not long afterwards the “ council ” dissolved, and the old man having borrowed a national flag from the reservation agent, the Indians returned to their lodges. In the evening, the agent told me that he had heard a good deal of this dance. It had puzzled him not a little. It had been brought into the Reservation, he had learned, by runners who had been far to the West, in the last winter, and it had been eagerly taken hold of by most of the men and women who had hitherto clung to native traditions and customs. “ A sharp division among the members of the tribe has been brought about by it,” said Mr. Stevens. “ Its active opponents are our Roman Catholics. They say that these people fully believe they are yet to possess this whole country. I am told that they are part of a league which is forming among all the Indians of the North-west. This league when the good opportunity comes, is to rise against and to destroy the white man. But I see no good reason for the charge,” added the agent. “ As far as I can judge, their enemies are trying to put the Dreamers under suspicion. I do not understand them, but they seem to be caught by a genuine religious enthusiasm. Certainly they are peaceable, temperate, and industrious ; and, from all I can learn, they wish to do the best they know how.’ ”

THE DANCE OF “THE DREAMERS.”

The next morning, Mr. Stevens and I started for the place of the dance. It was miles away, in the depths of the forest. I think that we are the only white men, who until then had had the privilege of being invited to look upon the sacred ceremony. For quite a distance no sound but the rattle of our wagon broke the profound silence of the way. At length, however, from far off, we began to

hear the regular beating of a deep-toned drum, and soon afterwards, faintly, the shouts of excited men.

These sounds grew louder as we went farther; then suddenly ceased. Again there was profound silence.

At last, as we reached the top of a low hill, suddenly a most strange scene was disclosed. Almost weirdly picturesque, through its novelty, to eyes such as ours, a more fascinating sight could hardly be fancied. A large oval clearing, shut in by the primeval forest of the north, whose gold, scarlet, and green foliage was softened by the hazy air, opened to our path. In the centre of this imposing amphitheatre were gathered the "Dreamers," in the midst of the celebration of their peculiar rites. For some minutes, our presence unnoticed, we looked down upon the unique tableau. There, gathered in a wide, enclosed circle, were nearly a hundred men and women, all queerly attired; their grouping gay with motley color. At the moment of our arrival the whole assemblage was sitting motionless, listening to an address by a tall, graceful speaker. The speaker's words, from far off scarcely heard by us, were the only break in the lonely hush of the place. At length we approached more closely the sacred circle. Our coming was hardly observed; at least the course of the ceremonies was not in the slightest changed with our presence.

From a good position I made mental note of all I could see and hear. The circle was open to the west. Over this entrance three American flags were pendant. In the centre of the circle was suspended, horizontally, a huge flat drum, around which stood, statue-like, nine fantastically dressed drummers, each holding vertically at his side, his club of office. Just back of these men, sat, on a circle of straw and evergreen twigs, a line of women, whose bodies were bowed deeply forward; whose heads were enveloped in bright red blankets. Around the circumference of the enclosure were ranged in distinctly marked sections a large number of men. Directly at the south, and evidently highest among servitors, a little within the outermost circle, was a sombre-faced, middle-aged man, apparently guardian of a large pile of smoking tobacco, and of a long, flat-stemmed, red-stone pipe of exceptional size, which lay

across his knees. On the curve, westward from the tobacco guard, was a line of grotesquely painted and elaborately, even superabundantly, decorated men, chiefs, or other leaders of the order. I thought I discovered my host, old Metchikeni, in this group. As a finish to this section, sat, a little inward, another pipe bearer and guard of a second tobacco heap. Still farther westward on the circle was placed a number of men, evidently tenants of various special offices, warlike looking "braves," some of them, armed with clubs of various shapes, wands, and other symbols of office, all painted, beaded, feathered, and oddly clothed, displaying colors like the mosaics of a kaleidoscope. From the west, through the north to the east, on the circle's edge was what I judged to be the *vulgus* of the order, the many initiated, but not office-bearing, followers of the faith. Outside the enclosure to the west, on each side of a path leading to the flag-covered entrance, sat a number of persons, chiefly women, in ordinary, every day garments. These, I had afterwards some reason to suppose, were not members of the order, but were servants, and novices on the way to reception among the initiated ones. For some time all these people sat listening, silent and motionless, to their speaker's earnest address.

Of course, we could not understand what was said, yet I could see that the speaker was confident, and that his words were impressive. Even his bizarre costume, which was a combination of the garments of savagery and civilization, did not destroy the dignity and impressiveness of his oration. He wore a black cloth frock-coat and trousers-like leggings, down whose outer seams were broad, black, embroidered flaps. Bright red and yellow handkerchiefs, hung from his right shoulder. Bound around his legs just below the knees were more gaudily colored articles of the same kind. A string of shells was hung, as though it were an amulet, about his neck; long silver rings dragged down his ears; a long tufted rod stood up straight from the back of his neck; fancifully beaded moccasins clothed his feet, and in his hand was a gaily decorated wand with which every now and then he emphasized his speech.

When the address closed, the speaker went to his seat.

A few moments of silence ensued. Then, from the men about the drum, at a high but not unmusical pitch, came a singing voice, repeating the strain, "*hāi-yā hāi-yā-hū, hāi-yā,*" over and over again, which other voices soon joined, dominant among them being the shrill treble of the women encircling the drum. In a short time the singing was accompanied by gentle blows on the drum, which gradually became heavier and more violent. The drum-beating seemingly was the signal for all those who sat round the circumference of the circle to rise and advance, which they did by very short steps, dancing, towards the centre. Moment by moment the dancing grew more vigorous. Through all the extravagance which followed, the utmost gravity of countenance was preserved, and, notwithstanding much that to us approached the ridiculous, conscious dignity, too.

The dance slowly changed from vigor, to vehemence, and even into violence of action.

Symbolic gestures, movements, and groupings, but under no one leadership apparently, made up the ceremony. The "braves" of the second section were especially noticeable. Some of these, loaded with sleigh bells and much jangling metal, became almost frenzied in their excitement.

Finally, at a signal, a sudden hush fell upon the devotees. All resumed their seats; the music ceased; the ceremony closing with a solo dance in his place by the leader of the drum corps, the same person by whom the ceremony had been begun.

After another short address, a general interchange of personal possessions took place. Each man with his neighbor gave and received something. Handkerchiefs, blankets, strings of beads, head-dresses of feathers and skins, shawls, bits of ornament, of tin, silver and copper, bracelets, armlets, and even pieces of the body's clothing were passed from one to another in solemn silence.

This reciprocal service rendered, quite an impressive rite followed. The two pipe bearers with reverent deliberation filled their pipes from the tobacco heaps before them and laid upon them live coals. Holding the pipe-bowls in both hands over their heads, the stems horizontal, they

swayed the pipes with a graceful sweeping motion, from the east, through the south, westwards. Then pointing the stems downwards and towards the sky, the celebrants offered the pipes to all the dancers, beginning each with the first man in the group before him. As a participant received the pipe, he raised it, stem upward, to the sky, and then reverently drew from it two or three whiffs of smoke. The sacred smoking was accompanied by a subdued drumming and song. Several short speeches were made after this ceremony. The only information I could get at the time of what was being done, I received from a half-breed Indian who happened to come near me. In answer to my question concerning a speaker, he said, "He tell them to be good and keep friends with white man. He say, musn't dance too much. Must go to work as soon as dance is done."

These speeches over, the chiefs and headmen made a very decorous, slow dancing circuit of the sacred ground. Thereupon followed a graphic, pantomimic ceremony by "the braves." In signs they loaded and fired off guns; they appeared to hunt as though for game; they fled as if in retreat; then subsided for a while into dreamy passivity. Rousing themselves from that, they became as if frantic; yelling, whooping with savage-like cries, joined gradually by all the others of the league, until the circle was wild with seemingly demoniac fury.

At the height of this frenzy a dog leaped over the barrier into the midst of the excited dancers. In an instant the miserable beast was killed. "Why did he do that?" I asked of the half-breed. "Kill any dog, or cow, or horse, or chicken, that goes in there," was the answer. "Would they kill a man? No; they would throw him down, cover him all over with blankets and lay him at the gate, and wouldn't mind stepping on him; and he would have to stay there till dance was done." This tumultuous rite carried all, apparently, to the limit of endurance. At last the excitement seemed to wear itself out, and the exhausted dancers went to their places for rest.

The meridian sun marked the time for dinner. The meal was served in the circle, from fires burning near by.

It was taken to the entrance of the sacred place by the outer servants,—a steaming *olla podrida* in pans, kettles, plates, and cups of many shapes, sizes, and kinds. This incongruous collection was massed in the south. What seemed to be the asking of a divine blessing upon the food, then occurred. The head men encircled the kettles and platters, moving rhythmically but very slowly around them, apparently gathering savour from the food, offering it towards the sky, and using yet other expressive symbols.

This ceremony continued so long that before it was finished all the food had ceased to steam and had grown cold and stiff. Full half an hour had passed before the eating began. But the meal was then by no means continued and finished in quiet. Several times, one or another of the musicians, perhaps seeing a vision, or hearing a "divine call," rushed suddenly to the drum and struck it, whereupon every one dropped cup or platter, and for a few moments gave himself to shouting and the dance. Not long after this, having seen all we cared to see, ignorant of both language and sign, the agent and I left the ground and turned our faces homeward. "The Dreamers" continued their rites until midnight.

The next day I was visited by about thirty members of the tribe, who were evidently deeply hostile to the "Dreamers," and who, hearing that I had seen the dance, wished to assure me that they had had nothing whatever to do with the "evil thing." "It is carrying the tribe backward," said Akwininimi, "and that is why I have nothing to do with it." To speak of this episode at length, however, would lead us too far afield.

THE DANCE INTERPRETED AND DOCTRINE STATED.

I have told of the "Dreamers" just as I saw them. The members of the league were evidently thoroughly, even fanatically, in earnest. That was clear. But what did they believe; what did they teach; what was their aim? I could not tell, and many had assured me they meant ill. The day following, I therefore sent for Metchikeni to interpret for me what I had seen. I already knew this much, that Metchikeni bore an exemplary character, and that

Akwinimmi, once chief of the tribe, had been deposed for murder, and was seeking to degrade the present chief, Niopet, who was also one of the "Dreamers."

Here is the interpretation of the "Dreamers'" ceremonies and a statement of their doctrines, as Metchikeni gave them to me. "I hear much evil about you," I said, after greetings had passed." I must know the truth. Tell me, so that I can tell the Great Father only what is true." "If I thought that our dance were a step backward, I would have nothing to do with it; neither would Niopet," began the answer. "We are dressed in the old dress of our fathers, and we sing and dance; but I have been in the theatre in Washington and have seen the white men do about the same things, with no one to blame them. These things are not necessary I know, and by-and-by we may drop them. We do not take the young men from their work. We dance the dance only six times in the year. You ask me who we are. I will tell you the truth.

Not many years ago, in the West, when some Indians were at war," (my informant referred, I think, to the Sioux and Crows), "while they were fighting, a woman fled from them to save her life. As she ran she lost her way, and fell into the water of a river. But she did not die. She lay in the water asleep, many days; eight days and nights. All this time she dreamed, and saw wonderful sights of beauty and peace. At the end of eight days she heard a voice calling to her to rise up. Then some power lifted her out of the water and made her well and strong. She knew that the Great Spirit had brought her back to the world. And this the Great Spirit told her: 'Go at once to your people and tell them to stop their war, and to become friends with one another and with the white man. They will hear you and will believe you; and you and they must spread my words among all Indians. Do you see the sky, how it is round,' continued the divine voice. 'Go, then, and tell your people to make a circle on the ground, just like the round sky. Call that place holy ground. Go there, and with a big drum in the centre, sing and dance and pray to me, and speak my words.

And when you speak, say always these things:—"You

are all children of one Father and are brothers. You must live in peace with one another. You must not drink intoxicating drink. You must always speak the truth. If you are struck, you must count the blow as nothing and not strike back again. Do these things, and all Indians and white men will soon be prosperous and at peace and happy. You will all have one heart.' " "Now," asserted Metchikeni, "that is what our dance is for. We teach these words of the Great Spirit. You saw a sick girl carried into our holy place. She was carried there, that there we might pray to the Great Spirit to make her well. We have no medicine dance. We hope, with our dance, to break up by-and-by the old medicine dance, and all such things. So we teach."

"But what is the meaning of the many things you do in your dance?" I inquired. "I may tell you almost all," he answered. "You saw the flag above us. That is to show that we are friends of the Great Father. You saw some men dancing and acting as though they were firing off guns, hunting, and running hard. They show that some of us helped the Great Father in the big war and are ready to help him again in the same way. You saw us point the pipe to the sky and to the earth. That shows that we worship the Great Spirit in the sky and honor our Mother the Earth; for we all came from the ground. We lifted our hands to the sky; that was for prayer. We held out our hands, palms upward; that was to receive the answers to our prayers. We scattered from our hands to the ground; that was to show that we give what we receive. You saw us all give presents to one another; that was to show that we are brothers, and that brothers must help brothers." "But why did you do so cruel a thing as kill the dog?" "Our friend may not understand. But that ground is holy while we are there with the Great Spirit, and the dog is not clean. He may not live if he comes onto the ground. We have three watch-men to keep all such things away, but sometimes they will get in, and then there is no help for them.

If our friend could only have understood our speeches he would know that we are trying to do well. We do

not take the young men from their work. We try to help them to work better. If I had a flag of my own, I should want to have painted on it, a picture of a plough and over that, my totem, the eagle. This flag I should like to see always waving over our dance. I want all my children to go to school to learn just what white men know."

Such was, in substance, the old man's address to me, whom he looked upon as delegated with especial authority from Washington. He seemed wholly in earnest and truthful. His closing words were: "We are doing the best we can. I am sorry that there are some here who wish to do us harm and would make trouble for us if they could."

This is my story of "The Dreamers." Of course I do not know that the story tells the whole truth about them. I repeat it just as I learned it; and this account is, so far as I know, the first publication of the doings and doctrines of the organization. But I have no good reason to doubt what I heard. That which I tell of the things I saw is fact; the rest must go for what the investigations of others may prove it to be worth. My general conclusion however is, that "The Dreamers," if the Menominee branch of the league may be accepted as representative, are religious enthusiasts, somewhat fanatic in their enthusiasm, devoted to a strange admixture of pagan ritual, monolatry, or degenerate Christian theology, and Christian ethics.

During the twelve years which have passed since I had this interesting experience I have heard nothing positive of these people. But the rumors which a few years ago were current in the American newspapers concerning suspected dances among the Indians of some far Western States in connection with a so-called "Messiah" craze, may have been occasioned by misunderstandings of, or aberrations in, remote branches of the league. Once, when I saw the name "Dreamers" in an army officer's statement concerning the "Messiah" fanatics, I felt quite confident that the dancers referred to were more or less closely related to the organization which had been started by the Sioux prophetess. Twelve years ago the league

had already extended far, east, west, and south, from the Dakota reservations. In all probability the movement has by no means yet spent its force. Privileged inquirers would, I think, find it to-day in one or another form, among all the Indian tribes living between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains.

HOW DO "THE DREAMERS" ILLUSTRATE THE ORIGIN OF FORMS OF RELIGION?

The question now may arise, "Of what use to us of this Conference is this story?" Aside from its value as an entertaining story of American Indian life, to me it has become a suggestive illustration of the manner in which Forms of Religion often come into being and secure widespread acceptance. Especially do I see in the reputed origin and career of the "Dreamers" an excellent example, among many in history, of the emergence of hidden streams of influence sent out by a great historic faith, and their flow, as freshly sprung fountains, in remote channels. What I heard of the *Ten-ri kyo* brought the "Dreamers" to mind, because the two are apparently alike in this;—each owes its existence to a woman,—to a prophetess professedly endowed with miraculous vision and speaking under proclaimed original inspiration. They are alike also in that both these women, the accepted teacher of the *Ten-ri kyo* and she of the Sioux, evidently were at some time, somehow, under the influence of Christianity; and in their acts of prophetic assumption, consciously or not, have appropriated bits of Christian theology and of Christian ethical ideals, as divine messages especially entrusted to them for the sake of mankind. In other words, if what I have heard of these religious bodies is truth, they are akin, and are more or less Christian, in the fact that their devotees are presumably non-idolaters, and non-resistants; that they are pledged to truth-telling, temperance, and purity; that they are separated as a peculiar people from their fellow beings; that they are in a measure communists among themselves; and that they teach the "Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God." They differ particularly in this, that "The Dreamers" do not in any way connect their faith with

Christianity, while the followers of the Japanese prophetess acknowledge a certain Christian relationship. The Great Spirit is the sole confessed source of the visions and revelations of the guide of the Indian "Dreamers." "The Elder Brother of Jesus Christ," I am told, is the revealer of *Ten-ri-kyo*.

Confining our attention to the "Dreamers," let me for a few moments use what I learned of them as an illustration of the important phenomenon of which I have spoken, and in which we are all interested,—the Genesis and Development of Forms of Religion.

Looked at from psychological and historical points of view, *all Forms of Religion come into being induced by, and for the sake of, human need*. And we can lay it down as a regulative principle, that *the more inclusive of human needs, and the fuller and deeper its power of satisfying human needs, a Form of Religion may be, the more certain is it that such Form of Religion will endure and extend its sway*.

By the operation of this principle is it, that some among the many Forms of Religion which have come into being along the ages, have continued and have expanded, gathering multitudes as their adherents, among widely separated nations and races. By means of this principle too, the relative worths of the Faiths of Mankind are in the course of time put to the proof, approved or condemned. Brahmanism, Zoroastrianism, Confucianism, Buddhism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity, and any other Faith, great or small, which has to any degree dominated human life, has come into existence, has endured, has gathered strength, or has weakened, and also has found its promise for the future, just in the measure to which it conforms to, or may conform to, this standard; that is, *the service it gives to the human soul*.

The faith of the "Dreamers" when put forth was accepted, because, where it came into being, it supplied a conscious want. It had had a wide extension, simply for the reason that thousands among the American aborigines, for the time at least, found in it satisfaction for their spiritual needs.

What destiny awaits the faith, of course we can not predict. But it will be directed by the principle here laid down. Like other forms of religion which have started as this has started, the "Dreamers" faith may become a permanent and powerful expression of man's religious consciousness; or like many others it may soon spend its force, as a specific cult, and disappear.

The religion of Mohammed had a small beginning, growing confessedly out of Judaism and the original Christianity. It departed from both in adding to the proclamation "There is no God but God," the unique confession, "Mohammed is his Prophet." This Form of Religion, directly taking much of its doctrine from the Christian records, became, as we know, the great historic antagonist of organized Christianity, and, for centuries, even threatened its destruction. Yet Mohammedanism or "Islam," is now one of the most widely spread of the world's religions.

The faith of the "Latter-Day Saints" had a very feeble beginning early in the present century, with the preaching of Joseph Smith and the publication of the "Book of Mormon." This Form of Religion ordained faith in Jesus Christ as the Saviour; it accepted the Bible as God's Word; but it practically ignored both, in receiving as supplementary to the faith and worship of organized Christianity, the newly discovered revelation, which it was claimed, had been put in charge of Mormon and Moroni on the American continent more than a thousand years ago. But Mormonism is now the refuge of hundreds of thousands of human souls, and is apparently yet one of the enduring Forms of Religion.

Even the Yezidees or "Devil Worshipers" to-day exist in tens of thousands in regions of Armenia and the Caucasus in South Western Asia, and have existed among the peoples there for many centuries. Monotheists, we are told, believers in Christ as a Saviour, they yet have especially characterized their religious life by fear of Satan, and by a ceremonial which is intended to make Satan deal with them kindly. This form of religious faith even now shows no sign of decay.

Likewise, the "Dreamers" may be continued. But,

on the other hand, it is also possible that the "Dreamers," as such, may have in the future, near or remote, no power of further propagation,—I mean as the followers of the Sioux prophetess. They may, as such, even cease to exist, disappearing at the incoming of a still more satisfying faith. Their large influence and rapid extension may be the result of certain special elements in their ceremonial and teachings peculiarly adaptable to their present mood and environment, which the progress of events and change of circumstances will make impotent.

Looking back over Christian history we see, for example, now as names only, great and small religious movements, which diverged to one side or another from the main course of developing Christianity, passing long or brief careers and disappearing at last. Hundreds of such movements have come and gone.

In the early Christian centuries, for instance, many ready souls welcomed the claims of Simon Magus, whose prophesying developed into what was afterwards apparently to be the commanding force of Christendom,—Gnosticism. But Gnosticism long ago failed to hold the allegiance of the multitudes descended from those who had found in it their hope and inspiration.

And where are now the successors of the devoted band that, only a hundred years ago, saw in Joanna Southcott, the Divinely ordained Messenger, who, under the direction of Christ, had come among men to announce the end of the world and the establishment of "God's Kingdom" upon earth? None are to be found.

Each century gives repeated illustrations of many just such failures as that of this mother of the "Second Shiloh."

Our principle works continuously :—Just so long and so far as a Form of Religion satisfies, or can be made to satisfy, the minds and hearts of any who are brought under its influence, so long it will live ; strong or weak, growing or failing. The future of the "Dreamers," we can therefore say, depends upon the continued power of this faith and cult to satisfy the wants of "the spirit in man."

Now, in conclusion, let me add a few words with special

reference to the great Form of Religion whose name we bear, above all the other names which mark us. One of the clearest testimonies to the supreme value of Christianity among the faiths which have developed into religions of world-wide importance, is to me its apparently inexhaustible inclusiveness, and its modifying and transforming power, acknowledged or not, wherever it is made known.

Think of its inclusiveness. Remember the scores and even hundreds of differing active religious bodies now existing and calling themselves "Christian." In the United States only, the last census disclosed the fact that there are no fewer than one hundred and thirty-four different denominations of professed Christians:—one hundred and thirty-four groups of men and women, segregated by special needs; keeping active these many Forms of Religion as so many answers to the demands of their specific differing wants; yet all of them believing their highest and deepest needs to be met somehow within Christianity.

Recall the many hundreds of Christian sects which have appeared and disappeared along the centuries of the Christian era,—each sect distinctly marked by specific doctrines or ceremonies, yet all bearing the one name of the Christ.

A great lesson of history seems to be that Christianity has supreme worth, and is assured of an indefinitely enlarging dominion among men, because of the constantly expanding inclusiveness inherent in its fundamental doctrines and ideals. By means of this quality, Christianity not only met the needs of the complex multitudes who lived under the sway of Imperial Rome,—the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, and the barbarians of the provinces—but for nearly two thousand years it has steadily gathered strength, receiving under its acknowledged guidance, in many different forms of confession, the peoples of all Europe, and of widely sundered nations and tribes in Africa, America, Asia, and in the islands of the seas. In recent centuries, especially, Christianity has been gaining the allegiance of many of the adherents of the widely remote ancient faiths of the civilized peoples of Asia. It is, moreover, marvellous to say, drawing new strength and expansion from the

maturing Philosophy and Science of the world, which to many are seemingly barren of all religious force or substance.

The very fact that Christianity somehow co-exists with, or is confessed through, its manifold and widely divergent sectarianism ; that it is accepted more and more among all peoples and races of men ; and that it remains not only unweakened but reinvigorated in contact with man's perpetually advancing knowledge ; is evidence to me that no one has yet begun to measure the extent of its real capacity to meet and to serve human need. Apparently, in Christianity there are fundamental principles with which all souls can satisfy their wants both of faith and of life. Wherever this Gospel is borne, its power in one or another form is sooner or later felt. Even among such aberrations as "The Dreamers," where the Christ name does not appear, the Christ power is yet manifest. The essential Christianity thus is, so far, seemingly as large as the need and hope of Man. Its history makes it prophetic of a time when all souls shall be consecrated to the realization of its Ideal.

And what is that "Ideal" but a perfected consciousness in the human soul of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man : such life as that which Jesus taught and exemplified ; the law of which is love ; the end of which is universal righteousness and peace.

b. Stay among the Seminole of Florida.—My stay among the Seminole Indians was a delightful and, intellectually, an exceptionally stimulating experience. I was many weeks among these people, who at that time were living in practically complete isolation from white men, unembarrassed by either the limits of a Government Reservation, or the rules of an Indian Agency. They acknowledged no allegiance to the United States, and, as far as possible, avoided contact with the advancing settlers of the white race.

A large part of the results of my stay among these Florida Indians was published in 1887, in *The Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*. This report was much less extended than it would have been but for the long illness which befell me during the next two years and longer. Yet, in this monograph, for the first time, was given a systematic and careful account of the physical and psychical characteristics; of the social life in the family, gens and tribe; of the industries, arts and of the religious beliefs and rites; together with a description of the natural and human environment of this remnant of one of the most remarkable of America's aboriginal peoples. With the report, I was fortunately enabled to deposit in the archives of the Institution a large vocabulary of Seminole words and phrases, together with a systematization of the verbal forms of the Seminole speech.

It may interest my friends to have among these "Memorials" an account of the environment of the Seminole, natural and human, as it was in the winter of 1880-81. I repeat it from the Fourth Chapter of my "Report."

II.

"ENVIRONMENT OF THE SEMINOLE."

a. NATURE.

Southern Florida, the region to which most of the Seminole have been driven by the advances of civilization, is, taken all in all, unlike any other part of our country. In climate it is subtropical; in character of soil it shows a contrast of comparative barrenness and abounding fertility; and in topography it is a plain, with hardly any perceptible natural elevations or depressions. The following description, based upon the notes of my journey to the Big Cypress Swamp, indicates the character of the country generally.

I left Myers, on the Caloosahatchie River, a small settlement composed principally of cattlemen, one morning in the month of February. Even in February the sun was so hot that clothing was a burden. As we started upon our journey, which was to be for a distance of sixty miles or more, my attention was called to the fact that the harness of the horse attached to my buggy was without the breeching. I was told that this part of the harness would not be needed, so level should we find the country. Our way, soon after leaving the main street of Myers, entered pine woods. The soil across which we traveled at first was a dry, dazzling white sand, over which was scattered a growth of dwarf palmetto. The pine trees were not near enough together to shade us from the fierce sun. This sparseness of growth, and comparative absence of shade, is one marked characteristic of Florida's pine woods. Through this thin forest we drove all the day. The monotonous scenery was unchanged except that at a short distance from Myers it was broken by swamps and ponds. So far as the appearance of the country around us indicated, we could not tell whether we were two miles or twenty from our starting point. Nearly half our way during the first day lay through water, and yet we were in the midst of what is called the winter "dry season." The water took the shape here of a swamp and there of a pond, but where the swamp or the pond began or ended it was scarcely possible to tell. One passed by almost imperceptible degrees from dry land to moist, and from moist land into pool or marsh. Generally, however, the swamps were filled with a growth of cypress trees. These cypress groups were well defined in the pine woods by the closeness of their growth and the sharpness of the boundaries of the clusters. Usually, too, the cypress swamps were surrounded by rims of water grasses. Six miles from Myers we crossed a cypress swamp, in which the water at its greatest depth was from one foot to two feet deep. A wagon road had been cut through the dense growth of trees, and the trees were covered with hanging mosses and air plants.

The ponds differed from the swamps only in being treeless. They are open sheets of water surrounded by bands

of greater or less width of tall grasses. The third day, between thirty and forty miles from Myers, we left the pine tree lands and started across what are named in Southern Florida the "prairies." These are wide stretches covered with grass and with scrub palmetto, and dotted at near intervals with what are called pine "islands" or "hammocks" and cypress swamps. The pine island, or hammock, is a slight elevation of the soil, rising a few inches above the dead level. The cypress swamp, on the contrary, seems to have its origin only in a slight depression in the plain. Where there is a ring of slight depression, enclosing a slight elevation, there is generally a combination of cypress and pine and oak growth. For, say, fifteen miles we traveled that third day over this expanse of grass. Most of the way we were in water, among pine islands, skirting cypress swamps and saw-grass marshes, and being jolted through thick clumps of scrub palmetto. Before nightfall we reached the district occupied by the Indians, passing there into what is called the "Bad Country," an immense expanse of submerged land, with here and there islands rising from it, as from the drier prairies. We had a weird ride that afternoon and night. Now we passed through saw-grass six feet high and were in water a foot or more in depth; then we encircled some impenetrable jungle of vines and trees, and again we took our way out upon a vast expanse of water and grass. At but one place in a distance of several miles was it dry enough for one to step upon the ground without wetting the feet.

We reached that place at nightfall, but found no wood there for making a fire. We were four miles then from any good camping ground. Captain Hendry asked our Indian companion whether he could take us through the darkness to a place called the "Buck Pens." Ko-nip-ha-tco said, "Me can go." Under his guidance we started in the twilight, the sky covered with clouds. The night which followed was starless; and soon we were splashing through a country which, to my eyes, was trackless. There were visible to me no landmarks. But our Indian, following what to him was a "trail" made by his own people, about nine o'clock brought us to the object of our search. A black mass suddenly

appeared in the darkness. It was the pine island we were seeking, the "Buck Pens."

On our journey that day we had crossed a stream, so called, the Ak-ho-lo-wa-koo-tei. So level is the country, however, and so sluggish the flow of water there that this river, where we crossed it, was more like a swamp than a stream. Indeed, in Southern Florida the streams, for a long distance from what would be called their sources, are more a succession of swamps than well defined currents confined to channels by banks. They have no real shores until they are well on their way towards the ocean.

Beyond the point I reached, on the edge of the Big Cypress Swamp, lie the Everglades proper; a wide district with only deeper water and better defined islands than those which mark the "Bad Country" and the "Devil's Garden" I had entered.

The description I have given refers to that part of the State of Florida lying south of the Caloosahatchee River. It is in this watery prairie and Everglades region that we find the immediate environment of most of the Seminole Indians. Of the surroundings of the Seminole north of the Caloosahatchee there is but little to say in modification of what has already been said. Near the Fish Eating Creek "settlement" there is a somewhat drier prairie land than that which I have just described. The range of barren sand hills which extends from the north along the middle of Florida to the headwaters of the Kissimmee River ends at Cat Fish Lake. Excepting these modifications, the topography of the whole Indian country of Florida is substantially the same as that which we traversed on the way from Myers into the Big Cypress Swamp and the Everglades.

Over this wide and seeming level of land and water, as I have said, there is a subtropical climate. I visited the Seminole in midwinter; yet, for all that my northern senses could discover, we were in the midst of summer. The few deciduous trees there were having a midyear pause, but trees with dense foliage, flowers, fruit, and growing grass were to be seen everywhere. The temperature was that of a northern June. By night we made

our beds on the ground without discomfort from cold, and by day we were under the heat of a summer sun. There was certainly nothing in the climate to make one feel the need of more clothing or shelter than would protect from excessive heat or rain.

Then the abundance of food, both animal and vegetable, obtainable in that region seemed to me to do away with the necessity, on the part of the people living there, for a struggle for existence. As I have already stated, the soil is quite barren over a large part of the district; but, on the other hand, there is also in many places a fertility of soil that cannot be surpassed. Plantings are followed by superabundant harvests, and the hunter is richly rewarded. But I need not repeat what has already been said; it suffices to note that the natural environment of the Seminole is such that ordinary effort serves to supply them, physically, with more than they need.

b. MAN.

When we consider, in connection with these facts, what I have also before said, that these Indians are in no exceptional danger from wild animals or poisonous reptiles; that they need not specially guard against epidemic disease; and when we remember that they are native to whatever influences might affect injuriously persons from other parts of the country, we can easily see how much more favorably situated for physical prosperity they are than others of their kind. In fact, nature has made physical life so easy to them that their great danger lies in the possible want, or decadence, of the moral strength needed to maintain them in a vigorous use of their powers. This moral strength to some degree they have, but in large measure it had its origin in and has been preserved by their struggles with man rather than with nature.

The wars of their ancestors, extending over nearly two centuries, did the most to make them the brave and proud people they are. It is through the effects of those wars, chiefly, that they have been kept from becoming indolent and effeminate. They are now strong, fearless, haughty, and independent.

But the near future is to initiate a new epoch in their history ; an era in which their career may be the reverse of what it has been. Man is becoming a factor of new importance in their environment. The moving lines of the white population are closing in upon the land of the Seminole. There is no farther retreat to which they can go. It is their impulse to resist the intruders ; but some of them are at last becoming wise enough to know that they cannot contend successfully with the white man. It is possible that even their few warriors may make an effort to stay the oncoming hosts, but, ultimately, they will either perish in the futile attempt, or they will have to submit to a civilization which, until now, they have been able to repel, and whose injurious accompaniments may degrade and destroy them.

Hitherto the white man's influence has been comparatively of no effect except in arousing in the Indian his more violent passions and in exciting him to open hostility. For more than three centuries the European has been face to face with the Florida Indian, and the two have never really been friends. Through the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, the peninsula was the scene of frequently renewed warfare. Spaniard, Frenchman, Englishman, and Spaniard, in turn, kept the country in an unsettled state ; and when the American Union received the province from Spain, sixty years ago, it received with it, in the tribe of the Seminole, an embittered and determined race of hostile subjects. This people, our Government has never been able to conciliate or to conquer. A different Indian policy, or a different administration of the policy established, might have prevented the disastrous wars of the last half century ; but, as all know, the Seminole have always lived within our borders as aliens.

It is only of late years, and through natural necessities, that any friendly intercourse of white man and Indian has been secured. The Indian has become too weak to contend successfully against his neighbor, and the white man has learned enough to refrain from arousing the vindictiveness of the savage. The few white men now on the border line in Florida are, with only few

exceptions, cattle dealers or traders seeking barter with the red men. The cattlemen sometimes meet the Indians on the prairies and are friendly with them for the sake of their stock, which often strays into the Seminole country. The other places of contact of the whites and Seminole are the settlements of Myers, Miami, Bartow, Fort Meade, and Tampa, all, however, centers of comparatively small population. To these places, at infrequent intervals, the Indians go for purposes of trade.

The Indians have appropriated for their service some of the products of European civilization, such as weapons, implements, domestic utensils, fabrics for clothing, etc. Mentally, excepting a few religious ideas which they received long ago from the teaching of Spanish missionaries, and, in the southern settlements, excepting some few Spanish words, the Seminole have accepted and appropriated practically nothing from the white man. The two peoples remain, as they always have been, separate and independent. Up to the present, therefore, the human environment has had no effect upon the Indians aside from that which has just been noticed, except to arouse them to war and to produce among them war's consequences.

But soon a great and rapid change must take place. The large immigration of a white population into Florida, and, especially, the attempts at present being made to drain Lake Okeechobee and the Everglades, make it certain, as I have said, that the Seminole is about to enter a future unlike any past he has known. But now that new factors are beginning to effect his career ; now that he can no longer retreat ; now that he can no longer successfully contend ; now that he is to be forced into close, unavoidable contact with men he has known only as enemies, what will he become ? If we anger him, he still can do much harm before we can conquer him ; but if we seek, by a proper policy, to do him justice, he yet may be made our friend and ally. Already, to the dislike of the old men of the tribe, some young braves show a willingness to break down the ancient barriers between them and our people ; and I believe it possible that, with encouragement,

at a time not far distant, all these Indians may become our friends, forgetting their tragic past in a peaceful and prosperous future."

c. *In Italy, and in the American Northwest.*—I returned from Florida to Washington in the the spring of 1881; only to become seriously ill. The physical collapse that threatened at the time of my resignation from All Souls Church had come. I was compelled to give up my work and to seek recovery through complete rest. I had become over interested in ethnological studies, and, possibly, because of my debility, I had been poisoned by malaria in the Florida swamps.

I went to Sicily and Italy in the following autumn, and stayed there until the next summer. But I failed to get the restoration I sought. I returned to America. My illness continued into another year. It was not until I had gone into the far-West, to Montana, and had lived much in the open air in that tonic atmosphere, where, so my physician had told me, "rapid tissue change would be necessitated," that normal mental and physical vigor began to come back.

With this restoration I went as far eastward as Minneapolis, Minnesota, and there remained until I was commissioned by the American Unitarian Association to go to Japan as one of its representatives in the work it was about to begin there.

2.

In Minneapolis and St. Paul: 1884-1889.

I had a deeply interesting and most instructive experience in the practical and non-clerical relations of life,

in the five years I spent in the "Twin-Cities," Minneapolis and St. Paul. Coming from Montana, I decided to stay in the Northwest chiefly because of the healthfulness of the climate. For occupation, I contributed considerably to local newspapers; preached and lectured somewhat; and attempted to take part in the industrial, commercial and political interests of the "twin" communities.

a. At Unity Church in St. Paul.—During the year 1885-86, I occupied the pulpit of the "Unity Church" in St. Paul, giving my ministry, in large part, to helping forward, by religious agencies, such matters as "Municipal Betterment," and the work of the "Law and Order League." I was particularly interested in an improvement of the beneficent societies of the community through a systematic "Charity Organization."

I returned to Minneapolis in 1886, and resumed former newspaper and literary occupations. For some time, thereafter, I was the editor of a weekly paper named *The Commercial Bulletin*. I used its columns as much as possible for the advancement of the welfare of the community in accordance with high ethical standards. The *Bulletin* took sides with various needed reforms, not only in industrial and commercial matters, but in municipal affairs as well. The editorial columns were often quoted from. As chairman of a committee, I prepared the Report of the City's "Board of Trade," which initiated the movement that led to the abolition of railway grade-crossings in Minneapolis. I had, also, somewhat to do with subsequent negotiations to that end.

b. Candidacy for Professorship in the University of Minnesota.—The most important of my experiences during that eventful decade was a candidature for the chair of

Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Minnesota. This experience was personally important, because I much wished for the position, after the candidacy had been begun, having had a special liking and preparation for the work to be followed under its care. The experience was of public importance, also, because of its having been the means for indicating how seriously, in those days, a vigorous threat to arouse a sectarian agitation might interfere in the administration of a State institution.

The principal facts bearing upon the episode, so far as they are needed to inform my friends who wish to know, are these.

In the spring of 1886, some St. Paul and Minneapolis friends presented my name to the Board of Regents of the State University in candidacy for "the Chair of Philosophy." I think that the proposition started with the Hon. C. M. Loring of Minneapolis, a friend who was exceptionally well acquainted with me. My profession as a Unitarian minister being, presumably, an obstacle in the way to so important a position as that of teacher of ethics, as well as of psychology, and of logic in the State University, some clergymen in St. Paul where I was temporarily resident, were consulted concerning the proposition. To my great gratification nine of the leading Orthodox clergymen of the city, men representative in their denominations, united in a letter to President Northrop, who had recently been chosen to the headship of the institution and was administering its newly begun prosperity with great energy and skill.

As this letter is of a good deal of worth in showing the relation of these nine prominent clergymen to me in my candidacy, and has considerable significance in connection with what directly followed, I copy it here.

“ St. Paul, April 30, 1886.

TO PRESIDENT NORTHROP OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY ;

Dear Sir:—Learning that Rev. Clay MacCauley is a candidate for the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in your institution, soon to be vacant ; we desire to commend him to your favorable regard. Our relations with him have been fraternal, and his Christian spirit and bearing have won our esteem, while his interest in the matters we have discussed together affecting the moral improvement of our city and the advancement of righteousness has increased our respect for him as a brother and fellow laborer.”

E. S. Thomas, *Rector of St. Paul's Church* ; M. N. Gilbert, *Rector of Christ Church* ; M. M.G. Dana, *Pastor Plymouth Church* ; Robert Forbes, *Pastor Jackson St., M. E. Church* ; Henry C. Mabie, *Pastor First Baptist Church* ; E. C. Mitchell, *Pastor New Jerusalem Church* ; E. C. Evans, *Pastor Pacific Congregational Church* ; Maurice D. Edwards, *Pastor Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church* ; E. Jay Coates, *Rector St. John's Church.*”

Of course, this letter had no value as an endorsement of my intellectual equipment for the professorship I was seeking. I repeat it only to show that these Orthodox clergymen did not fear that if a Unitarian were chosen to the office he would, “ have an evil influence over the sons of our farmers ” as, in part, a subsequent objection to me was phrased.

Not long after my candidacy was announced, the University's “ Board of Regents ” was in possession of a very large and widely representative endorsement, not only of my personal but of my scholarly fitness, too, for the professorship. One of the Regents told me that I had had an endorsement “ more complimentary, more authoritative

and distinguished than any ever before given to a candidate " for an office in the institution.

Among these generous supporters were Prof. Simon Newcomb ; Justice S. F. Miller of the U.S. Supreme Court, in several communications ; ex-Secretary of War, Hon. Geo. W. McCrary, who, also, wrote several letters ; U.S. Senator, Hon. Justin S. Morrill ; ex-Vice President, Hannibal Hamlin ; Chief Justice Appleton, of Maine ; Major J. W. Powell, Director of the Bureau of Ethnology ; Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale ; Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard University ; ex-Governor Hubbard, of Minnesota ; the then Governor, Alexander McGill ; Hon. Justice J. B. Gilfillan ; Hon. Charles B. Lamborn ; Hon. Hastings H. Hart, chairman of State Board of Charities ; and further, a number of other well known educationists and publicists whose letters I have not now among my papers.

Hon. Geo. W. McCrary thought it prudent to speak of me in one of his letters as not only having " spent much time in philosophic studies at home and abroad, and being eminently fitted by character, education and experience for the position, but as being a reverent and earnest man, whose religious attitude would be always towards the conservation of faith, of reverence, and of moral obligation."

My election was spoken of publicly as a foregone conclusion, when the time for the action of the Regents drew near. One day, during a visit, I was introduced, at the house of the president, to a student, as her " future teacher in logic " ; and in some of the local newspapers it was assumed that I was the coming professor of philosophy for the University.

But, just then, a vigorous opposition to my election was

brought before the University authorities ; it delayed the expected election. The opposition, so I was told, did not concern me either as scholar or man. At the first, the only reason for it, I heard of, was that, because of my being a well-known Unitarian minister, it was not fitting that I should "teach the sons of our farmers so important a subject as ethics." In time, I learned the whole of a peculiar story concerning what had become a barrier in my way and, thereby, had prevented the selection, that year, of any occupant for the vacant chair.

It will serve no good purpose now, however, to connect this opposition by name with any person, or to explain the episode fully. I should not hesitate, however, to mention names had not the sectarian reason advanced against me been actually more a pretence of opposition than a reality, or even had this pretence been allowed to go beyond the stage of being more than an annoying threat.

I do not know the details of the discussion which took place in the session of the Board of Regents in which the decision concerning the proposed election was reached. All I knew, at the first, authoritatively of that meeting came from a letter received immediately afterwards, written to me by President Northrop, in which he expressed much regret that no election had taken place.

The election "had been postponed for a year," at his "own request," he said, adding that he had been "expecting at any moment" during the meeting that I would be chosen. I learned later that had a vote been reached it would have been given, with but one, possibly two, exceptions, in my favor. "Under the circumstances," said the president, "I felt justified in interfering, and asked the regents to postpone the vote for a year." The president thought it

due to me to tell me that he "assumed whatever responsibility" there would be for the postponement; and he believed that I would judge his act aright did I know all the facts.

I learned from other sources not long afterwards,—in fact from the regent who was most directly concerned,—of the real reason for the interruption of the vote which, it had been expected, would be unanimous for me. Because of this reason I soon came to feel that the president, all things considered, had acted for the best in making his request. He had recently been installed in office, and it was of special importance that the new administration of the University should, if possible, have the unanimous support of its governing Board.

My immediate wishes were, of course, seriously disappointed; but I knew, even in my disappointment, that personal gratification was of little moment compared with the larger welfare.

I tell this much of that Minnesota University incident, that my friends may know enough of it to understand that the considerations decisive in it had no relation whatever to my personal character, or to my fitness for the office I sought. Also I wish them to know that the opposition to my election, though citing the fact of my being a Unitarian minister as a threatened peril to the institution, was not primarily based upon that fact.

No object of sufficient worth now, however, would be gained by my going farther into an explication of the surprising and unwelcome experience. To the extent I have explained it here it will sufficiently inform my friends of what my directly personal relation to the course

of the events was: and there the story, so far as these "Memories" have to do with it, may end.

After this action of the University's governing Board had been made public, of course, the supposititious peril of a sectarian agitation in case of my election, had not even a seeming reason for being. And so far as I was concerned individually I had no inclination to make even an intimation to the public of having "a grievance." In fact, I declined to join with some others who wished to begin a public "protest," over what had occurred. So it came about, that the whole matter was soon relieved of notice and came to nothing.

As would be expected, I was the recipient of a number of letters after the decision of the University authorities, about the filling of the chair of "Mental and Moral Science," had become known. Among them was one whose writer was under the impression that President Northrop had really been led to his decision by the threatened Orthodox religious opposition. This letter expresses so well what would have been the best judgment not only of personal friends but of the real friends of the University, if its supposition had been fact, that it will bear quoting from. It refers to another letter from the president than that of which I have just spoken, and to something which the president had said of a possible sectarian agitation in connection with the University's affairs.

"I am glad" wrote my friend, "that you have the president's letter. - - - If he should think seriously of the situation he might see a danger of the matter of denominational influence in a State university coming into general discussion throughout the State, with damaging effect upon the prospects of the institution.

There is too much liberal feeling in Minnesota to be ignored if it were roused into active expression. If the president would boldly take a stand he would find more support from the fair-minded Evangelical church members, who do not wish doctrinal teaching and from the liberal people, than all he would lose through———'s influence. It is a question which has to be settled sooner or later in this as in other States ; and, certainly, the institutions that are free from denominational control, like Cornell and Ann Arbor, speak for themselves.

I hope that President———will not influence your president against the larger view. If the Regents are ready to support him heartily he ought not to be afraid to make the trial at least.

One man of marked ability, with a reputation beyond the State, would help the University more than a dozen ordinary professors ; and the institution with the strongest faculty is bound to have the largest number of students in spite of all that narrow-minded men can do. As soon as the Chairs of the University of Minnesota are filled with first-class men, it will be safe from any assault that any cry of 'infidelity' can raise."

Notwithstanding President Northrop's decision, which was not a little embarrassing to me at the time, because of the publicity which had been given to my candidacy ; and the general supposition, among friends, that the formal election would be merely a formality, I had no inclination to blame, much less to antagonize him. Because of his letters, and also of what he said in a subsequent conversation, I accepted with friendliness his judgment, although, as I have said, some friends advised a public "protest." In fact, I sought rather to support President Northrop in his efforts to further the prosperity of the important charge which had been but recently entrusted to him and needed all support available.

c. Course of Lectures at the University of Minnesota.—During the following winter of 1886-1887, I had the honor of being invited by the University administration to deliver at the University a course of lectures on “The Fundamental Truths in Philosophy.” The subjects I chose were,—

- 1.—*The Meaning and Value of the Study of Philosophy.*
- 2.—*Philosophy in the Present Age.*
- 3.—*Fundamental Data for Psychology.*
- 4.—*The Mind's Process in Thinking: Approach to Logic.*
- 5.—*Nature and Sources of Moral Obligation: Introduction to Ethics.*
- 6.—*Apprehension and Real Worth of the Principle of Philosophy.*

These lecture were intended to be a sort of conspectus of the beginnings of the particular studies,—Psychology, Logic, Ethics, and Pure Philosophy,—which I should have had under my care had I been chosen to the professorship for which I had been a candidate.

In the preparation of these lectures I was, of course, dependent upon many years study of a large part of the vast literature devoted to the themes selected ; but I gratefully acknowledge here, as a radically important factor in guiding the processes of my reasoning, the speculations of Karl Christian Friedrich Krause,—to whose profound speculations I have already offered tribute,—together with the elaboration of Krause's thought by some of his most capable expositors, particularly Professor H. Ahrens, of the Leipzig University, and Professor G. Tiberghien, of the University of Brussels.

I reproduce these lectures here, not only because I still believe that they embody essential and fundamental truths

of the highest value,—truths which are especially needed in association with the utilitarian thinking and work of the passing age,—but, immediately, because my friends may have some reliable record of the ultimate motives and methods which had become distinctive of my matured mental and spiritual development.

FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS OF PHILOSOPHY

FIRST LECTURE

THE MEANING AND VALUE OF THE STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY

I.

THE PHILOSOPHIC IDEAL.

There was a time when Man somehow became possessed of the belief that there is a Universe. How or when this belief was reached it is not necessary for us to try to learn. It is sufficient now simply to note the fact that, at some time, the human mind passed beyond its experiences and made the assumption that all things and events are related to one another as parts and wholes ; as effects and causes ; and that all are ultimately, in some way, One Whole. The history of human thought is in largest part a record of work done under the influence of this belief. The most energetic and persistent labor of which mind has been capable has been evoked by it. It has wrought specific results which, time and again, have dominated ages in the life of Mankind.

This intellectual enterprise, as a whole, has been named Philosophy. The ideal set forth in the transcendent assumption that there is a real Universe, I shall call the Philosophic Ideal.

The product of Philosophy in history has been manifold. It consists of a multitude of systems of thought differing from one another to a greater or less degree ; some

differing from others so widely that, seemingly, there is no uniting bond among them. As far apart are some systems of Philosophy as the definition "the science of the Absolute" is separated from the definition "the explanation of the phenomena of the Universe." Some philosophers have asserted, as a result of their search for original, universal Unity, that all things have had their genesis in some form of matter, such as water or air ; other philosophers have come to the conclusion that the Universe is but "a process of Thought." Yet, however many may be the forms of Philosophy ; however far apart the definitions of their name, or divergent their conclusions, all systems of thought, to which general consent allows the name "philosophic," are more or less under the direction of the one Ideal. "The aim of philosophy (whether attainable or not)," says Professor Andrew Seth, "is to exhibit the Universe as a rational system in the harmony of all its parts." Sir William Hamilton wrote, "The tendency of our nature of which philosophy is the result, is the desire of unity. The history of philosophy is only the history of this tendency ; and philosophers have amply testified to its reality." Professor Charles Carroll Everett thus emphasises this opinion ; "It should be observed, first of all and remembered through all, that from the beginning to the end of philosophy, taking in systems the most frivolous and most opposed, they all have this in common, that they affirm the absolute unity of the world and of the universe. They all are alike searching for the principle of unity."

So then, whatever the efforts mankind may make to explain the things and events of experience, under the belief that they are all systematically related to one another and are all ultimately united, such efforts are to be included under the generic term, Philosophy. In other words, any attempt to realize for Thought an ideal of substantial and causal unity in the myriad variety of Universe is a form of Philosophy. These lectures have originated in a wish, I have long held, to make some further contribution towards the realization of the Philosophic Ideal.

II.

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE STUDY OF
PHILOSOPHY.

Certain objections have been raised, and are urged with considerable earnestness, to such attempts as that which I have proposed to make.

Even while admitting that what is here called the Philosophic Ideal exists, some persons declare that, evidently, nothing is gained by occupying our thoughts with it. Evidently, they say, although from an ancient past many minds have striven to realize, and have claimed to realize, this Ideal, Philosophy so far has been but barren and vain speculation. The history of Philosophy is the story of the fruitlessness of a multitude of systems of thought, appearing and disappearing along the course of thousands of years; the systems often hostile to one another; drawn from contradictory principles, and issuing in antagonistic conclusions. Thus far, they say, the philosophic search has not once been rewarded by a discovery which, as a whole, has received general assent. All attempts to realize the Ideal of Philosophy have been failures. The Ideal is evidently an illusion. It is the part of wisdom, consequently, to give over the search for its realization.

Yet, I reply, even were it true that Philosophy, as a search for a real Principle of Unity in the Universe, is a failure, there is still sufficient reason why the search should continue. The Philosophic Ideal has served not merely as a stimulus and a guide in a search for the universal Principle of all that exists, but, as already intimated, this Ideal has been more effective than any other influence in the genesis and development of whatever systematised knowledge is now in man's possession.

The origin and growth of the separate sciences are an illustrious vindication of the validity of the Philosophic endeavor. Should belief in universality in the relation of parts and wholes, of effects and causes, be destroyed; should belief in organic unity in the Universe be annihilated; should we obliterate from the human mind its ideal of

the Universe; the foundation of all the structures which men of science are so confidently building would be gone, and their work speedily brought to naught. If the Philosophic Ideal be an illusion the sciences themselves are but the fabrics of a dream. "Science is system," says Professor Robert Flint. "To exclude system from science is to suppress and destroy science." "The spirit of system is in itself nothing more than the spirit of order and unity. Without unity and order—that is, without system—there is no science. To systematise is an intellectual necessity." Fichte defined philosophy as, "The science of sciences generally, or the science of all other sciences,—to furnish the principles upon which all sciences depend, and itself to have the fundamental Principle."

We need not be concerned, however, over the skeptical challenge against Philosophy aroused by man's apparent failure to realize its Ideal. There is no probability,—I venture to say there is not even a possibility,—that the human mind will abandon service to its transcendent intellectual faith, or that Philosophy will be lowered from the commanding place it has hitherto held. Kant spoke truth, I think, when he said of metaphysics, the supreme element in Philosophy;—"It is the oldest of the sciences, and would still remain even if all the rest were swallowed up in the abyss of an all-destroying barbarism." Those who profess antagonism to philosophic study appear as witnesses against themselves. "However much," remarked Kant in reference to these would-be antagonists, "they may try to disguise themselves, they unavoidably fall into metaphysical declarations and propositions, which they profess to regard with so much contempt." In Doctor James Martineau's judgment, "No metaphysics are sure to be false. For what are they? Their negative name is a delusive mark, and no man can reason on these matters at all; no man can even rail at metaphysics without a metaphysical hypothesis at heart." We may add President Noah Porter's declaration;—"Even when science ignores and denounces metaphysics and speculation, it unconsciously sets up and uses a metaphysics of its own."

Every systematic explanation of things or phenomena,

I say, depends, really, for whatever worth it has, upon the Philosophic Ideal, recognised or not. Every one who reasons over the facts of his experience and builds up a structure of thought, rising from lower levels of generalization to higher, and from the postulation of many, to fewer orders of co-existence and sequence, is, to the degree he reaches, a philosopher. *That which is essential in Philosophy*, I assert, *is in no way imperilled by any seeming hostility to it.*

Even Positivism, whose advocates judge that, "Philosophy (as here defined) and Positive Science are irreconcilable," noticeably depends upon the Philosophic Ideal for whatever real worth it has. It was Comte who wrote for his own speculations;—"Philosophy is the explanation of the phenomena of the Universe." George Henry Lewes, a Positivist historian of philosophy, sets forth the object of Positivism, as,—“Observing the constant coexistences and successions of phenomena amongst themselves, and generalizing them into some one Law.” And Herbert Spencer, though giving many reasons for “dissenting from the philosophy of Comte,” yet, known to have been a sympathetic student of Comte,—this thinker, whose world-wide reputation is that he is the writer of “The Philosophy of Evolution,” and is a champion of Phenomenalism, has defined Science as “partially unified knowledge,” and Philosophy “as “completely unified knowledge.” These definitions would be meaningless, or worthless, were they not drawn from the conviction that there is Unity throughout that which may be known.

Those forms of thought which are known as Nihilism, or Absolute Skepticism, we must regard as the despair of baffled minds that have striven under the Philosophic impulse.

I claim, then, since all knowledge is dependent for whatever scientific value it has upon the guidance of the Philosophic Ideal; and since the fact of the persistence of this Ideal is evident even among professed opponents of Philosophy, that the seeming failure of the philosophic search suggested by the long catalogue of divergent and hostile systems of which the history of Philosophy is made

up, is no good reason for abandoning this supreme effort of the human mind. On the contrary, the apparent want of success hitherto should make yet more imperative the demands of the Philosophic Ideal ;—it should arouse new vigor in its service.

Man's matured mind is guided by faith in substantial and causal Unity in the limitless Variety of existences ; and, almost necessarily, it seeks an intellectual realization of this Unity. To this end, all the successively higher and larger generalizations of knowledge gained are tributary ; finding places under the increasing unification whose perfection is the goal of Philosophic search. Philosophy is still justified in the domain of thought under the name it long ago received from Aristotle,—“The Art of arts,” and “The Science of sciences.” To me there are now, therefore, only yet stronger incentives for the human mind to continue its service to the Philosophic Ideal, assured that with each maturer effort some nearer approach, however small, will be made to the height which, as a sunlit summit, has, for ages, shone before Man's vision ; a height whence the world may be known with all its parts disclosed in their true relations to one another and to the inclusive Whole. With never more imperative sanction than now, the philosophic mind may follow whither its Ideal opens the way.

Another objection to such study of Philosophy, as that which I have proposed, is based upon the fact that only the most highly endowed, and these exceedingly few, minds make contributions of any real value in the advance towards a realization of the Philosophic Ideal.

It is to be admitted that very few persons are so gifted with intellectual ability ; so prepared by the needed culture ; and so able to command their time, that they can engage in Philosophic research, especially in original investigation. Whither the few lead the vast majority follow. History is, in the main, the record of a diffusion among multitudes of the results of the philosophic conclusions of a small number of thinkers. The career of Humanity has been shaped chiefly under their direction. Science, art, literature, legislation, the many institutions of

society, have received their dominant motives chiefly from the opinions of these rare leaders. In a word, the condition of Humanity, at any stage of its career, is determined radically by the influence of the thinking of Philosophic masters in preceding generations.

In European civilization, for example, the dominant force in its development,—that which issued from the thought of Plato and Aristotle,—is beyond measure. Hundreds of millions of human beings who, probably, never heard the name of either thinker have been affected, their lives throughout, in all their civil, social and religious relations by the work of these two minds.

The faiths and lives of countless Christian believers, during more than the last thousand years, would never have been what they were but for the speculations of Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.

The political and social fate of myriad subjects of the kingdoms of Europe for centuries was dependent upon the work of Roman Catholic Scholastics who derived their strength in large measure from the principles and forms for reasoning given to the world by Aristotle.

How few persons, comparatively, now know the names of Lord Bacon and Locke, of Descartes and Spinoza. Yet these names stand in the history of the last four hundred years as of the founders and exponents of the methods of thinking by which the humblest and most obscure men and women almost the world around, are now affected in mind and body.

As with European civilization, so with human life as a whole. The streams on which the weal and woe of which nearly all the peoples of Asia are borne have their sources in the philosophic conclusions of such minds as those of Manu, Kapila, Confucius and Zoroaster.

Man's career is marked by the fact that, remote from ordinary life, unknown and unintelligible to the mass of mankind, a few master minds live and think; whose thought extends gradually into ordinary literature and into the schools; then into the common thinking and speech of the homes and streets, until, finally, that which is fundamental and characteristic in the thought is felt

and, to a greater or less degree obeyed, by the most ignorant members of Society.

Now, while I would in no way ignore the fact that it is hardly within the bounds of possibility for any of us to make noteworthy contributions towards perfecting the realization of the Ideal of Philosophy, it does not follow that even the humblest among us should remain philosophically passive, or inert. We are, to an important degree, unavoidably the creatures of circumstances, and are plastic under the thoughts of others, but we should always feel sure that we are, at the same time, in some measure original, self-dependent, responsible personalities, capable of adding some formative moment to the forces which shape us; and that we are in duty bound to do what we can do, however insignificant our act, and however little effective beyond ourselves it may be.

In reference to the Philosophic Ideal;—although each of us must for the most part be a learner,—I claim that we can, each, at least make perfectly clear to ourselves just what that Ideal is. We can understand its historic worth and permanence; and we can use our knowledge as the measure with which to test the Philosophic worth of whatever is offered to us in the name of Philosophy. *We can, at least, direct our thinking by the fundamental Faith that all Existence, in the infinitude of its Variety, is bound together, in a limitless series of reciprocal and ascending relations, with an ultimate substantial and causal Unity.* This fundamental Faith, each of us certainly can make his own; and, with it, each of us can become self-reliant and masterful in the midst of the distractions of the differing speculative systems. With this Faith, each of us can so direct his own Philosophic discipleship that he shall be follower only of those among the great masters of thought who have most steadily maintained faith in universal order, and have found confirming order in all the facts of experience,—in those facts which are disclosed by the senses from without and which are opened within in the depths of consciousness.

This much, assuredly, every mind, even the humblest, can do. This much every one should do. And were

this much done by all, the Philosophic Ideal would be more and more clearly interpreted, and intelligently served. Thereby, in some measure, would the perfecting of Philosophy be advanced. For this reason, therefore, I do not hesitate to make the attempt I have proposed.

III.

SOME BENEFITS OF THE STUDY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Contributions towards the realization of the Philosophic Ideal are not, however, the only reason for our making the attempt which I have proposed. The study of Philosophy may become a work of the highest possible value for those who engage in it.

Let one's thinking be really governed by this fundamental Faith of the Intellect, and the way will thereby be opened to him, to the attainment of more benefits intellectually, morally and, in fact, personally throughout, than by any other means. Properly understood, there is no agency so potent as this in aiding one to secure the largest and best personal culture, and, thereby, to fulfill the real purpose of life.

In illustration of this claim, let us consider, first, how Philosophic study, as we have set it forth, necessarily *uplifts the mind and widens the range of thought*. With the Philosophic Ideal in view, one inevitably tends to look upon all the world of Nature and Human Life as a domain of order; as a realm under the sway of Law. The philosophic mind takes this superior attitude. It works under the conviction that all things and events have reason for being. It believes that all the facts of experience may be explained under causes of successively larger and larger comprehension; and that all beings and acts cohere in and under One Being and Energy. With this intellectual exaltation, the horizon of thought is indefinitely enlarged. Taking this attitude the mind tends to become continually more confident and forceful in dealing with the perpetually recurring problems of its experience.

In a measure, this same intellectual exaltation and broadening of view is the effect of any specific scientific

study. Naturally so, because, as I have claimed, every special science is guided by a conviction which, recognized or not, is itself dependent upon the Ideal of Philosophy. Yet, the mental attitude and the breadth of view of the student of a special science, so long as the student shuts himself up in his comparatively limited domain, must be, just to that extent, depressed and narrowed. *I would not be understood in saying this, however, to ignore, or to undervalue, scientific specialization.* The more fully a special science is developed, the better, I believe, must the result be for the further development, or the perfecting of Philosophy. What I mean to say is this ; that a special science, however much matured, has not received its best possible development when its organic relations with other sciences and, above all, with the Philosophic Ideal have been ignored.

“It is with the ultimate synthesis that philosophy concerns itself,” writes Professor Seth in the Encyclopedia Britannica in the article on Philosophy. “It has to show that the subject matter which we are all dealing with in detail is a whole, consisting of articulated members.—The parts only exist and can only be fully, that is truly, known in their relation to the whole. A pure specialist if such a being were possible, would be merely an instrument whose results had to be co-ordinated and used by others.—The tendency of specialists in any department is naturally to lose sight of the whole in attention to the particular categories, or modes of nature’s working, which happen to be exemplified and fruitfully applied in their own sphere of investigation ; and in proportion as this is the case it becomes necessary for their theories to be co-ordinated with the results of other inquirers and seen, as it were, in the light of the whole.—The philosopher refuses to consider the parts out of their relation to the whole, whose parts they are.”

Without a superior sense of the Philosophic Ideal, therefore, scientific specialists are not able to make full use of the gains they have secured ; they dishonor the very conditions which have made their gains possible. In the present age, scientific specialization is evidently too much

engaged in without reference to the all-inclusive organic relationships of all knowledge which make any science possible. There is the highest need, therefore, that the Ideal of Philosophy should be kept clearly in view by workers in the sciences. The attempt I have here proposed can, therefore, be of the best service to those of us who are students of the various sciences. The study of Philosophy can serve to guard our minds against the embarrassing limitations which beset much of scientific speculation and experiment. Holding steadily in view the supreme Intellectual Ideal, we shall be best enabled to discover the true order and value of that which is offered to us in the name of "knowledge."

Moreover, *the study of Philosophy* like all studies of things and events in their relations to one another,—this study, however, in the highest degree,—*tends to develop* in human character the excellent quality of *intellectual caution*, or *prudence*. He who has an intelligent apprehension of the Ideal of Philosophy almost necessarily becomes, to the extent of his ability, exhaustive in investigation and, also, hesitant in coming to conclusions. It has been said that nothing is more contrary to the Philosophic mood than intellectual precipitancy. Immature thinkers, minds impulsive under plausible reasoning and easily satisfied, can therefore submit themselves to no better discipline than the largeness and inclusiveness of the mental disposition accompanying a true Philosophic consciousness.

Nor is this much needed intellectual benefit, all. No one can worthily apprehend the Ideal of Philosophy without becoming to a greater or less degree *ennobled in feeling*. Belief in and search for the order and harmonies of the worlds of Nature and Mind are almost inevitably accompanied by sublimity in imagination, aspiration, assurance and peace. The "joy of elevated thought," and "the calm of philosophy," are tributes which from the past have been offered by common consent to the study which is here advocated.

And further; I have read that "the will is father to the deed, but the thought and sentiment are father and

mother to the will. Nothing seems more impotent than a thought, it has neither hands nor feet,—but nothing proves so powerful.” *Given, then, a grand ideal and a sublime aspiration it is almost certain that one’s whole personal energy will be urged onward and upward.* The transcendent Ideal, and the supreme aspiration for man have their source in Philosophy.

I am bold enough to claim, therefore, that there is no agency so directly useful in maturing, exalting, and strengthening man’s personality as a real apprehension of, and devotion to the mind’s supreme “intuition,” the Philosophic Ideal.

But, in addition to these direct personal benefits, there is much else that goes to make good the claim just advanced. The study of Philosophy, if properly pursued, must be subjected to certain conditions. No philosophical student, for example, can enter upon his work with hope of real success unless he is *intellectually free*. Freedom of thought is inseparably joined with a true apprehension of the Ideal of Philosophy. The ages of greatest philosophic activity have been marked by mental freedom. Philosophy is an emancipator. The student of Philosophy, as such, is neither iconoclast nor rebel;—his aim is an intellectual realization of the fundamental rational assumption. He is compelled, consequently, to prove all things that he may hold fast that which is true. Without mental liberty, the first requisite for success in the pursuit of philosophic truth is wanting. The student of Philosophy should, I admit, be hospitable to both tradition and to contemporary opinion, but in no measure should he be servile to either. Truth has everything to gain, and error all to lose, through exact, exhaustive investigation.

Again, the Philosophic Ideal is of such quality that any attempt to contribute towards its realization demands, as far as possible, an all-sided study of philosophic problems. The truly *philosophic mind*, therefore, *aims at impartiality* in its researches. In the presence of his Ideal the student knows that all forms, or systems of Philosophy are, at best, but approximations towards the perfection aimed at. And he is assured that, in any degree philosophic, *none*

of these systems however partial, or incomplete, *is wholly false*. Comparative Philosophy discloses in each philosophic system signs of a prevision of a perfect order. Tolerance is a genuine philosophic virtue. Discussion, not disputation; the forum, not the arena, should be the resort of students of Philosophy. Unpartisan debate is a sure sign of philosophic maturity.

But the benefits following a proper study of Philosophy are not confined within the circles of its students. Let me repeat in another form what I have said before, that human kind, as a whole, are largely under the guidance of their philosophers. John Stuart Mill wrote, "The worth of society is in the long run the worth of the individuals composing it." But there is a sense in which mankind have an organic life. Individual men and women, grouped as families, tribes, nations, and races, in time create and establish *institutions* in which the collective human life finds motive and direction. The social organization depends immediately upon institutions, and, at the next remove, upon individuals.

As creators of Institutions, therefore, the study I have proposed is to us of great moment. None of us lives unto himself, or for the present time only. Your and my thinking and acting concern, in the first instance, your and my personal characters; and then, our fellow beings who are directly associated with us. But our functions as members of Society make us in some measure, — not rarely make us in an important degree, — shapers of legislation, workers in literature, promoters of education, directors of religious and ethical movements, counsellors in dealing with the poor, the diseased, the insane, and many others of the helpless classes of Society. In these relations we inevitably become creators and arbiters of Institutions to which, far remote from the spheres of our personal influence, for the present and for the future, wise and ignorant; faithless and believing; orderly and criminal; all subjects of the State; all members of the Church; readers of the Press; pupils of the Schools; and followers of Custom, are subjected.

Let the study of Philosophy be honored among a people,

and the Institutions which give motive and guidance to the whole social organism will gradually take shape in accordance with the enlarging, ennobled thought and life following this supreme study, and thus become, more and more, sources of beneficence for the present and for the future, too.

The surest hope for human progress lies in cherishing, and in seeking to realise, ideals. The best and the farthest progress made hitherto by mankind has come from following the Ideal of Philosophy together with the ideals which the Philosophic Ideal has brought into being. History abounds in illustrations of the truth of this assertion. The peoples who have led in the forward movements of Humanity have shown, when in the lead, an exalted philosophic mood and aim. The correlation of the movements of philosophic thought and social progress, stagnation or retrogression, is clearly seen in those historic epochs which opened with the rise of Philosophy in Greece twenty-five hundred years ago, and are yet in progress in the civilization of Europe and America. The political and literary glory of Greece ; the triumph and fall of Rome ; the intellectual servility of Medieval Europe ; the many revolutions, ecclesiastical, political and social, in which the Middle Ages closed,—such as the Renaissance in science and in art ; the disintegration of Feudalism ; the advance of the Protestant Reformation ; the outburst of the French Revolution, and the rise of the American Democracy ;—these were all effects of dominant, antecedent philosophic moods more or less remote, through which social institutions were made good or bad, and thus agents of weal or woe to the peoples which then were.

Moreover, the social, industrial, political problems which are constantly pressing for solution now, and which, at times seem to threaten the welfare of the whole of Humanity bring before us with special commendation such attempts as I have proposed. Never was there a time when, for the sake of social institutions, the study of Philosophy should be more earnestly pursued than now. The prospect for a happy issue for the Social Organism from its present perils lies, I believe, in a clearer and much

more widely spread apprehension of the supreme Intellectual Ideal, and the development, throughout Society, of the personal virtues which I have set forth as consequences of a true study of Philosophy. In the direction here pointed out, lies the way for such an improvement, or such building anew, of the Institutions which direct Society, that coming generations shall be wiser, better, happier, and more peaceful than the mankind of the present, or of the past.

Because of these, and yet other, reasons, I believe it to be not only my privilege but my duty to attempt to make with you a further contribution towards a realization of the Philosophic Ideal. To man's loftiest vision, for ages, the Universe has appeared as a perfect organism of matter, of force, of thought, of life,—of an infinite Variety infinitely related in Unity.

Is the vision one of Reality? Is it true? Whatever the reply we may venture to make to this question, this at least is true; that, since the vision was opened, the human mind has, either with full assurance, or in act, held it to be a revelation of the truth. Growing knowledge, as it is embodied in the many sciences, has added growing confirmation to this sublime assumption of the Reason.

With every approach towards the realization of the Philosophic Ideal, the more at rest Man's mind tends to be. Only as Man fails to find a disclosing Unity in his search after knowledge is his deepest mental need left unsatisfied. My own conviction is, that there is a way by which the mind, if it can become sure of anything, can be assured that the Philosophic Ideal springs from a vision of Reality. And I believe that human reflection and research will at some time, far or near, make it clear that there is no alternative to a full assurance of the truth of this intuition. The fulfilment of our intellectual privilege and duty is to be found, I am confident, in our following on whither the Philosophic Ideal leads.

SECOND LECTURE

PHILOSOPHY IN THE PRESENT AGE.

I.

PHILOSOPHY IN HISTORY

Man's effort to realize the transcendent Intellectual Ideal has produced, as I have said, a large number of systems, or expressions of thought, each bearing the common name, Philosophy ; all of them making more or less pretension to philosophic progress, or finality. As a preparation for our proposed venture towards the same end, let us to-day look, —though of necessity very briefly,—at the present status of the Ideal of Philosophy.

Let us see, if we may, in the many philosophical systems taught and followed at the present time, just what has become of the supreme Ideal common to them all. An intelligent result of this examination will do at least this for us ; it will show how much and how little has been done to realize the Philosophic Aim ; thereby it will indicate the direction in which further philosophic progress may be made. Our immediate study, therefore, is a review of the Modern History of Philosophy under guidance of the Philosophic Ideal.

I take as our starting point an event midway in that marvellous century, the Fifteenth, in which the Middle Ages of Europe were closing, and when the forces which have shaped the Modern Era had begun to have marked influence.

For hundreds of years previously, the civil, social, intellectual and religious life of Western Europe had been subjected to the sway of the Roman Papacy. But with the opening of the Fourteenth Century, the Papal autocracy had reached its culmination and had already begun to decline. Scholasticism, the unquestioning service of the intellect to Ecclesiastical dogma, had already weakened and was nearing dissolution. As the Fifteenth Century approached, Thought—if I may personify the intellectual forces of the time—more and more boldly resisted the Scholastic assumptions, and claimed independence of

hierarchic direction; and there appeared in the middle of the Fifteenth Century one agency which, more than any other, hastened the completion of the emancipation. That was the intellectual revolution following what is called "The Revival of Letters."

On account of the downfall of Constantinople in 1453, and the consequent danger which threatened Greece from the invading Turks, a number of Greek scholars went to Italy. There, they did a great deal to stimulate and to guide a newly initiated study of the ancient Classics. A general increase of industrial and commercial activity, with consequent material prosperity, had for some time been taking place. Secular culture, as distinguished from the preceding prevailing religious culture, had well advanced along with the increasing industrial prosperity. Gradually, in Art, Science, and in Philosophy, the independent, progressive mood of ancient times revived. Nearly contemporary with the Revival of Letters was the invention of printing. The printing press was used to give wide circulation to the results of the new thinking.

But we need not follow in detail the history of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. In the main, this period shows a rapidly increasing revolt in all directions against the Medieval order of things. In particular, philosophic thought, outside the range of Papal interference, became more and more independent of Medieval tradition and dogma. Reason was made intellectual arbiter. The mind took upon itself responsibility for its conclusions. Little was done for Philosophy, however, during these two centuries, aside from a preparatory mental emancipation. No original investigation appeared. No school of philosophic thought was established. No new method was proposed. The emancipated intellect found ample scope for its philosophic energy in study of the writings of the ancient Greek masters, as recovered in the original language.

Through this first period in the Modern Era,—that of the Renaissance,—philosophic need was gratified almost wholly in reproductions of the thinking of Aristotle, of Plato, and of some others of the thinkers of a far past. No

noticeable attempt was made even to adapt the old speculations to the requirements of the new era.

It was not until the opening of the Seventeenth Century that the original, creative, prolific epoch we now know as that of Modern Philosophy really began. To the emancipated thought, first, Scholasticism had become practically non-existent. Then, the ancient systems had been reproduced in their literalism and had gradually lost authority. Intellectual activity had been diverted from mere speculation to the domain of facts. Nature and Experience had begun to receive an honor which had been denied them for many centuries. At last, stimulated by a new view of Nature ; one which had been enlarged by the discovery of the American continent ; which had been immeasurably more magnified by the revelations of Galileo's telescope, by Kepler's discovery of the laws of planetary motion, and by the Copernican theory of the Solar domain ; actuated, too, by the rapid and great development of Natural Science in many other directions, the freed thought at length found original and masterful expression.

Two commanding thinkers appeared : two leaders, among those who know, now acknowledged to have been the Founders of Modern Philosophy ; the English Francis Bacon (1560-1626), and the French René Descartes (1596-1650). In the work of these two minds the development of Philosophy began anew ; and it has continued with momentous relations down to the present day.

Recall some of the notable changes in this memorable Philosophic Movement. Bacon and Descartes were in spirit and aim much alike. Both were possessed by the one spirit which had emancipated modern Europe ; the spirit which Windelband names, " the humanistic opposition to Scholasticism," and which Erdmann describes as " a denial of the existing order of things and a protest against it." And both had the aim of establishing for the human mind a method by which certain knowledge may be attained, and human welfare furthered. But beyond this common intellectual freedom,—their search for the perfect intellectual method and their humanitarian aims,—they were, in relation to Philosophy, markedly unlike.

While these two creative thinkers were the founders, or sources, of Modern Philosophy, the three hundred years which have passed since their time, show that from them there was a parting of ways, on each of which the Philosophic Ideal has been borne to the present day, oftentimes to its honor, and often to its peril. To speak more explicitly: Lord Bacon is distinguished in the history of Philosophy as having confined thought to an observing and an experimenting investigation of Nature; Descartes is famed for having aimed, by reflection to discover in the human Consciousness the fundamental principles of knowledge. George Henry Lewes says of Bacon, "The influence he exercised over succeeding generations has been that of a steady opposition to all speculation not comprised within the sphere of physics. His title,—his great and glorious title,—is that of Father of Experimental Philosophy,—Father of Positive Science. Bacon stands at the head of the Inductive, *a posteriori* movement, and is claimed by men of science as their leader. Descartes stands at the head of the Deductive, *a priori*, movement, and is claimed by all metaphysicians as their leader. To Descartes, therefore, belongs the title of Father of Modern Philosophy;" that is, of Philosophy as identified with Metaphysics.

The motive force in the age which was opening at the time Bacon and Descartes lived,—that which has been called "the Modern Spirit" was operative to an exceptional degree in Lord Bacon. Bacon gave best expression to the longings dominant in the recently emancipated Thought. Probably there was never in human experience so keen a sense of intellectual poverty as there was in Europe at the close of the Middle Ages. Released from its bondage, Mind had become conscious of immeasurable want. What had been called Science was discovered to be almost empty of knowledge. The reaction from Scholastic speculation had become complete, and the neglected facts of Nature and Experience were given an exalted honor. Consequently, when Lord Bacon asserted that Nature and Experience are the sole spheres of knowledge, and urged seekers after truth to approach these realms with "the humility of the spirit of the little child," he was a satis-

fyng interpreter of the wants most felt in the new age.

Dr. Schwegler says; in his "History of Philosophy," "Bacon directed anew the observation and reflection of his contemporaries to actual fact, and proximately to nature; he raised experience, which had hitherto been only a matter of chance, into a separate and independent object of thought, and he awoke a general consciousness of its indispensable necessity. To have established the principles of empirical science, a thinking exploration of nature, this is his merit." And a merit, almost without measure, it is, so far as Lord Bacon's work opened the way for the marvellous development of the sciences, which has taken place in the last two centuries; and so far as it has helped along the mechanical, industrial, and social humanization of modern times. This part of Lord Bacon's influence well deserves the praise lavished upon it by Lord Macaulay, the most brilliant of England's essayists.

But the effects of the *Novum Organum* have not been confined to a thinking exploration of Nature, and to furthering the physical amelioration of Mankind. The Baconian method has been the directing force in that part of the philosophic development of the modern age known as Empiricism; that is, Philosophy set forth as drawing all its material from Experience:—more specifically, Philosophy based wholly upon experience in Sensation. Personally, Lord Bacon was not an empiricist in the description of the term just given. But Empiricism, as now understood, was the historic outcome of the working of his method. In 1620, the *Novum Organum* was published.

Thirty years afterwards, Thomas Hobbes, once intimate friend of, and translator for, Lord Bacon, published works in which, by a leap, Empiricism was carried to its farthest conclusions. Lewes called him "the precursor of modern Materialism." Hobbes had only an insignificant influence upon contemporary philosophic thinking; but he is particularly worthy of notice here, for the reason that he shows the full result for Philosophy of the working of his friend's principles; and because both the Materialists and the

Exclusive Phenomenalists of the present time look back to him as their fore-runner and prophet.

Next: less than seventy years after the appearance of the *Novum Organum*, the epoch-making work in Philosophic Empiricism, the *Essay upon the Human Understanding* (1689) was produced. It was written by John Locke, the real initiator of the working of the Baconian principles in Philosophy; a thinker famous as having met better than any other, the needs of the thought of his time. Through the "Essay," Locke became the leader of the philosophic movements of the Eighteenth Century in Western Europe. Until the century neared its close his influence overpowered any opposed thought. Sir James Mackintosh wrote, "If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is improved, Locke most contributed to make mankind at large observe them." In fact, Locke philosophized for Baconianism; he became the typical exponent of the Inductive method in the domain of Experience, which domain he described as sensation and reflection. Locke had set for himself the task of inquiring into "the original certainty, and extent, of human knowledge." The result of his work was that the human mind is, at first, just "like white paper, void of all characters," without any ideas; that all our knowledge is founded upon experience and is ultimately derived from it; that "our observation employed, whether about sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring." But, immediately after ascribing to man these two sources of knowledge, Locke declared, "a man begins to have ideas, when he first has any sensation." To Locke, therefore, Reflection was but Sensation remembered. Human experience ultimately, therefore, is confined to Sensation. By nature, therefore, the human mind is a perfect blank; and sense experience is the source whence comes all its materials for knowing.

After Locke had pointed out the path, Empiricism was

hastened rapidly onward to its logical outcome. Locke himself did not follow his principles to their legitimate, final conclusions ; but it was not long before there were others more logically consistent. David Hartley, for example, who is honored as the founder of the English school of "Associational Psychology," in his *Observation on Man* appearing in 1749, accepted Locke's principles that the mind, before sensation, is a *tabula rasa*. He reduced all mental phenomena to material terms. He called Sensation, the result of molecular vibration in the brain. Hartley was far from being what is understood as a professed materialist. On the contrary, he emphatically insisted upon his own faith in supernatural religion. He has been named "a great philosopher and a good man." But it is not difficult to see whither such Philosophy as that which had led his mind was tending. As a notable consequence of exclusive attention to sense experience, Hartley had declared that "not only conscience, but the religious emotions also," are entirely "developments from Sensation."

As we read more widely the history of Philosophy during the Eighteenth Century, we are compelled to believe that one of the inevitable tendencies of Empiricism, as directed by Locke, was towards complete philosophical Materialism. True, Bishop Berkeley lived in the first half of the Eighteenth Century and was a student of Locke. Empiricism with him appeared to end in just the opposite of Materialism : "that is, in a purely subjective Idealism. But Berkeley was not under the guidance of Locke only. He was intellectually under the influence of the method of Descartes as well as that of Lord Bacon. The leading of Locke, as shown by the conclusions of his disciples, was directly towards Materialism, as we shall see ; or if not to Materialism, then, as an alternative, into complete disbelief in the attainment of real knowledge. In other words, the legitimate issue in Philosophy of Empiricism was either belief in matter as the universal Principle sought for because of the supreme Intellectual Ideal, or it was complete Skepticism.

It is not within the scope of this lecture for us to con-

sider at length the negations of the Philosophic Ideal, although they are indirect evidence of the universal presence of the Ideal in the process of human thought. It may be well, however, to recall the names of two representative skeptics appearing under the influence of Locke's Empiricism,—Voltaire (1694-1778), and David Hume (1711-1776).

Voltaire, disciple of Hobbes and Locke, was in England at the beginning of the second quarter of the Eighteenth Century. Returning to France, he introduced there Locke's thought. He named himself the "Ignorant Philosopher." Religiously, Voltaire was not a disbeliever. He opposed the Materialism developing around him in France. As a philanthropist, he did much for his age. Yet his memory is that of a great skeptic. Erdmann, although saying much to relieve Voltaire from the opprobrium which has been heaped upon him, adds, "He denied nothing, but undermined everything."

Of far greater importance in relation to our subject is the work of David Hume, a genuine philosophic skeptic, and the great exponent of philosophic Skepticism in the last century. Hume's work had possibly the most far-reaching influence, and,—through the reaction which took place soon after it was effected,—the most important results, in the development of modern Empiricism. His *Treatise on Human Nature* appeared in 1737. To Hume, Bacon and Locke were the greatest among philosophers. In his estimate of Hume, Lewes says, "Locke had shown that all our knowledge was dependent upon experience. Berkeley had shown that we had no experience of an external world independent of perception; nor could we have any such experience. He pronounced Matter, therefore, to be a figment. Hume took up the line where Berkeley had cast it, and flung it once more into the deep sea, endeavoring to fathom the mysteries of being. Probing deeper in the direction Berkeley had taken, he found that not only was Matter a figment, but Mind was no less so.—Matter is but a collection of impressions. Mind is but a succession of impressions and ideas. Thus was Berkeley's dogmatic Idealism connected with Skepticism." Lewes explains further on, "This

skepticism, the reader must acknowledge has nothing very alarming in it except to Philosophy." "It only destroys the now somewhat feeble pretension that Metaphysics can be a science. It destroys Philosophy only to direct all our energies towards Positive Science."

Let us, however, return from this byway to the main path traversed in the development of Locke's Empiricism. That was, as said before, towards complete Philosophic Materialism. The most notable changes in philosophic development towards this goal took place in France. A glance at that must suffice now. The first name to be noted is that of the Catholic Abbe, Condillac (1715-1780). In 1746, in an *Essay upon the Origin of Human Knowledge*, Condillac set up Locke as the intellectual leader of the age. The fundamental principle in this essay was that of Locke; that "sensations" and the "operations of the mind" are "the materials of all our knowledge." Later, in 1754, in his *Treatise on Sensations* Condillac, as says Lewes, "quitted Locke's principle for that of Gassendi (1592-1695) and Hobbes." Windelband remarks that skeptical Sensualism, as domesticated among his countrymen by Voltaire, became "the fundamental note of the French Enlightenment;" and that Condillac, "who at the beginning had only expounded Locke's doctrine and defended it against other systems, professed his adherence to this skeptical Sensualism" in his influential treatise on Sensation. Condillac quoted, accepting it for his own purposes, Aristotle's maxim, "There is nothing in the intellect which was not previously in the senses;" and he claimed that not only is "all our knowledge, but that all our faculties, also, are derived from the senses, or, to speak more accurately, from sensations." He did not profess himself a materialist, but "the sum and substance of Condillac's theory of knowledge," says Erdmann, "may be expressed in the formula: —*Penser est sentir*."

A further onward movement of Empiricism towards complete Materialism was made by Helvetius, in 1758, in his work, *L'Esprit*, a work condemned by the civil authorities for its adjudged evil moral influence. Happi-

ness, he described, as the largest possible amount of physical pleasure. Egoism is the rule of all action. All learning rests upon self-love. There are no virtues but those which are political. Much more to the same effect was proposed by him.

In the second half of the Eighteenth Century, by rapid steps, the Empirical method of philosophising reached its full development in the direction of Materialism. There was, next to Helvetius in logical descent, Jean d'Alembert, editor of the famous "Encyclopedia of the Sciences," whose publication was begun in Paris, in 1751. Alembert wrote the introduction to the Encyclopedia. He was an advocate of selfishness as a rule of life. He was, however, more of a skeptic than materialist; and, as his colleague Diderot became pronounced as an upholder of Materialism, he withdrew from his editorial chair. From the seventh volume of the Encyclopedia, Diderot (1713-1784) conducted the work, and in his writings appeared a completed speculative Materialism.

But it was in the writings of Lamettrie (1709-1751), and of Baron d'Holbach (1723-1789), that the final outcome of Modern Empiricism took place, not only as a matter of speculation, but as thing of practical ethics also. Diderot induced Lamettrie to become an author. In Berlin, while reader to Frederick the Great, Lamettrie composed his most notable works. In them, he set forth, as the sum of man's attempts to know, that "what is called mind is a part of the body, namely the brain, which on account of its finer muscles, gives birth to finer products than the extremities. When it ceases to be active, '*la farce est jouee*;' and the fact that it is destined to pass away, is an exhortation to us to take our pleasure when we can."

In the *Systeme de la Nature* which Baron d'Holbach produced in 1770, the movement of Empiricism towards Materialism came to an end. Or, we may say, the search for a realization of the Ideal of Philosophy in that direction, for the time it least, was over with. Materialism appeared at last as, what Windelband describes, "a purely dogmatic metaphysics." That is to say "He who talks of idea and will, of Soul and God, thinks of nervous

activity, of his body and the world over again, in an abstract form. This is no longer a piquant play of thoughts, but a heavy armed attack upon all belief in the immaterial world."

For a time, then, in France in the Eighteenth Century, Materialism, as an explanation of the Universe, seemed to engross philosophic thought. The philosophers of Materialism believed that the philosophic quest had been met. It was held by them that there is but One Substance in the Universe, and that that substance is active Matter. The World and all it contains are the result of this activity. Man, therefore, is simply an organic, perishable material being. Soul is brain. Consciousness is but a form of Sensation. The highest aim of life is service to self-interest; the chief good is self-gratification. God is a fiction, created by fear and ignorance.

So far, therefore, as the principle and the method of Lord Bacon and Locke were wrought out in Philosophic Speculation, up to the close of the Eighteenth Century, it culminated, as an era, in complete philosophic Skepticism and absolute Materialism.

From this point we return to the early part of the Seventeenth Century, to the time of Bacon and Descartes. Thence let us follow the course of the Philosophic Ideal along the path which the French leader of the newly emancipated thought opened for it. "The program of the Experience philosophy was laid down by Bacon," says Windelband. "Much more comprehensive was the form in which Descartes brought together the scientific movement of his time to establish Rationalism anew, by filling the scholastic system of conceptions with the rich content" of the researches induced by Galileo. Descartes, like Bacon, gave an answer to the needs of his time; he led many who had broken with the authority of the Middle Ages. He wrote in his *Meditationes* (1641), "I have always thought that the two questions, of the existence of God and of the nature of the soul, were the chief of those which ought to be demonstrated rather by Philosophy than by Theology."

But, free and rationalistic like Bacon though Descartes was, his attitude towards the "Problem of Thought," that is, the field and instrument of knowledge, was quite different from that of the English thinker. Descartes was, no less than Bacon, interested in, and he was, more than Bacon, active in, the development of the sciences. Like Bacon, he sought means by which to ameliorate the physical welfare of Mankind. He was an eminent mathematician and physicist. But, in his search for perfect certainty, to which he was compelled early in life by an irrepressible longing to know "how to distinguish truth from falsehood, in order to be clear about his actions and to walk sure-footedly in this life," he was led into speculations and conclusions which separated him in intellectual operations widely from Bacon, and made him the inaugurator of an epoch in Philosophy which, in many respects, was diametrically opposed to that shaped by the Inductive method.

Being wholly dissatisfied with traditional thought, Descartes set himself to investigating that he might learn where assured knowledge is to be found. Nothing less than "absolute certainty" was to satisfy him. He determined, therefore, to give no assent to any propositions except those whose certainty is perfectly clear; which cannot, therefore, be doubted. Professor Huxley thus characterized Descartes' position:—"he consecrated Doubt." "Descartes was the first among moderns to strip off all his beliefs and reduce himself to a state of intellectual nakedness, until such time as he could satisfy himself which were fit to be worn." Descartes' own description of his position was this:—"I did not imitate the skeptics who doubt only for doubting's sake and pretend to be always undecided; on the contrary, my whole intention was to arrive at certainty." His position was thus at the antipodes of that of Hume. Hume ended his inquiries in Skepticism. Descartes questioned in order that in the end he might have Certainty.

In his "Discourse" (1637), on the method for guiding the Reason in search of truth, he showed the progress of his thought to this end. "I had long observed that for the sake of morals, it is sometimes necessary to follow

opinions that one knows to be very uncertain, just as if they were indisputable. But when I was desirous to be occupied only in the search of truth, I thought that I was bound to take exactly the opposite course, and to reject as absolutely false everything wherever I could imagine the least doubt, in order that I might see whether there did not remain at last, in my belief, something which was entirely indisputable. - - - I resolved to feign that all the things which had ever entered into my mind were not more true than the illusions of my dreams. But I perceived immediately while I was wishing thus to think that everything was false, it was inevitable that I, who thought it, should be something. And remarking that this truth, '*I think, therefore I am,*' was so firm and ascertained, that all the most extravagant suppositions of the skeptic were not capable of shaking it, I decided that I might receive it without scruple as the first principle of the philosophy for which I was seeking."

Upon this foundation Descartes erected his epoch-making work. From here it was that the diverging ways for the movement of the Philosophic Ideal in the Present Age took their departure. *From Bacon and Locke it was borne onward into a more and more exclusive Empiricism, with all the logical tendencies and issues of Empiricism finding at length full expression. From Descartes it was carried forward into a more and more complete Rationalism, manifested in a widely extended and complex variety of forms.*

The influence of Descartes spread with great rapidity and widely along the west coast of Europe. In France, in the Netherlands, in England, and even into Sweden his fame extended. It was evident to thoughtful men that a leader,—indeed a creator,—in thought, had appeared. Within a half century after the appearance of his "Discourse on Method," Descartes was honored by disciples whose work formed a definite period in philosophic progress.

The first distinct effect of the new teaching was a movement called "Cartesianism," or, more specifically, "Occasionalism." Its chief representatives were the Leyden

professor Geulincx (1625-1669), and the Sorbonne graduate and priest, Malebranche (1638-1715).

Reading over the history of the influence of Descartes, we find ourselves, from the outset, in an intellectual atmosphere almost entirely unlike that which we have met in our following the work of Bacon and Locke. Cartesianism became at once a Theosophy in Philosophy. It set forth the Philosophic Ideal, as realized in God, in harmony with views of Man and the World peculiar to its own speculations. According to Geulincx, the soul and body of man can have no life, or motion in relation to each other, except as God is their direct agent, using the affections of one as the occasion for affecting the other. According to Malebranche, God is the absolute Substance; contains all things in Himself; and sees all things in Himself, expressive of their true nature and being. It is God, therefore, who is the means of mediating between the Ego and the World.

The extreme development of the philosophic motive made under the direct guidance of Descartes was reached in the speculations of Baruch de Spinoza (1632-1677). Rev. F. D. Maurice, in his exposition of Descartes' thought, says, "When Descartes reflected on his fundamental proposition" (*Cognito ergo sum*) "he perceived that the certainty of it lay only in the clearness of his perception that Being was necessary to Thought." Spinoza finally described Substance as "that which requires for its existence the existence of nothing else." In this (highest) sense only God is Substance. "Spinoza started from the Cartesian doctrine of Substance," wrote Dr. Schwegeler. Spinoza himself expressed his intellectual apprehension of the only One Substance that can exist, the absolutely infinite One Being, in these words,—"I understand by God, a being absolutely infinite; that is, Substance consisting of infinite attributes, whereof each one expresses Eternal and Infinite Being." This thought receives definite explication, making it directly illustrative of the point we have here under discussion, in Pollack's comment, "The first and leading idea in Spinoza's philosophy—the only part of it, in fact, which has at all entered into the notion commonly

formed of his system—is that of the Unity and Uniformity of the World.”

Here, then, we have the method, and, in large part, the matter of Descartes' work carried to their final conclusions. Geulinx and Malebranche were not widely separated from their leader. They followed him not in spirit only but in letter, too. To them God, the ultimate One, is the Creator, Upholder, and omnipresent Worker; but to Spinoza God is “the universal Essence, or nature of things.” According to Geulinx and Malebranche, “God creates the world by his Will;” according to Spinoza, the World “follows necessarily from the nature of God.” With Spinoza, the word Cause does not mean, “God creates the world,” but “God is the world.” Dr. Martineau in his study of Spinoza remarks on the identification by Spinoza of Nature, God, and Substance:—“Under ‘Nature’ we are expected to think of the continuous source of birth; under ‘God,’ of the universal cause of created things; under ‘Substance,’ of the permanent reality behind phenomena.” After this manner Spinoza believed himself to have realized the Ideal of Philosophy.

At this point, therefore, we meet with the interesting fact that, at the very outset of the movement of Modern Philosophy, Thomas Hobbes, Lord Bacon's friend, and,—although he never acknowledged himself under intellectual obligation to Bacon,—Lord Bacon's disciple, was contrasted with a philosophic opponent, standing at an opposite extreme in thought,—Spinoza, Descartes' pupil and expositor. Empiricism and Idealism at the outset found their culmination in universal Unity, either of Matter or of Spirit.

Cartesianism as culminating in Spinoza's system of Philosophy did not, however, find full acceptance among contemporary thinkers. In fact, the next movement in philosophic development in the path opened by Descartes was, in a measure, a swerving away from Spinozism. This movement was led by Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibnitz (1646-1716), a German, a friend of Spinoza and student of Descartes' writings. The most important contributions Leibnitz made to the development of Philosophy appeared at the opening of the Eighteenth Century in his “New

Essays upon the Human Understanding" criticising Locke's famous "Essays" on the same subject, and also in his "Theodicy." Leibnitz sought to find a middle way for Philosophy. He wished to avoid what he believed to be Spinoza's extreme attitude, and still more the extreme position to which Empiricism had been carried. It was he who modified the popular maxim,—“There is nothing in the intellect which is not first in the senses,” by adding the shrewd comment, “except the intellect itself.” This declaration separated him from Locke. He was separated from Spinoza by his view of Substance. In Spinoza's Universal Unity no real Plurality had been given place. But Leibnitz, as Dr. Schwegler comments, held that “there is a plurality of monads” (individual units of Substance) “which constitutes the element of all Reality, the fundamental being of the whole physical Universe.”

During the first half of the Eighteenth Century, in Germany at least, Philosophy, as conceived by Leibnitz, led in all philosophical activity.

It found expositors largely under the guidance of the Halle professor, Christian von Wolff (1679-1754), who systematised and somewhat modified the writings of his teacher. But the influence of Leibnitz at that time was not much felt outside of Germany; and, indeed in Germany, it soon ceased to be of much importance. As we have seen, Empiricism became the dominant force in philosophising in Western Europe through most of the last century. It was not until the century neared its close that any decisive break with the prevailing Empiricism took place.

II.

CRITICISM IN MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), a German of Scottish ancestry, was the thinker who inaugurated what we may call the Present Age in philosophic development. His work is characterized by Dr. Albert Schwegler in his “Handbook on the History of Philosophy” in this manner:—“Idealism and Realism have both ended in one-sided extremes. To realism matter was one-sidedly

absolute, to idealism the empirical ego.—But now Kant appeared and again united in a common bed the two branches that, isolated from each other, seemed on the point of being lost in the sands. Kant is the great restorer of philosophy, again conjoining into unity and totality the one-sided philosophical endeavors of those who preceded him.” Dr. W. Windelband says of Kant, after describing his all-sided study of the philosophical, religious and scientific speculations of his time ;—“ It was in connection with the difficulties of the problem of knowledge that Kant wrought out from all these foundation elements the work which gave him his peculiar significance.” The philosophic Rationalism of the time failed to satisfy him. “ But the more, also, was his vision sharpened for the limitations of that philosophy which Empiricism developed by the aid of the psychological method. In studying David Hume, this came to his consciousness in such a degree that he grasped eagerly for the aid which the *Nouveaux Essais* of Leibnitz seemed to offer toward making a metaphysical science possible.”

Finding no permanent satisfaction in this direction, Kant began for himself a study of the origin, extent and limits of human knowledge. For ten years or more he worked earnestly at this problem. In 1781, the first results of his work appeared, the “ Critique of Pure Reason,”—an essay which distinctly marked an epoch in Philosophy ; an epoch in some respects as important for philosophic Rationalism as Locke’s “ Essay on the Human Understanding ” had been for philosophic speculation confined to sense experience. The “ Critique ” was a mighty awakener and emancipator. Kant says that the effect of Hume upon himself was to arouse him from his dogmatic slumber : not, however, to lead him into a new bondage, but to excite him to independent and free research. The critical path was opened for him. What he did in that direction he made known in the “ Critique.” He called his work a footpath which those who came after him might convert into a highway, by which, “ —what many centuries were unable to effect ; what, indeed, was impossible before,—there shall be attained complete satisfac-

tion for human reason in that which has always occupied its curiosity, but always hitherto in vain."

Kant believed that he had begun a revolution in Philosophy comparable with that started by Copernicus in Science. He opened his "Critique" with this sentence:—"That all our knowledge begins with experience there can be no doubt. But," continued he, "though all our knowledge begins with experience, it by no means follows that all arises out of experience." In those words the principle of the new era found clear expression. The material of knowledge comes to the mind in experience; that must be acknowledged. But in our knowledge there are *a priori* factors too; forms giving shape to the material there; "we use notions *in* experience, but provided *for* experience *a priori* in the mind."

What was the effect of the Critical Philosophy? So extraordinary that among his own countrymen Kant was for the time master, almost without rival, to those who were interested in the higher intellectual, ethical, esthetic and religious problems. Among other peoples his method and conclusions speedily gained an influence which has made the present age in Philosophy that of Criticism. In its literalism, Kant's masterful achievement did not prove to be a finality, or long remain authoritative, but it had brought about a speculative revolution.

His attempt to remove the antagonism between Empiricism and Rationalism was not long accepted as successful. He had not found a satisfying reconciliation for things that are antagonistic. Indeed, he had not risen to the height to which the Philosophic Ideal had already led thought. He had done away with mere Empiricism in Philosophy, but he had not given to the Reason a full acknowledgement of its rights and work. There was in his "Critique" a latent parting of ways which soon appeared in the thought of those who became his disciples. Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel in one direction, and Herbart and his school in the other, were the men who did most to put asunder that which Kant believed had been united by his "Critique" forever.

III.

GLIMPSES OF PHILOSOPHY

IN

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

It is outside the scope of this lecture to describe at length the complex development that Philosophy has undergone since the work of Kant. It is sufficient to indicate merely the course it took. With Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel pure Idealism, under the names, respectively, of Subjective, Objective, and Absolute Idealism was again enthroned.

With Fichte (1762-1814), the first principle assumed was the Ego, given in consciousness with a certainty beyond question. The Ego cannot be transcended. "Thou art, thyself, the Thing-in-itself;—all that thou seest without thee, thou art even thyself." This Subjective Idealism in Fichte's later life almost passed into an absolute form.

With Schelling (1775-1854), the leading principle assumed was that there is a real Nature, of which the ideal in Consciousness is only an opposite manifestation. All knowledge rests upon a harmony of the two modes of manifestation. "Eternal, Absolute Being is continually separating in the double world of Mind and Nature. It is one and the same life which runs through all Nature, and empties itself into Man."

With Hegel (1770-1831), the principle assumed was that Thought is Absolute Being, and that true logic is the process of the development of the Absolute. The process of the Absolute is the measure of all existence. It is pure Being, passing forever into its opposite, and forever returning back into itself, as Being, Nature, Spirit. Or, as Hegel himself explains his position :—"The Absolute is the universal Reason, which, having first buried and lost itself in Nature, recovers itself in Man, in the shape of self-conscious mind, in which the Absolute, at the close of its great process, comes again to itself, and comprises itself into unity with itself."

Then, in the other way departing from Kant, Herbart (1776-1841) and his school assumed Experience alone to

be the philosophic starting point:—"What is no given fact, that can not be an object of thought; and it is impossible to realize any knowledge in excess of the limits of experience." Herbart's development of Philosophy, however, was what he called "the transformation of the notions of experience," or "the elimination of their contradictions." This work he named *Metaphysics*. Upon *Metaphysics* followed what he called *Aesthetics*, or man's practical emotional relations. Herbart set forth no real intellectual unity as the result of his speculations. In fact, Dr. Schwegler says, "He expressly isolates the particular philosophical sciences and rigorously separates, in especial, theoretical and practical philosophy. He censures the attempts at unity in philosophy." In his *Metaphysics*, however, Herbart came to the conclusion that there are, underlying all things, units of being which he called "reals." His philosophy, therefore, has been named;—"an extension of the *Monadology* of Leibnitz."

Beyond Hegel and Herbart we need not follow farther the direct effects of Kant's philosophic leadership in Germany.

Let us look for a few moments at the course which that other revolt against the Skepticism of Hume took, the "Philosophy of Common Sense," led by Thomas Reid of Scotland (1710-1796). Soon after Hume's influence had become strongly felt, Reid (1764) published his "Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense." Reid insisted upon the reality of the objects of perception. He claimed that "the whole of Philosophy consists in discovering the connection between natural signs and the things signified, and reducing them to general laws." In opposition to Locke, Berkeley and Hume, he said, "The first reflection I would make on their philosophical opinion is, that it is directly contrary to the universal sense of men who have not been interested in Philosophy. A second reflection is that the authors who have treated of ideas have generally taken their existence for granted as a thing that could not be called in question. A third reflection is that philosophers, notwithstanding their unanimity as to the existence of ideas, hardly agree in any one thing

concerning them. A fourth reflection is that ideas do not make any of the operations of the mind to be better understood, although it was probably with that view they have been first invented." Reid's method was purely that of Induction, based upon the trustworthiness of phenomena taken as signs of realities. In Great Britain his influence became very strong and was widely extended.

Following Reid, the thinker of special importance as Reid's disciple was Dugald Stewart (1753-1828). Stewart did much to make the Common Sense Philosophy as the opponent of Sensationalism and Skepticism effective among the British leaders in statecraft and literature. Scotch philosophy had also considerable influence in France in the writings of Royer-Collard (1763-1845), and Jouffroy (1796-1842), in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, doing much to counteract the prevailing Materialism there.

But Philosophy in the Present Age is not fully described in the development of either "Kantianism," or the "Common Sense" of the Scotch school. To Kant, chiefly, is due the fact, spoken of before, that the Nineteenth Century is best characterized as the era of Philosophic Criticism. In recent years, moreover, there has been a general revival in Philosophy of its manifold historic forms. Now, as never before, the leading philosophic systems of the past have been brought under review ; and now, as never before, the leadership of many masters has received acknowledgment in larger or smaller circles of followers.

In Germany, for example, since Hegel and Herbart, the names of the different philosophic schools have become many ; and, of their prominent representatives, there is a multitude. Both Empiricism and Idealism separately, and in union more or less close, have been ably championed. Aristotle, Plato, Locke, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, and the masters of the early years of the present century have all been restudied, reinterpreted and illustrated to meet to-day's needs.

In one group have stood, closely related to Hegel, J. H. Fichte, Weisse, Ulrici and Trendelenburg ; as a middle group, with Hegel, may be named Rosenkrans and Vischer ; and there is yet another Hegelian group of such

men as Ruge, Feuerbach and Strauss. Following Herbart, have been such expositors as Drobisch, Zimmermann, Zeller, Lazarus and Steinthal. Materialism has had strong and effective defense in Büchner, Moleschott and Vogt. Schleiermacher, although theologian rather than philosopher, did much to bring Spinoza's thought into new respect. Pessimism has had brilliant commentators in Schopenhauer and von Hartmann. And of late years, a commanding thinker has done much in the light of present knowledge towards reconstructing Philosophy on the basis Leibnitz laid,—Hermann Lotze. These names are recalled not as being exhaustive of the list of prominent workers in behalf of philosophic progress, but merely as suggesting the manifold product in Germany at the present time of the philosophic impulse.

In France, the philosophic situation has hardly any more apparent unity than it shows in Germany. Victor Cousin (1792-1867), who was affected by both Kant and Reid for a time, was a popular thinker. As an opponent of Empiricism he was widely studied and followed. "Not only is Empiricism unable to explain universal and necessary principles," Cousin claimed, "but without these principles Empiricism cannot even account for the knowledge of the sensible world." Materialism, however, has continued to have a large hold upon French thought, Cousin's Eclecticism notwithstanding.

Several other philosophical movements in France might be recalled here, but it is sufficient for our purpose to bring to mind only the great re-enforcement which appeared for Empiricism towards the middle of the century in the "Cours de Philosophie Positive" of Auguste Comte (1798-1857). The Positive Philosophy is noticeable because its leading principle is neither Idealism, Materialism, nor Skepticism, but a positive Phenomenalism. Comte repudiated—at least he tried to repudiate—all metaphysics. In Religion he was avowedly neither theistic nor atheistic. He professed to know from his study of human history, however, that "the fundamental law" to which "human intelligence is necessarily subject" is this: "Each of our leading conceptions,—each branch of

our knowledge passes necessarily through three different theoretical conditions,—the theological or fictitious, the metaphysical or abstract, and the scientific or positive.” “Nothing but phenomena can be known. Consequently all knowledge is relative. The only province of true Philosophy is the study and classification of phenomenal laws, that is, the sequences and resemblances of phenomena.” Positivism had had a marked influence not only in France, but elsewhere.

In Great Britain the present century (the Nineteenth) has shown a philosophical activity as energetic and as complex as even that of Germany; chiefly, however, complementary to, or in contrast with, the German movements. Sir William Hamilton (1791-1856), strongly affected by Kant, extended and deepened the Scotch Philosophy, and stimulated a study of the profounder metaphysical problems. To Coleridge and Carlyle, British thought owes the beginning of most of the modification it received from the work of Kant and his near followers. In later years, Hegel's speculations have become a forceful element in the higher circles of philosophising under the shaping made by Professors Green and Bradley, the Cairds and Dr. Stirling. In close connection, it will be well to remember the two great preachers,—philosophers as well,—Frederic Denison Maurice and James Martineau, whose clear vision and profound reasoning have done much to strengthen Idealism as a necessary part of any justified form of Philosophy.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that the dominant interest in Great Britain, during the present century, has been continued in such methods and results as those which gave character to it under the leading of Locke, Hobbes, Hartley and the other Empiricists of the past. Philosophy in England is still, in the main, Empirical and Sensational. Psychology, as associational and physiological psychology; utilitarian ethics; and inductive rather than deductive logic, mark most of the aggressive and popular of English philosophic speculations of the century. We need but recall the names of Jeremy Bentham, James Mill, John Stuart Mill and Alexander Bain.

But farther on, yet in the same range of speculative activity with that just noticed, English thought has been radically affected directly and indirectly by the "Positive Philosophy" formulated by Comte. About forty years ago George Henry Lewes (1817-1873), as an avowed disciple of Comte, did much to popularise Positivism among his countrymen. Twenty seven years ago, Herbert Spencer began the publication of his great system of "Synthetic Philosophy" not yet completed; a work of universal Phenomenalism in Philosophy, and of Agnosticism in Religion;—an indirect outcome of Positivism, widely separated though Spencer is, in many of his most important positions, from Comte. At the present time, probably the most popular form of philosophizing in Great Britain is that associated with, or following, Spencer's attempt to formulate and illustrate a "Law of Evolution," demonstrable as true of all Nature and of Mankind as well,—in physical and psychical relations too.

In Italy and in Spain, in the Nineteenth Century, there has been a rapidly growing interest and activity in Philosophy; but nothing has resulted in either country of sufficient moment to require attention in this sketch. The philosophic situation in both countries is complex, as elsewhere, and is much affected by Politics and Institutional Religion.

In the American United States also, there has been but little effected in Philosophy worthy of special notice, in connection with our theme. The American people almost necessarily have been, in largest measure, students and interpreters of Philosophy as developed among other and older peoples. Before the political independence of the Colonies from Great Britain was secured, the Americans were philosophically dependent upon Europe: chiefly upon Great Britain; in some degree upon France. Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), a great thinker in New England in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, had reasoned with much subtlety and force over problems in Ethics and Theology.

Many of the political leaders of the Colonies had been

deeply affected by French philosophic Liberalism in social theories.

No marked change in the philosophical activity of the people of the United State occurred during the first third of the present century. In the colleges and other educational institutions the text books in Philosophy, generally in use, were an abridgement of Locke's "Essay," and the works of the leaders of the Scotch school, Reid, Stewart and Browne. In the Fourth Decade, however, other philosophical tendencies began to be seen. The writings of Coleridge and of Cousin were made known; and they found enthusiastic students. About that time German Idealism was introduced into popular literature and into the higher centers of education. A widespread enthusiasm for speculative studies was generated among the people; and it wrought itself out in many social experiments and changes.

The past fifty years have marked the American people as eager to know and to understand whatever movements are making in Philosophy. Consequently, all creative masters, or competent expositors of the known philosophic systems excogitated in any part of the world, have been made known and, more or less, followed. Consequently, too, there are many Americans to-day who are standing in high honor among those who have helped recent Philosophy onward.

The remainder of this sketch has disappeared from my papers. I shall not attempt to complete it, since, at best, it is a production of more than thirty years ago, and, if completed, would still be a fragment in relation to contemporary thought.

But were I to continue the review we should, in the main, still follow the development of Philosophy, as an attempt to realize its constant Ideal, in one or another phase of the two divergent movements of speculation which had their modern initiation in Bacon and Descartes.

Various attempts, naturally, have been made all along in the Modern Era, and are to-day being made, to do away with this differentiation in speculation, since it is the radical motive of all true philosophizing that ultimately the Principle for all thinking is One, and that there is Unity through all that which is thought of.

I do not presume to be competent to give decisive judgment as to how this Philosophic divergence shall be avoided, or the contradictions conciliated. But, as I have studied the problem, I have been led to think that the only way open to this much needed and devoutly wished for consummation is in *a frank recognition and acknowledgment of the real worth of the antithesis existing between the two historical tendencies and consequents of philosophic speculation, and, then, their subsumption, with all their respective rights recognized and preserved, under One Absolute Principle, necessarily superior to, but inclusive of, both.*

The four lectures which follow this historical sketch are attempts,—very partial, rudimentary and inadequate, I know, in both method and matter—yet sincere attempts to deal with their themes in accordance with the judgment just given.

e. A Few More Words about Krause.—These lectures, as I have already said, were prepared in large measure under the influence of the thinking of Karl Christian Friederich Krause. But, this notwithstanding, I again express the wish that the real meanings and value of Krause's thought shall not be estimated by the manner of its influence upon what I have written. These lectures, however much they owe to Krause, are not to be understood as really representative, or rather as adequate, expositions of his teaching.

In order, however, that Krause as an important factor in the movement of human thought towards the consummate expression of the Philosophic Ideal may be more clearly and justly known, I will repeat the judgment of two competent students of his works.

Erdmann, in his great "History of Philosophy," after giving a generous summary of Krause's analytic-synthetic process of thought,—placing it with but one exception at the front in modern philosophic speculation,—makes the following comment. Although in their estimates of the interrelations of "Nature" and "Spirit" Hegel should be preferred to Krause, this opinion ought not prevent us from recognizing Krause, as having, like Hegel, in the most exact manner thought out, organically, that *prius* which both "Nature" and "Spirit" have, and also as having restored to Philosophy the Ontology that had been taken away from it by Kant.

Still more strongly does Professor Tiberghien, of the University of Brussels, affirm this radical opinion in an estimate he makes, in his "Introduction to Philosophy," of Krause's present and future significance in Philosophy.

"There is a system of teaching," he says, "in which all the formal conditions, materials and instrumentalities of science are to-day fully realized:—it is the doctrine of Krause (1781-1832).

"It is our judgment, after a twenty-five years study of all the systems of Philosophy, ancient and modern, that Krause's teaching is not only a work of progress but an innovation. It is the most decisive reform that has been accomplished in the world of ideas since the Renaissance; and we salute it as the dawning of the ideal system of the future.

“No one better than Krause has determined the being of God, the nature of the Universe, and of Man ; no one has better conceived the development of the Social Organism upon the basis of equality, of liberty, and of association, in respect to the great institutions which have continuously nourished the social life,—religion, the family and property ; no one has better reduced to unity, or better demonstrated, by means of the combined resources of direct cognition and deduction, the chief truths which concern either the physical and moral order of the world, or the progressive movement of civilization over our globe. Metaphysics, logic and mathematics ; psychology, art and language ; morality, right, religion and the philosophy of history, have all been submitted to criticism in Krause’s system ; they have all been passed through the sieve of both analysis and synthesis ; and, after examination, they have all faithfully borne witness to the Divine character of Organization, for the reason that all have their being in God, and are bound together in and with God, in the harmony of the universal Life.

“If Germany is the cradle of the thought of Krause, it is because the German spirit, after the labors of Leibnitz, Kant and their successors, was better prepared than others for vast conceptions.

“But the sphere of the influence of Krause’s thought extends to-day into Europe and America. It does not bear the imprint of the genius of a race but of the genius of Humanity ; it addresses itself to the common reason, and gives satisfaction to the aptitudes of all peoples. In these critical days, when Society is running the risk of dissolution ; when the principles of morality ; the existence of God ; the sanctity of marriage, reverence for right and truth,

are constantly subjected to question, it will, ere long, be recognized that Krause's teaching is a doctrine of safety, by which, alone, troubled convictions can be confirmed, the indifferent inspired with trust, and which can guide men of good-will in the way of the Ideal."

THIRD LECTURE

FUNDAMENTAL DATA FOR PSYCHOLOGY

It has been said, "The man who seeks to enter the temple of Philosophy by any other approach than the vestibule of Psychology can never penetrate into its inner sanctuary; for Psychology alone leads to and evolves philosophic truth, even though itself is subordinate to Philosophy."

I accept this maxim for our guidance. In turning, therefore, to the study for which the first two lectures of this course have been in general preparatory we approach the science of Psychology.

But why should philosophic study commence with this science?

For the reason, first, that *whatever thinking we may do will always be our thinking*;—it will be your thought or my thought. Every perception and judgment refers to some mind that perceives and reasons. Thought and knowledge always involve a subject,—a person thinking and knowing. We may, for rhetorical or poetic purposes, personify Thought and Knowledge, but in reality there exist nothing of the kind. Thought is a quality, and it belongs to some being. Thought does not think, knowledge does not know; but I think, and you think, and you may know, and I may know.

The Self, therefore, is a factor in all its thoughts, whether they are the result of the simplest observation, of scientific generalization, or of philosophic speculation. Only through the study of the thinking being, consequently, can the various elements which constitute Thought be

discovered ; be assigned their proper places ; and be justly valued.

But, secondly, if we propose through the study of Philosophy to reach truth,—and why should we philosophize at all without this aim?—*we should, at the outset, try to lay hold of some certainty.*

Now, it will become clear that only in Psychology can the first, indisputable certainty be found, and, thereby, the only incontrovertible starting point for the development of knowledge in a philosophic, or in any other, form.

Suppose we were to commence our task by trying to answer the question with which all scientific search after knowledge begins ; the question, “What do we certainly know?” Each person might reply,—“I know that there is a World ;” “I know there is God ;” “I know that I am.” But we should find, as all have found who have made an investigation into the content of knowledge, that the only one of these assertions which, at the beginning of critical inquiry, may not in some way be subjected to doubt is the last one. *The certainty of my own being is the first positive, scientific certainty I possess.*

Psychology, then, the study of the Self, is, by the very nature of knowledge, imposed upon those who would answer critically the question, “What do we know?”

But let us not infer from what I am saying that, because critical thinking must start with psychologic study, it follows that knowledge is thereby confined to Self-knowledge. Far from it, as we shall see later. From the reasons which have been given, however, it does follow that only through Psychology, properly carried forward, can we bring order and arrangement into the confusion which is presented within ourselves to the questioning mind, and, thereby, at last become intelligent enough to say, “This is of me, and that comes from some other ;” “This I am, and that I am not.”

The psychologic process, rightly developed, does not end by shutting man up within himself. On the contrary. However much the study may seem to do this on the lower levels of inquiry, it at last leads to the discovery of principles which, though present in the mind, are shown

by their very content to be not the product of the mind, but to be produced for the mind. In fact, through Psychology lies the path to the certainty that man is himself included in Being which infinitely transcends him. This certainty becomes the real justification for Philosophy; and it finally leads to the conviction that the Philosophic Ideal exists not only as Thought, but also as sign of Reality, —that is to say, of Real Being.

And, in doing this, the service rendered by Psychology goes yet farther. *In disclosing Absolute Reality, it thereby gives to man ample speculative reason for his belief in the actual existence of the World which appears to him through the senses*; and also it establishes for him *confidence in his growing sciences as true interpretations of the World*.

At the point where we now are, of course the claim that Psychology does this service to Philosophy and Science is but a claim. Let it for the present remain as only that. In our last lecture I shall return to this theme and try to show that the claim is well grounded.

For these reasons, evidently, *philosophic study should commence with Psychology*. But how should Psychology itself be begun and carried forward?

It is not my intention now to attempt to develop this science. At present, my purpose goes no farther than to read a sort of introductory chapter to Psychology. In view of what is required for a proper development of the science itself; and with reference to much that is characteristic of recent Psychology, and often misunderstood by students of the science, I wish merely to call attention to some *fundamental data* which must be recognized and used before any Psychology worthy the name can be begun.

I.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

THE ULTIMATE PSYCHOLOGIC DATUM.

I shall speak first of the field for psychologic research and of the means which should be used to advance the development of the science.

The only possible domain for psychologic research, I am confident, and, ultimately, the only real source of Self interpretation is Self-Consciousness. Do not, however, understand me as meaning, when I say this, that the psychologist may not bring into the service of Self-Consciousness other agencies and other sources. I have used the word "ultimately" to qualify the claim. How that word qualifies it, I shall show further on. At the outset, however, I would emphasize the assertion just made.

I am confident that *Self-Consciousness is the essential psychologic datum*; that it is necessary for all valid Psychology, and that, *ultimately*, it is both instrument and source of the science. "How is it that?" it may be asked. I offer here only a preliminary answer to the question.

Self-Consciousness may be described as that quality of a conscious being by which he is present to himself, as himself. If this is true, evidently the question is in large measure answered. Let us suppose then that, as Self-conscious, one is as if he were witness of a life and, at the same time, were certain that the life is his own. Or, I may say, that thinking, one is conscious of the thought, and at the same time knows the thought to be his own; that feeling, or willing,—expressing himself in myriad ways,—all these facts are not only as if they were perceived by him, but were perceived by him as his own.

Well, what is here put as supposition, I am confident is a close approximation to the truth. To use a poor illustration;—as Self-conscious, a man is as if he were both vision and mirror in one.

Granting for the moment that our supposition is verified, we see that Psychology must in the end find in this essential presence of self to self, both its instrument and its source.

Now let us try to perceive more clearly the position I have taken. I do not mean, in assuming this position, that in psychologic study the student is to try to do his work only by means of direct introspection. I am not proposing that he shall be like a Buddha, with eyes closed and thought engrossed by immediate self-reflection. Let

one attempt to seek self-knowledge in this manner and he will soon find his efforts baffled.

The very act of trying to observe directly a psychical fact tends to change its character. In anatomy, botany, chemistry, geology, and like sciences, the objects of investigation exist outside the observing mind; and they remain unchanged while they are being studied. They can be looked at, returned to, examined in their various relations, comparatively independent of time. They are passive and are practically fixed. But consciousness is subjected to unceasing change. It passes through a series of states. It has a flow of moments, perpetually coming and disappearing. There is nothing more flitting and elusive than the phenomena of consciousness. If possible, then, some way should be found by which to avoid this persistent difficulty. If possible, Psychology should be studied under the same advantages which make other sciences comparatively easy to develop.

Can Psychology be so studied? Not altogether, I must admit. Psychology, from the very nature of its subject matter, is different from the purely objective sciences; and, whatever may be done for it, it will remain separate from them. But it can be made, practically to some extent, objective. Indeed, a large part of the really acceptable Psychology of the present day is apparently wholly an objective study. In the end, however, the study can not do away with the necessity of referring to Self-Consciousness in order to get endorsement for the validity of its products. All its objective character is seeming; and this is secured for Self-Consciousness simply by the use of some indirect methods through which the difficulties associated with direct introspection may in a measure be avoided.

But how does, or how can Psychology retain its subjective character and yet secure the advantages which belong to the objective studies,—the sciences of external things?

The agency approximating this end is, first, Memory. I can, for instance, remember and record, with more or less certainty, what was directly present in consciousness a moment ago. By the Memory, psychical facts can be held

fixed for a longer or shorter time; and, thereby, they can be examined somewhat as one studies a leaf or a stone.

However, we may not forget that Memory, effective though it may be, could be of no service whatever in psychologic study had not the student so perceived or known the thought or act when it first appeared in consciousness, that, in remembering it, he recognizes it as his own. Psychologic study, even when made apparently objective by Memory, derives, you see, its actual value from being the *re*-cognition of that which was previously cognition within direct Self-Consciousness. Almost at the time I had written this passage, a work on "Realistic Philosophy" by Dr. James McCosh, just then published, came into my hands. Glancing through it, I came across this appropriate passage. Speaking of the modern English psychologists, he said:—"They make memory a mere reproduction of the past; but this is not all that is involved in memory. In remembrance there is not only the image of the object, but a *recognition* of it as having been before the mind in time past."

Psychology, however, in other ways than through the use of the Memory has been made more and more really objective. Much of modern Psychology *finds its field of research in manifestations of the psychical life of human beings other than the observer*. Very valuable results have followed from this method of study. Careful observation of the lives of those around us;—of other men's speech; of their play of emotion, and of all their voluntary actions; of their ways of receiving pleasure and enduring pain; of their ambitions and their conduct under failure; in short, of the total product of their inner life made manifest, is an excellent means of disclosing the nature and the life within.

But, while this is true, let it be remembered that no psychologist could reasonably consider the results of this kind of study as of real worth, except as he should proceed with the conviction that the beings he studies are like himself, and that their deeds are recognized as like his own. In a high sense of the common saying, "He judges others by himself." If he builds up psychologic science upon observation of the manifestations of other Selves, he can have no con-

fidence in his work, except as he regards such manifestations as proceeding from a source kindred with his own being. "We may gather what has passed through the minds of other people from their words and deeds, but we understand what these are because of our own conscious experience." Unless the results of Psychology, thus made objective, are confirmed for the student in his own consciousness they can have no personal value for him. Thus confirmed, however, a great deal of material for Psychology may be brought to light and wrought into the science.

In like manner all the mental products of mankind can be made valuable. Professor John Dewey says, "Mind has not remained a passive spectator of the universe, but has produced and is producing certain results. These results are objective; and can be studied as all objective historical facts may be; and are permanent. Such objective manifestations of mind are, in the realm of intelligence, phenomena like language and science; in that of will, social and political institutions; in that of feeling, art; in that of the whole self, religion, Philology, the logic of science, history, sociology, etc., study these various departments as objective, and endeavor to trace the relations which connect their phenomena. But none of these sciences take into account the fact that science, history, art, etc., are all of them products of the mind, or self, working itself out according to its own laws, and that, therefore, in studying them we are only studying the fundamental nature of the conscious self." We must therefore continue to bear it in mind, that the results of a study of mental products, generally, are worthless for the service of the science of Self, except as they are at last recognized and confirmed by direct introspection.

Again, further contributions to Psychology are sought by *investigation into immature psychical life*; as in infants, and in abnormal manifestations, as among the idiotic, the insane, and otherwise practically deformed beings. But whatever the gains made in this direction, they are mainly those of suggestion. They depend, for whatever worth they may have, upon the assumption that the minds which show them are in essence akin to our own.

A noticeable effort to make Psychology wholly objective is widely extended at the present day under such names as "Physiological Psychology," "Cerebral Psychology," and "Psycho-Physics." This effort is useful and commendable as far as it actually goes ; but, at most, it cannot go very far. It discloses an intimate connection between the psychical and physical relations of Man ; it makes plain how certain states and changes of the body are the occasion and accompaniment of certain states and changes in the consciousness. But very few thinkers presume upon the judgment that the most developed "Psycho-Physics" has discovered and explained the mysterious nexus between mind and body. In our last lecture I showed, by quotation, what such naturalists as Professor Huxley and Tyndall think of the attempt to cross, by experiment and observation, from matter to mind. I need but add here what the accomplished physiologist, Du Bois Reymond says on the same subject. He declares that, "if we possess an absolutely perfect knowledge of the body, including the brain and all changes in it, the psychical state known as Sensation would be as incomprehensible as now."

We may conclude, then, that the approved results of Physiological Psychology, as we know them through the most advanced forms of the science, for example, those reached in Germany by Fechner and Wundt, go no farther than the observation and classification of certain physical accompaniments of consciousness, such as the localization of mental functions in the brain ; "the composition and relation of sensations ; the nature of attention ; the time occupied by various mental processes." The mere knowledge of all the functions of brain and nerves does not help the science except so far as it occasions a more penetrating psychological analysis ; and shows the close correlation of physical with psychological states and acts.

Therefore I urgently repeat the assertion made a few moments ago. *However much may be the value, and it is very great, of the attempt to develop Psychology as one of the objective sciences, and thus to free the study from the difficulties which are associated with introspection, the gains evidently go for nothing except as they are re-*

cognized, endorsed, and appropriated by the Self-Consciousness of each Self for itself. The ultimate instrument and domain for psychologic science, I repeat, is Self-Consciousness. All apparently objective psychology is justified only as it appeals ultimately to this essential presence of Self to self, for verification.

What, for example, would language mean to one who did not have the power of reproducing and understanding the language? What would observation of the acts of others convey to us, if we ourselves did not do like deeds, and also did not know them to be ours? The apparently objective methods in Psychology are only so many devices for co-operating with, and in fact for extending, Self-Consciousness.

It is with the true and essential Self that Psychology always finally deals. However, then, we may approach the science, our work refers us at last to ourselves, and, in the final appeal, to each individual Self.

This fact brings us to another very important consideration. Psychology is a science appertaining, in the end, *to each separate Self*. This being true, we find that when we regard it as a general science also,—that is, as the science of the Human Self without reference to you or me, or to any other one individual,—serious difficulties are placed in our way. They are not to be ignored. But how are they to be met?

First, since each Self is immediately conscious of only himself, *the science of Psychology, to have general validity, must be developed under the assumption that all human beings are in essence alike.* Psychological knowledge cannot, in the last resort, be demonstrated. As far as it is demonstrable at all, demonstration must always be carried on under an ultimate assumption. If, for example, I find myself led to declare that the Self is a thinking being, it is because I am conscious of myself as thinking; I recognize thought as one of my own qualities. My judgment can have no value whatever for those who do not recognize themselves, also, as thinking beings.

From this fact follows a second peculiar difficulty, when we regard psychologic science as having general worth.

Not only is psychologic knowledge ultimately confined to each individual consciousness, but it is limited to that consciousness according to its quantity and kind of development.

Self-Consciousness is apparently a state, or a stage, gained by man in his development. As far as we can remember, or as far as we observe other human beings, there is a time when Self is not Self-Conscious. Self-Consciousness seems to come in the process of our growth, and to be influenced largely by our surroundings. It varies with individuals. It may be clear or dull, profound or superficial. All the factors affecting one's personality : as, for example, one's birth in the midst of poverty or riches ; within an environment of culture or of ignorance ; in one nation or another ; these and other influences combine to shape the personal development of which Self-Consciousness apparently forms part. This difficulty is not to be ignored. It can be lessened only by persistent effort on the part of each conscious Self to gain real self-knowledge, through both direct and indirect observation, relying all the while upon the fundamental assumption that all selves are essentially alike, and that, being alike, there will be a constantly increasing agreement among those who sincerely seek true Self-knowledge.

Another difficulty in our way, which, however, is included in the one we have just been considering, arises out of our means of communication with one another,—*Language*. Language is but a collection, or a system, of symbols formed by mankind to make themselves intelligible to one another ; to communicate to others their thoughts, feelings and purposes. Words are at best but imperfect symbols, too. They do not present ; they always represent. One perceives ; and when he has perceived, he names. Words do not create thoughts ; but words are created for thoughts. For this reason words are always for us what we understand by them. We may, therefore, use the same words, and be talking at cross purposes with one another. Unless we associate with words the same thoughts, we are really mutually unintelligible. In the study of Psychology, consequently, we should be as careful

as possible in our speech, and should, above all, seek to discover that of which the words are really the signs.

But, recognizing the difficulties which are in the way of psychologic knowledge, in itself considered; and also the obstacles confronting it when we ascribe to it general validity, we shall now resume consideration of what I have called the ultimate datum for the science.

We shall consider, first, more in particular, *what Self-Consciousness is*. Then, we shall look at some of its *evident implications*. As said before, *Self-Consciousness is an intelligent presence of self to self*. The declaration "I" means nothing if not both Self cognition and *re*-cognition. It refers to Self as known to be both subject and object. It identifies both; that is to say, in this act of knowledge it knows both subject and object to be the same. This is a truth of *intuition*. No one can prove it; and no conscious being demands proof for it. It is its own witness; it needs no other. Were other witness demanded for it, none could be found.

What we have already said in reference to Memory, however, may furnish further suggestion, to those capable of receiving it, towards an adequate apprehension of the truth we have before us. No one, for example, could say of a thought, or of an act as he remembers it, "It was mine," or "I did it," had he not been so present to himself when the thought or act was initiated, that now, as he remembers, he is compelled to identify with himself, him whose thought or act he has recalled.

Further, it is only because we have a proper Self-Consciousness that the work of those psychologists who think they have confined the science to a study of "states of consciousness," and "a succession of psychical phenomena," has any real meaning, or any real psychologic value. In other words, *no knowledge of psychical phenomena, or states, could have any scientific worth, except as the psychologist were able to refer them without question to himself as his own*.

I have said that Self-Consciousness is a state, or stage, of our development. I do not mean, however, that it is a creation, or is a something which is brought into being,

in our growth. We cannot think of any mode of interaction with our surroundings which would create Consciousness, any more than we can think of the creation of what we call Sensation. We can see that our environment has much to do with educing, or evoking, Sensation, but nothing more than that. Our bodies are potentially sensitive, and Sensation becomes actual in our growth,—in our interaction with the external world. Likewise Consciousness is a natural quality of our psychical life, and Self-Consciousness is a potential self-relation in us which becomes actual at some time, sooner or later, in our development. Although Self-Consciousness may appear far along in our psychical growth, we are sure, from its quality, that it has not been acquired like our consciousness of what is not-self. It is but a matured form of an original, natural reflex which is essential in our own being.

II.

SOME IMPLICATIONS OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

We are ready now to take the next step in our discussion. With Self-Consciousness clearly recognized, we shall discover, as we reflect further, some implications because of it, which are exceedingly important in connection with our theme.

Prominent among these implications is, first, this:—*Self-Consciousness necessarily refers to a Self that is conscious.* It has no independent existence; it is a quality not a substance; it necessitates the assumption of the existence of a being to whom it belongs. The word, or the declaration, "I" stands for a Self-conscious being.

A second implication is that this being is *originally spontaneous, that is, self-assertive.* Were this not the fact, no consciousness of difference between Self and its surroundings could ever have arisen. In one relation, evidently, Self is passive. It receives the impressions which are made upon it from its environment. But it is by an original Spontaneity that each Self asserts itself; thereby, it recognizes in consciousness its separation from that which is not

itself. This is an evident implication in our notion of this essential quality appertaining to the Self.

But do facts confirm the implication? We cannot remember the process we went through in our early psychical development. We can infer to what happened then, only from our present instinctive impulses and manner of acting. Yet a careful study of other developing human beings does much to suggest confirmation for the claim made.

It cannot be said that *infants*, for example, self-consciously perform mental acts; but, *evidently, they go through mental processes which are essentially the same as those which occupy the matured mind*. The child receives "presentations" of what affect him. Then he acts upon these presentations by what we call "perception." Further, perceiving, he distinguishes "like and unlike;" he "remembers and classifies;" and he reasons from "effect to cause;" and from "quality to being" to which quality belongs. Ideas which we embody in the words "being," "quality," "likeness," "difference," "relation," "effect," "cause," "co-existence," "succession," and many more, he evidently attributes to the "presentations" made to him. These ideas are the spontaneous expression of his psychical nature. Of course, I do not mean that any child uses the ideas consciously; but I do mean that he thinks; and that he thinks by the very means to which psychologists have given these technical names. Whatever may be discovered as to human nature, or the process of human development, I am confident that in its place will always have to be given to an original, self-assertive Spontaneity.

A further confirmation to the *Self-assertive Spontaneity* which is implied in Self-Consciousness *is to be found in Language*. For example, there are some words which in their original meaning can not be defined, but whose original meanings must be assumed before, and in, all definitions we give to them.

To illustrate: an object is presented to the mind for the first time. At once there arises what we may call a primary consciousness of the object. This primary consciousness, or original perception,—if we may apply the word

to this mental act—is in no degree definite. Nevertheless, it is as real as it ever becomes. When we proceed to trace out “likeness and difference” for the perception, then we begin the process of “definition.” Names have been adopted to signify certain *primary perceptions*; names which stand for indefinite meanings, and *which are in themselves wholly antecedent to definition.*

Time will not permit us to go far into this subject; but in order to indicate what I mean, let us take the word, “being” or “thing.” Every one of us knows what either words stands for; but who can define its original meaning? Let us try.

We may say that “being” is “that which is.” But this is saying only that “being” is “being.” We have not defined the word. In order to do that we must ask what are the *likenesses* and *differences* of “being.” We answer, “being,” in itself considered, is like being. What is it unlike? It is unlike no being. Thing is like thing; thing is unlike no thing; that is, nothing. In this way, evidently, we make no progress. We do not at all define the words. As original terms, therefore, they stand for *apperception, which lies before all sense of likeness and difference*; they stand for a primary, undefined consciousness. They express neither similarity nor contrast; not similarity, for “being” is like only “being;” not contrast for to contrast them with “no being” and with “no thing” is to contrast them with nothing. Similarity must lie between existences, or nowhere. There can be no perception of nothing. It is the most evident word jugglery to say there is. Real perception always involves something. The perception of what is called nothing depends simply upon the fact that there is “nothing” to be perceived.

Now, in order to define such a word as “being,” we must at the outset assume and understand the original *indefinite* consciousness we have which is back of the word; and then if it is *a* being, we can begin to trace out, within and in subordination to that consciousness, the defining marks of the definite being of which we are conscious.

The *primary perception* goes only so far as to convey knowledge of “being” as present. *Definition* proceeds by

a secondary process,—to discover, definitely, what the being is *in terms of likeness and difference*.

Now, that which the mind evidently does in its perception of being and beings generally, it also does in consciousness of Self. By nature we are self-assertive. Therefore *we are essentially present to Self*, although our consciousness of Self is originally wholly undefined. The appearance of definite Self-Consciousness is occasioned by the development of our perception of *the likeness and difference of Self among other beings*. Through that perception each Self at length knows and recognizes that he is one being in the midst of many beings who are not himself. By this process, in all probability, at last Self-Consciousness is made clear; it becomes more or less definite, and it finds intelligent expression in such words as "I" and "Myself."

Looking back now over the way we have come, we see that we have taken the following positions.

1. The science of Psychology in the strictest sense of the word depends upon *Self-Consciousness* as both its *instrument and its field of research*. This remains true, however much, and however advantageously, we may employ objective methods to avoid the difficulties associated with direct introspection.

2. Further, we have described *Self-Consciousness* as an *intelligent presence of each Self to itself*. We have seen that for the meaning of this presence it must be its own interpreter; that it cannot be found by searching for it; that he who would seek it has it already; and that it cannot be voluntarily ignored when once gained. To doubt Self-Consciousness would be to intensify the fact of Self-Consciousness; to say "I deny that I am conscious of myself," would be an absurdly contradictory proposition, a *reductio ad absurdum*.

3. And thirdly, we have found, as implications in Self-Consciousness, that *Self is a being, not a quality*; and that in our purely subjective experience, through observation of others, and through language, *Self is manifested as originally spontaneous and self-assertive*.

I offer these several propositions as indicating the fundamental data which must be recognized and understood before any psychologic science worthy the name can be started and developed.

Accepting these data as necessary pre-requisites for the scientific study of Self, we discover through them just what we may expect to accomplish by psychologic inquiry. They show us that a true *Psychology cannot even be begun without there having already been an assumption of essential knowledge*. The science is really an attempt to answer the question: "What am I?" And evidently this question is not possible until the fundamental data of which I have spoken are at least implicit in the thought of him who asks it. The inquiry assumes, you see, the existence of Self in the word "I." It refers to a primary consciousness of Self in the undefined self-knowledge which is expressed in the word "I." And it gives evidence of personal spontaneity in the impulse to search after definite self-knowledge back of the inquiry "What am I?"

The aim, or purpose, of Psychology does not affect the ultimate Self-cognition at all. *The aim of the science is to bring into consciousness that which individualizes, determines, defines, the already indefinitely but really known Self*; to discover and to set forth that which makes each one what he is. In other words, assuming an original, a real, though undetermined consciousness of Self, we seek by psychologic inquiry to change that undefined consciousness into a Self-knowledge which shall at last be perfectly definite.

An illustration drawn from our experience in gaining knowledge of things in the external world may help to make this meaning of the word "definition" clearer. Let us suppose we were taking a walk some morning; the landscape all around us covered by a dense mist. The fog might for a time attract attention; but the probabilities are that before long we should think very little of it; possibly not notice it at all. Yet no one can doubt that we should remain, in some way, conscious of it; in some degree *be aware* of its presence. The monotonous grey would enclose

us in every direction, and we should know it. But, while walking onward, inattentive to our surroundings, should there appear before us a darkening in the fog, in all probability our attention would be aroused by the change in our environment, and directed to it. Our indefinite consciousness would be broken up by a perception of "difference." We should at once go through the mental process which gives rise to the words, "this" and "that." Thereupon curiosity would be excited; its natural expression would be the question, "What is that?"

What should we mean by the inquiry? Our meaning would not be, "Is that something?" Not at all. Already we are as conscious as we could ever be that something is there. It may be only a denser part of the fog; or it may be some object in the fog. Yet, whatever it is, we are sure it is something. We must at least have this certainty before we could make any inquiry about the darkened mist. Its meaning is that, having gained an indefinite consciousness, we desire definiteness for it, or a "definition." That is, a drawing of limits, discovering marks of individualization, a bringing of its qualities to light. The word "what" has this for its aim.

Let us suppose our walk to continue. For a time, probably, we gain no answer to our question. We may guess that the object is a house, or a tree, or some other thing; but our guesses do not help us. If, however, as we go farther, we observe that the darkness takes on a clearer shape, in other words becomes more "defined," we answer in some measure our question.

The shape becomes angular, or let us say, right-angled; the original, undefined appearance has now become so far definite that we do not hesitate to say, it is not a tree. A tree might be trimmed into that shape, but probably it would not be so trimmed on a country road in Minnesota. All we are sure of is that in the dense mist there is an angular something. What we need is further definiteness or "definition." At last, our walk takes us far enough to show that the rectangular shape is that of a car standing on a railway. Our inquiry is in large measure then satisfied. But why? Simply because, having added one and

another mark of definiteness to and within our original indefinite perception, we have gained that which we have wished to know.

If, however, we had never seen a railway car before, we should probably continue our quest ; and, moreover, with whatever knowledge we might gain of cars and railroads we could push our inquiry, in all probability, endlessly. Inquiry would not be finally stopped until the infinite series of internal and external relations of the object to the Universe had been exhausted. Search would be rewarded with the discovery of each new mark of definiteness, but inquiry might ever be renewed. Knowing that a being *is*, one can endlessly seek to know *what it is* ; that is to say, one can continuously seek to "define" it.

So then, clearly understanding that *antecedent to psychology inquiry is original, real Self-consciousness*, we can intelligently proceed to begin and to mature, by definition of Self, the series of truths which compose Psychology.

We are thus led to the entrance of the science. We shall not now attempt to pass through the portal and study what it is within. Our purpose will have been accomplished if I have been so enabled to call attention to the data fundamental to Psychology that you will acknowledge and use them in your studies.

These data beyond question are given ; and they must be accepted and used if any real science of Self is to be begun and matured.

I have taken our time this afternoon for a discussion of what are doubtless abstract and probably very abstruse matters ; and I have perhaps seemed to draw out the argument to an unnecessary length, and to burden it with a too frequent repetition of the main proposition I have advanced. But, in view of much of the Psychology current at the present day, our treatment of the subject may be justified.

A great deal of the Psychology now claiming attention avowedly ignores the very conditions which I have here emphasized as necessary to its proper development. One need but glance at the systematized Psychology of

such popular teachers as Mill, Bain, Spencer,—indeed of the whole Sensational and Phenomenal school of England, France, and Germany, for confirmation of the assertion just made. “To judge from habitual language,” writes Dr. Martineau, “the physiologist considers himself to be treading upon the heels of the mental philosopher, and to be heir presumptive, if not already rival claimant to the whole domain. Between the facts of life as manifested through the lower grades of organized existence and the facts of mind special to our race, he recognizes no ultimate distinction, and confidently looks for evidence of essential identity. In this view, therefore, the study of Humanity constitutes only the uppermost stratum of scientific natural history ; it deals with certain residuary phenomena left on hand when the lower organisms have been exhausted, and its separation is no less prominent and artificial than that of any one branch of zoology from any other. It is thus the crown and summit of the hierarchy of natural sciences ; emerging from physiology, as physiology from chemistry, and chemistry from physics, and differing only as each superior term differs from the inferior, in the greater complexity and more restrictive range of the attributes it contemplates.”

I have referred by name, among those who ignore the fundamental data for psychologic science, to John Stuart Mill, Alexander Bain, and Herbert Spencer. I have done this because their work is the most prominent and most widely read of recent productions in England distinctive of the Psychology I have been induced to qualify.

I speak of Mr. Mill, because he has defined mind, as “a series of feelings with a background of the possibilities of feeling.” He has admitted that, in giving this definition,—“We are reduced to the alternative of believing that the mind, or ego is something different from any series of feelings, or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox that something which *ex hypothesi* is but a series of feelings can be aware of itself as a series.” Mr. Mill declined to accept the first one of his alternatives, and, although he did not commit himself to the untenable second, his

refusal to accept the first separates him from those who hold it, and subjects him to their criticism.

Professor Bain does not hesitate to class himself with those who profoundly ignore the fundamental psychologic data. "So long," he says, "as human conduct can be accounted for by assigning certain sensibilities to pleasure and pain, an active machinery and an intelligence, we need not assume anything else to make the "I" or "Self." When "I" walk the fields, there is nothing but a certain motive founded in my feelings, operating upon my active organs." The self-contradictions in this statement are evident; but the intended denials are also evident. Moreover, we are compelled to inquire—"Whence does he gain all this definite knowledge, having invalidated the testimony of a real Self-Consciousness?"

I have associated Mr. Spencer with Messrs. Mill and Bain. I do this notwithstanding the claim Mr. Spencer makes in the "Introduction" to his work on the science, that, "Psychology is a totally unique science independent of, and antithetically opposed to, all other sciences whatever;" and notwithstanding his opposition to those who, as he says, "following M. Comte assert that subjective psychology is impossible." Mr. Spencer's data for Psychology are the structure and functions of the nervous system; conditions essential to nervous action; nervous stimulation and nervous discharge; and nervous phenomena as phenomena of consciousness; while his Subjective Psychology never for once accepts, at its full value, the essential personal relation which make Self-Consciousness a reality. In so many words, he denies this fundamental datum in his definition of mind; for he says that mind is "a circumscribed aggregate of activities." And, in his dictum referring to Self-Consciousness, he declares that a thing cannot at the same instant be both subject and object of thought." He thereby denies to the human being the function which I have claimed is essential in Self-Consciousness, a quality which must be true of ourselves if we are ever to know our thoughts and deeds as our own. Moreover, Mr. Spencer's treatment of Psychology is wholly from the physical side,—as a degree of

a universal physical evolution, It is carried on under the prejudice of his favorite doctrine of the "Unknowable," and by means of a study of phenomena through which no reality is disclosed.

The position I have taken is very different from that of Mr. Spencer. I hold that Psychology is not formed merely by a continuation of physical science. I claim that, however valuable physiological research may be made for psychological purposes,—and doubtless it has great value,—it can never blossom into real knowledge of mind. I believe that, in evolution, mind may accompany, but that it cannot flow out of, matter as "matter;" and I believe too that in Self-Consciousness real being is disclosed.

So, evidently, it is my conviction that fundamentally Psychology is as truly separate from Physiology as self-knowledge is separate from that which is of not-self. The original, essential data of Psychology are not in the structure and functions of the nervous system, but in the veritable self-relation which is manifest in Self-Consciousness. Upon this essential self-reflex alone depends the reliability of any truth concerning Self, or of other objects of thought, which Mr. Spencer or any thinker may gain, however much, in theory, he may ignore it. Instead of defending the position I have taken, it is rather our privilege to turn upon those who deny it, with the claim that Physiology not only does not make Psychology true, but that through Psychology Physiology itself and all other knowledge become possible.

I leave our theme with this summary of my argument.

All psychologic study finds its instrument and field of research, ultimately, in Self-Consciousness, however much it may summon to its aid memory; observation of the words and deeds of other human beings, such as history, literature, art; morbid and abnormal physical manifestations; investigation into immature and lower forms of life; and observation and experimentation upon the body's functions,—particularly upon the relation of the nervous system to consciousness. In fact,—so I believe,—Psychology has really no way of making its work valid except as

it assumes and refers constantly to an original, personal conscious Self; and verifies all its results at last by the recognition which Self through Consciousness allows to them.

FOURTH LECTURE

THE MIND'S PROCESS IN THINKING.

I propose for our fourth lecture to take a chapter from Psychology, which we may entitle "The Mind's Process in Thinking."

This topic comes into our course naturally because, were we to undertake a careful psychical analysis, we should find that Self-Consciousness contains Thought as one of its leading activities. Thinking is the chief agency by which to answer the motive psychological question, "What am I?" While, then, Self-Consciousness is ultimately the only instrument and source of Psychology, as we learned in our last lecture, we find that Self-Consciousness involves the intellectual factor as one of its essential elements. We are confronted, consequently, with the paradox:—Psychology cannot be perfected except by means of right thinking; but the nature and methods of right thinking depend upon correct psychical analysis.

This paradox, however, becomes an evident truth in the following manner. Actuated by an instinctive desire for Self-knowledge, our search at first is directed by the logical processes which every mind *naturally* employs. Inquiry continues, possibly without scientific result, until the phenomena of thinking are recognized. *Instinctively, then, we begin to think about our thinking.* Gradually we discover, more or less fully, "the laws of thought." This knowledge then reacts upon psychical research. At length, by a more and more complete interaction of the results of the two inquiries, Psychology becomes logical, and matured Logic, in its turn, guides Psychology towards full maturity.

I shall to-day assume that we have in large measure rightly interpreted the paradox of the relation between Psychology and Logic; that we have recognised the two

sciences in their proper places, and with their proper functions; that, therefore, we need to make only a more careful investigation of the process by which we think. I assume, then, that we have already begun our study of Philosophy by a methodical and logical Psychology; that we have accepted the fact of a primary indefinite Self-Consciousness and have begun to make it definite; that is, that we have set out to discover what the Self is;—in itself, in its parts, and in its various relations. We have seen, let us suppose, what are the ultimate deductions which Self makes of itself as “a being;” that we have recognized also the psychical and physical parts which constitute us as human beings; and that we have come to the place where Self recognises itself as “Mind.” Let us further suppose that inquiry into Self as Mind has disclosed the Mind as expressing itself by means of a three-fold activity, to which the names, Thought, Feeling, and Will have been given.

I shall not take time to discuss at length the important facts connected with this three-fold mental quality. But, before proceeding with our special subject, it may be well, for a clearer understanding of that triple activity, to call attention to a few of these facts.

Thought, Feeling, and Will are just what I have named them. They are not distinct beings, nor separate departments of the Self;—they are the Mind itself, active in these different modes, or relations. We must never lose sight of what we found in last week's lecture, that Self is an original personality. Its unity is not lost in its qualities. Whether, therefore, we study either thought, or feeling, or will, as though it were a distinct or separate faculty, let us remember that we are still studying but the one Mind, as thinking, or feeling, or willing.

When, for example, the mind is related to objects as if it were looking at them; holding them, as it were, at a distance; perceiving them; defining them; knowing them figuratively; bringing them before sight, the relation is that of *thought*. When, to change its activity, the mind, as it were, moves towards objects; appropriates them to itself; figuratively touches them; and suffers or enjoys through

the efforts of such contact, the relation is that of *feeling*. The mental relation called the *will* is the mind directing, determining itself ; one way or another.

In short, *the so-called mental faculties are but ourselves as we are intellectual, emotive, or volitional*. Each form of our personal activity can acquire a particular development, but none can be developed as separated from, or to the exclusion of, the others.

For this reason there is a decided *interaction* of Thought, Feeling and Will. As we have seen, in Self there is an essential self-reflex. It follows, therefore, that this same reflex is actual in each of the mental modes. It is *only through this reflex relation* ; for example, that *any science of Self*, or such study as we have been pursuing, *is possible*. Because we are Self-conscious, we are able to think over our thinking ; to feel our feelings ; and to determine concerning our volitions. When we are conscious that we rejoice in some pleasure, or grieve over some fear, or when we resist some conviction, or yield to some passion, or strengthen some resolve, it becomes clear that each mode of the Self-activity is self-related, and also is related to the others.

For the same reason *our personal qualities reciprocally influence and direct one another*. Whenever we think, we, at the same time, exercise some will upon our thinking, and have some feeling about it. Whenever we are subjected to feeling about anything, we think, more or less, about our feeling and exercise some will over it. And whenever we will, we can neither be wholly ignorant of that concerning which we will, nor be entirely indifferent to it. All facts go to show that, in the operation of these three functions, it is simply ourselves who are active in one or another relation ; these activities constituting in fact a three-fold relation of the original self-assertive Self as " Mind."

When, consequently, we take up the subject of *Thought*, *we have before us* not an independent part, or instrument of the mind, *but a mode by which the mind acts*.

The question properly arises now,—What, *more definitely*, is thinking ? When the mind seeks to make the

presence of objects, of which it has become conscious, continually clearer to itself, and if possible perfectly clear, it is thinking. If we name every kind of presence of objects in consciousness, *Cognition*, we may define Thought as the mind's effort to develop and to perfect Cognition. Cognition commences with a primary, indefinite consciousness ; its end is reached in completely defined knowledge.

From this we see that thinking involves three factors ; first, a mind that thinks ; second, some object thought of ; and third, a relation between the mind and its object, to which the general name " Cognition " may be given.

Evidently, therefore, *thought could not be aroused before there were some presence in consciousness to arouse it*. That presence might come from without, or from within ; but it must precede any thought concerning it. A condition for thinking is some mental presence. The whole work of thought is to attend to, to perceive, to bring into distinctness, presentations already made ; to see clearly just what these presentations are. In thinking, therefore, subject and object remain apart ; the subject is not to be changed by the object, nor object by subject. Intelligence, more or less clear, is all that we aim to reach by thinking.

This fact suggests certain important *moral considerations* which should be discussed in a full treatment of our subject. The nature of Thought shows that intellectual work, in order to be excellent, should be as far as possible free from the influence of feeling, or of merely emotional desire. Thought should be unbiassed, passionless, proceeding directly to the end of producing clear, exact, definite cognition, or knowledge.

At this point we have reached the subject of our present lecture. But before we begin to trace out the " Mind's Process in Thinking," it will be of service to recall for a moment some of the facts which met us in our last lecture.

What is true of the study of the whole Self is true of investigation of its various modes. In the study of our mental process, therefore, we must justify the results of our work as all psychologic knowledge is to be justified ; that is, by the endorsement it may receive from each conscious Self through direct Self-Consciousness. The only, or ultimate

source of verification we have, is the essential reflex of Self upon Self. We must always, therefore, rely upon that, though, seemingly, we stand apart witnessing the various movements that the mind makes in bringing its objects clearly into consciousness. It is we who think and know; and we must never forget that, unless we were always present to ourselves, no science of thinking could be in the remotest degree possible.

To co-operate with direct Introspection, we shall here, as in all other psychologic study, therefore, use Memory, the marvellous conservative power with which our nature is endowed, and also such other agencies as we have already named. But while we use memory and other instrumentalities to co-operate with direct introspection, let us still bear in mind last week's lesson, that *recognition necessitates a previous cognition*; and that the first cognition involves the essential self-intelligence which is fundamental to Self-Consciousness,

Thus prepared, we turn to our special subject.

Thinking, as before said, is the mind at work seeking to develop and to perfect cognition; that is, to bring clearly into consciousness whatever is present there.

What process does it follow?

A complete tracing out of this process would lead us farther than we have time for. It would oblige us to study in its entirety the course of the production of cognitions,—as well from the side of the objects that are thought of, as from that of the thinking mind. But it will suffice for our present purpose to indicate some of the most prominent facts in the process generally.

The genesis of cognition depends upon a two-fold quality of our being. We are each not only endowed with a directly outworking activity; with an original tendency to act outwards, that is, with an essential Spontaneity, but we are also, by nature, *passive*. That is, we have an original capacity to be acted upon; or, in other words, we have an essential Receptivity.

In cognition, therefore, there is what we may call the *form*, which is the result of the mind's spontaneity; and the *matter*, which is what is received by the mind as it is

affected by the object. So, in all our acts of knowing we work by this two-fold natural quality,—Spontaneity and Receptivity.

Spontaneity characterizes our whole being. As we have seen, it lies back of Self-Consciousness and makes it possible. It is, therefore, *the condition of all cognition*.

Then, just as inevitably as cognition depends upon our outworking activity, so, also as certainly, it depends upon our capacity for being acted upon. Our whole development is the result of a constant interaction between ourselves and our surroundings. Spontaneous activity would not suffice for our development. We are parts of a realm of being, in which we, as all other parts, exist relatively for ourselves; but *only*, also, as we are in relation with all other parts. We act, and we are acted upon. To the extent that we are acted upon we are receptive. A series of presentations is every moment entering consciousness; through our senses from the outer world, also streaming up within, out of the mysterious depths of ultimate being. Our knowledge is the product of a toilsome effort we make to see clearly the presentations which are received within the conscious Self.

A few words, in passing, as to the *matter of cognition*. It is exceedingly important that this be recognized as it really is, and for all that it is. This subject has received a great deal of attention among psychologists. It does not seem possible, all facts carefully studied, that we can escape the conviction that the *matter of cognition is of more than one kind*. I am confident that the presentations in consciousness issue from more than one source. Our psychical receptivity is affected not only by a multitude of so-called "impressions," coming through our physical senses, but also by "presentations" from a source not at all explainable by Sensation.

The bodily senses, for instance, are our medium of connection with the external world. If we close our eyes, the whole outer universe is excluded from our sight. If we close our ears, we are in a silence none the less profound than the darkness. If disease injures taste or smell the whole domain of flavor and odor is withdrawn from us. If anesthesia is produced in any part of the body, touch there is gone. If

sensation as a whole were to cease we should be entirely enclosed within unresponsive bodies. The whole outer world would no longer be anything for us. With restoration of sensibility, however, the excluded world would be again present to us.

But what is it that comes to us through the senses? We know that nothing more than separate and grouped sensations are presented to us through them. The whole material of sense-perception is transmitted by them. What further happens in the process of cognition, is the result of the mind's own energy acting upon this material.

But are these separate and associated sensations the sum total of the material with which Cognition is concerned? I cannot think so. There are presentations in Consciousness which, *because of their content*, cannot possibly have found their way through the senses; nor, as we shall see, can they be the product of any limited experience, or of an agent of limited qualities.

There is, for example, the thought,—Infinity. We know that all sense-experience is finite, and that our personal experience is limited. Yet, in some way, we have what can be shown to be a positive thought, referring to infinity. Our experience is of that which is always changing; this thought has for its object that which never changes. Experience is with the many happenings of yesterday and to-day,—of what is in every direction finite; this thought is of that which is without limit. We constantly speak of infinite Space, of infinite Time, and of infinite Existence.

Then, we have also the thought of the Absolute; of that which is all-inclusive and independent; which is without external relations. But where in experience, which is confined to that which is in every way relative and dependent, do we find a source for this thought?

Then, we have, too, the thought of that which is Perfect; of perfect Truth, of perfect Beauty, of perfect Good.

It does not answer our question to say that these thoughts are *extensions of experience*, or are its *negations*, or are *indefinite* thoughts superimposed upon thoughts

which are definite. I shall not now try to show why. We shall return to this question in the closing lecture.

But, meanwhile, it may be well to try to answer such questions as these:—How can we, with a sense-experience which is altogether of the finite, of the relative, of the imperfect, apprehend unaided such thoughts as that of the Infinite, of the Absolute, of the Perfect? How could sense-experience, however prolonged in the individual, or in the race, or in myriad generations, produce any one of them. The external world, so far as we can perceive it, exists *in* space, and *in* time, and is far from being perfect. The astronomer sees but the merest fragment of filled space. All known development for the world; all tradition for man; are included in the merest section of time. If, then, these thoughts of the Infinite, of the Absolute, of the Perfect and other thoughts kindred with them are not to be found in sensation, and can not possibly be the result of finite experience, are we not, of necessity, drawn to the conclusion that they must be either received by the mind from an adequate source to become part of its material for cognition, or that the human mind which thinks them must itself be infinite, absolute, and perfect?

The latter of the alternatives cannot possibly be true. We have, therefore, but one legitimate conclusion, for our acceptance; that is, that the human mind is essentially connected with that which is infinite; with Being which is not only around and within us, but with Being which necessarily includes not only Self but the surrounding World also. The finite mind is, therefore, receptive of presentations, not only from a finite world, but also from that which is infinite.

In a word, I have been unavoidably led to the conclusion that as receptive we have not only "Sensation" to connect us with the outer universe, but that we have also what, for lack of a better word, we may call "the Reason," which receives material by which we have apprehension of what we name the "Infinite," the "Absolute," and the "Perfect."

So then, if at one extreme of our receptive consciousness are "sensations;" there seem to be, inevitably, at the other extreme what have been called "*ideas*,"—or principles of the

Reason. Because of the relations of our psychical receptivity, therefore, we seem to be furnished with both *sense presentations* and *rational ideas*, as the matter available for the purpose of Cognition. It does not seem possible to consider carefully all the facts of consciousness, and reach what shall be, in substance, any other conclusion.

Having advanced thus far we may now take up what is particularly the subject of the present lecture:—the out-working of the mind's Spontaneity upon the given matter of Cognition. In other words, we may now begin to follow "The Process of the Mind in Thinking."

Logically, there is a regular succession of acts in this process. In a few moments we shall mark this succession in its regular order. Before doing that, however, I wish to call attention to a part of this process, an involuntary act of the mind, whose office is to prepare for the mind's voluntary action ;—I speak of the Imagination.

As soon, for example, as we turn towards a presentation made by the senses, we perceive *not only the sense affection but an accompanying image*. Perception of the external world is always two-fold. The image, we can say, is not a product of direct sensation, else it would disappear with the cessation of the sensation. The image may be restored long after the sensation has ceased. For instance, I saw a flower yesterday. It is not here now. But as I turn attention to it in memory, I reproduce it mentally,—form, color and odor.

The mind spontaneously designs, figures, effects colors, and gives body to the separate sensations of sight, touch, and the like.

Whether or not these images are real reproductions of that which appears in the senses is not a question which concerns us now. I believe that as representations they are true. I believe it can be shown that they truly represent, as far as representable, the presentation of objects which enter consciousness through the senses. But let it suffice now just to say that the imagining act is an invariable accompaniment of sensation.

Imagination acts also, as far as it can, upon ideas. We always seek to give ideas concrete and sensible forms. We

create *symbols* for them. We endeavor, indeed, to give conception even to inconceivable thoughts, such as those of pure Space, and Time, and Infinity. It is for this reason that psychologists often make mistake in their arguments over the thought of Infinity, by *confounding the image* which we involuntarily seek to make, for example, of infinite Space, *with the real Idea underlying it*; or by *confusing some symbolic conception*, as of infinite Time, *with the true thought of Eternity*.

An "ideal" is the result of the effort of the Imagination to give the truest and most adequate form possible to an "idea." An "ideal" should be understood always as that, and be judged as that. The Reason gives the perfect idea; the Imagination evokes an ideal for the idea; it does that by combining with the idea the highest concrete material which the mind possesses. Ideals are the mind's visions of that which is. They are continually being bettered and approximately realized, though they are never made perfect, nor are they ever fully realized. There is an "ideal" for every aim that man makes towards perfection. Art has its ideals; science, literature, morality, all human aims are expressed in ideals. The Ideal for Philosophy we have sought, in various ways, to make clear in these lectures, and we have seen how philosophic history is a record of a multiform development of this Ideal; and how, through the growing knowledge of Man, the Ideal has been continually approaching its realization.

We come now to an examination of the *voluntary activity of the mind in making Cognition clear*.

Our discussion, so far, has prepared us for an intelligent study of this activity. It has shown that the knowledge-seeking mind is endowed with *power to remember* and to *give concrete images to the presentations* offered it; and further, it has shown that, through Sense and Reason, multitudes of impressions and ideas are offered to the mind as material for possible knowledge.

1. The *first* voluntary movement of thought in reference to any presentation made in consciousness is *to turn towards it*. *Metaphorically* speaking, it must "look at it." This act is called *Attention*. Attention is the mind's response to

what affects it. Attention may not always be consciously given ; and it may be evoked at times only by strong presentation. But, in any case, it must be given if any intellectual gain is to be made. Attention must actually be *given* : that is, attention must be the result of a volition, even though the mind is induced to act because of a painful stimulus.

This first voluntary act of the mental Spontaneity is of *exceeding importance in the development of Cognition*. Attention necessitates the drawing away of thought from other things so that it may attend to the intruding object. Every moment numerous presentations are soliciting attention. Eyes, ears, and the other senses are all the time affected in various ways. A passing train, a striking bell, sunlight, clouds, odors, bodily discomfort,—innumerable memories and ideas—may present themselves in Consciousness when it is exceedingly important that all these should be ignored for the sake of some thing else. It is of great moment that the mind should be able to fix thought in one direction in the midst of a host of solicitations. Our mental culture, its strength and maturity, are acquisitions secured as much through the alertness, force, directness, continuity and extent of attention as through anything else. Among immature minds it is very difficult to evoke, or to maintain, this mental energy ; while scholars and sages are often able to compel and to concentrate it even in the midst of mental stimuli which would be altogether distracting to the ordinary mind.

The art of developing in one's self the power of attention, and of inducing it, if need be, in others, is one of the most important of the means necessary for the attainment of proper cognition, or knowledge.

2. The *second* cognitive movement may be called *Apprehension*, or *Perception*. The mind seeks not only to look at, but, in figure, to take hold of, what is presented to it. That which the mind cannot reach or grasp, remains always really unknown. It is common at the present time to use the word " perception " for the kind of apprehension that is confined to sensations. When it is necessary I shall observe this distinction. But as the word

perception has a more familiar sound, and is much more generally used, than *apprehension*, I shall adopt it for the second all-comprehensive move in Cognition.

Perception is a very unequal mental act. Some minds perceive rapidly and clearly ; some only slowly and confusedly. The power of perception depends largely upon native endowment ; but, in large measure, it is strengthened by proper culture. The more intellectual a mind may be, the clearer and more rapid will perception be apt to become ; while in those who are the subjects of a strong emotional sensitivity, perception is apt to be dim, or it may fail altogether. Feeling often comes between one's thought and the object one should perceive. For this reason certain sensations are called "absorbing," "transporting," "enrapturing," "ecstatic." Pure perception needs the cool, unexcited, self-controlled mood.

3. By a combination of Perception and Attention, the mind advances to a *third degree in the process of thinking*, which may be called *Determination*. This is a highly important part of the cognitive movement. *It is, in fact, the means by which knowledge is made definite, and the mind's desire is satisfied.* Determination marks out, or defines, just what is perceived ; for example, a being or a part of being, or a quality or a relation of being ; and it refers one to another until the mind is satisfied ; that is until *definition* is made, or cognition, as far as desired, is secured. The more completely an object is determined, or defined, in its internal and external relations, the better is it *known*.

These are the three successive voluntary movements of the mind in thinking ; that is, in developing Cognition, whether it be of any thing, or relation ; of a fact or principle ; of a sensation or idea. The mind, first, turns towards the presentation offered it ; next, it apprehends or perceives it ; and then determines or defines it, if possible, in the totality of its parts, qualities and relations. The succession is regular and necessary. The three movements always follow in the same order, whatever may be their object. The Will initiates the movement ;—it may hasten or retard it, but it can not break up the succession.

Let us now look somewhat more clearly at this cognitive

act which we have named *Determination*. There are only two ways of knowing, or of determining the objects presented to us. We can either perceive them directly, as they are presented ; or we can know them as they are related to their causes or principles. That is, we gain knowledge, either by observation direct ; or by demonstration through that which we already know. These two facts concerning the method for gaining knowledge have been called *Analysis* and *Synthesis*.

a. When we observe things just as they are presented, and try to determine them by describing their parts, qualities, and relations, we *analyse* them.

b. On the other hand, when we connect objects to their cause or principle by some intermediate bond, as, say, "the middle term of the syllogism," we subject them to *synthesis*.

Analysis and Synthesis are the two methods which guide the mind's procedure in developing and perfecting Cognition. Analysis is based upon observation ; it gives rise to what is called the *inductive* process of thought ; it includes all we know by experience, or as it is said, *a posteriori*. Synthesis is based upon whatever knowledge we may have of principles or causes ; it proceeds by what is called *deduction*. It starts from all that we know as above or beyond experience ; that is to say, *a priori*.

These two methods of developing knowledge can be carried on each for itself. It is thus possible to observe the presentations in Consciousness, and to describe them ; that is, to engage in fact-getting, without seeking to arrange the facts under their principles, or to reduce them to a system. It is possible, also, to assume some principle, and to deduce from that principle a system of thoughts, *without having reference to whether or not there are any real facts which correspond to the thoughts*. If the original principle be fully accepted as truth, it is possible to deduce subordinate truths from it.

But the *analytic and synthetic methods should never be carried on separately, if the end aimed at is the attainment of certain knowledge*. The result of the work of each method is incomplete without the aid of the other.

c. The full determination of objects ; the complete develop-

ment of knowledge, requires the combination of the two methods in a third part of the process. This part we may name *Construction*, or *Verification*.

Construction is the culmination of the development of Cognition, or is completed knowledge. It is attained by bringing the results of the two lower parts of the method together, and verifying one by the other. Both Analysis and Synthesis should constantly be referred to one another from the very beginnings of the endeavor to gain exact and complete knowledge.

By Analysis only facts can be obtained ; by Synthesis only deductions for which, possibly, no corresponding facts exist. Through Analysis only we can gain no principle, or ground of determination ; through Synthesis only we have none of the indispensable results of observation. Combining the two, however, we are saved on the one hand from empty speculation, and on the other we are enabled to make discoveries which observation alone possibly had passed by. *When there is a perfect accord between Analysis and Synthesis we have reached certainty.* We then know things, as they are presented to us, and, also as they are related to their causes or principles.

It is in this way, for example, that ordinary knowledge becomes really scientific ; also, hereby, the Philosophic Ideal finds increasing justification through an enlarging Science. And it is by this means that systems of Philosophy may approximate the realization of their pure Ideal.

But so far we have been looking at only one part of "The Mind's Process in Thinking ;" that is, at those successive movements which the mind makes *by virtue of its own impulses*. In other words, we have been considering merely the *subjective* laws of Cognition. We should also look at how this Process of Thought is affected by what, as we may say, is owing to the objects themselves. In other words, we ought to observe certain *objective* laws of thought.

In all development of knowledge, it is necessary that objects should be thought of just as they present themselves. For this reason, through Attention, Perception and Determination the mind should take hold of each object as

the one object it is : that is, the mind should form a *notion*, or *concept* of it. Then, secondly, as all the objects of thought are found to exist in various relations, within and without, a second mental operation becomes necessary : this may be called *judging* ; — the mind forms *judgments*. This act would seem to complete the process, but the mind is induced to go farther. It takes its judgments as if they were simple notions and establishes relations between them ; that is, it judges judgments. This movement is called *reasoning*, or a *drawing of conclusions*.

Through these three mental operations Cognition advances. The Concept, or Notion, is the simple apprehension of an object. The Judgment is cognition of a relation between notions. Reasoning is cognition of relations between judgments.

The Notion has its equivalent in what is called the *term*. The Judgment is embodied in the *proposition* ; and Reasoning done by means of the *sylogism*.

At this point our chapter in Psychology opens into a special study which has for its object these *fundamental operations in the process of thought*. We have arrived at what is especially named, "The Science of Logic." Confronting the entrance to this science, however, we have reached the end aimed at in the present lecture. We have disclosed the beginnings of "The Mind's Process in Thinking."

But, before we leave our subject, I wish to call attention to the bearing, of what I have been saying, upon "The Science of Logic ; and to some reflections, in general, upon the limitations which, by a great deal of modern usage, has been placed upon the name, "Logic."

Logic, as accepted by many students of the mind, is the science which has for its object the three fundamental Functions and Operations of Thought, together with the Method by which Cognition is to be developed and perfected. *As such, it is wholly a formal science*. It has nothing whatever to do with a consideration of the reality, or the unreality, of the material embodied in its terms, propositions, and syllogisms. As such, the science is like a mechanism whose correct combinations and

working are all that need be cared for. It supplies the machinery to be used in the other sciences. Mr. James says in his Manual, "The form of an argument is one thing, quite distinct from the various subjects or matter which may be treated in that form." "Logic" he describes as "the science occupied in ascertaining all the general forms of thought which we must employ so long as we reason validly." "The very name 'logic' occurs as part of nearly all the names recently adopted for the sciences. Thus geology is logic applied to explain the formation of the earth's crust; biology is logic applied to the phenomena of life, and so on."

But, while this is true, it should not be forgotten that Logic itself has its source in Psychology. Psychology may need logic to carry it forward; but at the same time logic needs psychical analysis to give it existence as a true science. A psychologic preparation is, therefore, necessary to guard the student against the formation of a partial or false logic; and a logic thus prepared for is needed for a proper reaction upon psychology in its further development.

I do not consider, for example, that that "Logic" has been properly prepared for which, however correctly it may disclose the forms of thought, *obtrusively excludes fundamental psychologic truth* from its terms, propositions and syllogisms. Nor do I consider that "Psychology" to have been properly studied whose logic denies some of the most essential forms of thought. I mean that a "Logic" which noticeably excludes the data of the Reason that it may present those of Sense Experience; or a "Psychology" whose logic depreciates the Deductive Process for the sake of exalting Induction, has, I am confident, transgressed the limits set for itself. Logic, if it is wholly a formal science, should be in every way unpartisan. It should not antagonize any widely honored judgment upon what composes the matter of thought and knowledge.

The two sciences, Logic and Psychology, act and react upon each other so decisively that it is of great importance that the directing Logic should be reached through the most careful and comprehensive study of its source,—Psychology.

My purpose in the present lecture has been to indicate the true psychologic approach to Logic by a logic which is itself true.

But for all that, is the word "logic" dealt with scientifically in its being *confined to a study of the forms of thought*?

There should be, of course, the special science of "the forms of thought." I am of the opinion, however, that the *matter of Cognition* should also be accepted as part of the domain of Logic; or that it should be regarded, as at least, its legitimate complement. I have become convinced that the whole process of the mind in the production and development of Cognition:—from the side of the mind's Receptivity, as well as of its Spontaneity; regarding the matter of thought as well as its forms, is an object worthy of specific scientific study. A Science of Cognition,—a science including not only Formal Logic, but setting forth also a complete Theory of Knowledge, is apparently justified by the series of facts we have to-day had before us.

This Science, included within Psychology and inclusive of Logic; having for its object "The Mind's Whole Process in Thinking," would, I believe, be of special service, not only for the attainment of a more complete knowledge of ourselves, but for the production and the clear recognition of the truths which are most beneficial to Mankind in their efforts to fulfil their purpose in life.

FIFTH LECTURE

NATURE AND SOURCES OF MORAL OBLIGATION.

In taking up the topic announced for to-day, we are dealing with a problem of the highest practical importance. We enter a domain wider than that of Thought alone. We are about to consider ourselves as expressed in Conduct; as persons possessed of what is called Conscience and bound by a sense of Duty. We have set for ourselves the task of studying the nature, and of inquiring into the sources of Moral Obligation. To know the nature of moral obligation and its sources is to have gained the knowledge most needful for the fulfilment of the purpose

of human life. It is not necessary to say that the proposed study is beset with difficulties.

The method for regulating Conduct is perfectly plain to every morally conscious being :—the individual conscience is the auditor beyond which there is no appeal. This authority is recognized in all moral exercise. That, however, which gives Conscience authority ; that which gives Man conscience at all, is not so apparent. Inquiry after this leads speculation into the very depths of our being. It has produced a problem over which the mind has labored ever since the moral sense became part of human experience. I wish to make what contribution is possible for me in aid of the solution of this problem.

The present lecture, like our last, is a chapter from Psychology. We are referred for the data of Ethics to Psychology, because it is certain that Man is in essence, potentially at least, a moral being. The qualities which give him moral character are in his nature. If disclosed at all, they must appear in Self-Consciousness, and be confirmed there. Even though it should be found that whatever moral quality man has is a direct endowment from a Source other than himself ; or that it becomes manifest in his interaction with his environment, still Psychology is the means to the discovery. However derived, or brought into activity, *the Moral Sense is beyond question part of our psychical being.*

I may assume, to begin with, that no one of us doubts that Moral Obligation exists. But what is moral obligation ? When one is under obligation of any kind, we understand that he is bound to be, or to do, somewhat. Under obligation he is, as if he were in debt ; bound through his debt, and not liberated until the debt is satisfied.

Now, when obligation is what is called “moral,” it has become associated with the things and relations of life to which the names “good” and “evil,” and “right” and “wrong,” have been applied. Morality accepts the good and the right : it refuses the evil and the wrong. Man, under moral obligation, is therefore bound to be, and to do, that which is *good*. He is debtor to what is “good ;” that is, to be “good” and to do the

"good." Nothing frees him from this obligation but its satisfaction.

But, next we ask, how is this satisfaction made? I must answer; only by such a state of being, and by means of such acts as conform to the moral demand. Morality, then, has its domain in the condition and exercise of whatever power immediately directs our conduct. That power is called the "Will." Moral obligation, therefore, is directly associated with the human will. And, morally bound, the will is under obligation to determine and to accomplish in life, the "good."

The factors of the Moral Problem are thus brought before us.

But before we deal with them in the definite relations they bear to our particular subject, it is advisable for us to make more clear *what*, in the broadest interpretation of the term, *we understand by the human will*, and also, in general, *what we mean by the term "good."* This preparatory discussion will help us to see the way better among the intricacies involving our specific question.

A careful psychical analysis shows that all our thoughts, our feelings, and also all our actions, must be referred to ourselves, as their immediate source. The slightest movement in our psychical life must be initiated directly by ourselves. This remains true even though inducement, or excitement, to action comes from that which is other than we are.

For example, it is only when, and so long as, we think over anything that we think of it. We may be affected from without; but even though the affection from outside is irresistible, the response, the attention, the feeling, comes from us. Our actions are ultimately initiated by us, and are continued by us. By virtue of our spontaneity we must, as it were, look out and go out, to meet and to act upon everything with which we are brought into relation if the relationship is to have any meaning for us. To this supreme power of the mind, the name "Will," in the broadest signification of the word, may be given. *The Will is man's self-determining power, or rather, it is man himself directing himself.*

Observe, now, the will's course in action. It is, in the last analysis, pure psychical effort. It is the natural outworking, the forthputting, of our personal power. What impels it? Our own nature impels it, or, rather, it is the Self manifesting its energy. It is Self, as power, making effort, or expressing outwardly what it is, and has, within. No further explanation can be given of this ultimate activity. It simply is true of Man, as it is in some measure true of all living beings, that through original power he acts, or he expresses himself. The Will, in original quality, is identical with man's psychical *spontaneity*. In perceiving this fact we are at the very source of whatever characterizes us.

But this original outworking power of our personal being does not proceed and reach its end by means of *unqualified* impulse. Along with this fundamental fact of spontaneous effort it should be remembered that every Self puts forth its power in a Universe filled with other powers and forces, whose activity meets him from every direction. In every direction, therefore, the determining power of each Self is found to be limited, so far as outward effect is concerned; and, to a greater or less extent, to be conditioned as to how it shall act.

For example, it may be the impulse of a babe to seize the moon; but his little arms fail to stretch across the abyss between his mother's lap and the bright spot before him. When, however, the child learns that the moon is farther away than just outside his eyes, he accepts the conditions imposed upon him by the construction of things; and he no longer tries to do this impossible thing. Or, to go to the opposite extreme of life;—an artist wills to realize some dream of beauty in marble. But, strong as may be his impulse and clear his vision, he cannot act unless he accepts the necessary limits imposed upon him by the laws affecting marble, and his hand, and his tools. He may be inclined to despair when he finds his ideal and his power of realization widely apart; but, when he learns that the beauty before his mind cannot be wholly reproduced to the bodily eye, he accepts the conditions of the relation of

the Ideal and Real, and submits to seeing *through his statue* the goddess for whom it is his only possible outward image.

Then, *turning from without inward*, the outworking power of man's being finds itself *still further limited and conditioned*. A man can no more escape from the limitations made by the parts and the qualities of his own nature than he can avoid the limitations occasioned by the material universe. Our effort in action cannot transcend ourselves. If, for example, the whole sum of our powers and relations is comprehended within thinking, and feeling and bodily action, evidently then, we cannot go beyond the limits thus established. Our outworking power must invariably be made effective by means of thinking, and feeling, and through psychical deeds. Our own nature makes channels through which all personal force must issue.

Moreover, as this energy proceeds from us, or, we would better say, is ourselves in action, it cannot contain what is not of ourselves. The stream, necessarily, is *of its source*. Our will must in some way have for the object it would effectuate that which is of our own nature; either originally there, or accepted by us and appropriated by ourselves.

Still further, our natural spontaneity has inner conditions resulting from our own psychical development. The personal conditions cannot be avoided. An action is not only limited by our nature, but, also, it is conditioned by the development of the two special mental relations which we have with ourselves and to the world; that is, by the resultant state of our *thought* and of our *feeling*. Our psychical spontaneity takes its direction from what we feel and what we think. No will is ever exercised over that of which one is totally ignorant, or about which he is totally indifferent.

It is true that personal spontaneity, which I have identified with the Will is, in original quality, pure impulse. But, as Impulse only, it lies below the sphere of Self-Consciousness; and is characteristic of the animal rather than of man; and of life in general rather than of human life. Of course, consequently, as purely natural impulse, psychical

spontaneity seeks expression without relation to either Self-conscious thought, or to feeling as affected by thought.

If I have made my meaning clear, you understand that I name our Psychological Spontaneity "Will," only so far as that spontaneity is involved in the three-fold differentiation of Self into Thought, Feeling and Will,—the differentiation which results in the mind, as we learned some time ago, because of its relation to Self and the World, and as it is involved in a developing Self-Consciousness. By the Will I mean always the natural outworking of our personal power; accomplishing whatever is possible for it in interaction with our surroundings, and under the conditions imposed upon it from the two other modes of our psychological activity,—Thought and Emotion.

Let us now, in the same general way in which we have looked at the Will, answer the question "What do we mean by the term "good?" The underlying signification of this word is this;—*a thing is good when it conforms to the reason for which it exists, or when it realizes its natural purpose.* In other words, when a thing is as it ought to be, it is "good;" and that thing is a good which is as it ought to be.

For example; the pencil with which I wrote the sentence I have just spoken is a good pencil. Why? Because it ought to be satisfactory write with; and it is. This paper is "good" because it realizes the purpose for which it was made. It is neither too thick, nor too thin; it is durable, and it is suitable for pencil use. An apple is "good" when it embodies what is required of an apple;—when it realizes the notion or conception of an apple, it is as it ought to be. An animal is "good," say, when it is healthy, well-formed, or when, in other ways, it meets our notion of it as, for instance, in speed, strength, kindness, and other qualities.

So, also, a man is "good" when he is as he ought to be:—in other words, a man is "good" when the man is, and lives, according to the requirement of the notion of a Man. When his whole nature in all its parts and qualities receives harmonious development, and is fully expressed in life, then the man is "good." The development of a whole Human Life, as mind and body, in thought and feeling, in

all its relations with Nature, with Mankind, with Self, and with the Being from whom all that exists has come, is "good" for man, and makes the man "good."

No one can reasonably doubt that the purpose for which a man exists is to realize in life his nature as Man. A man can do no more than that; or wholly other than that; while doing less than that his life continues incomplete. To do just that, is what he ought to do; and *what one ought to do is one's good*. The human being, in the totality of his parts and qualities is, therefore, under the obligation to express this totality in life; that is, to show in all his separate thoughts, his feelings and his acts what is his "good."

Now, that which is constantly present in a series of events, or things, or *expresses the regular order according to which the series should appear, is called a "law."* The "Law" for the outworking of the personal power for each human being is therefore the "Good."

In general, therefore, "good" is the law of the will. And when this law is put under the form of obligation, the will is subjected to the command, "Will the good, and do the good."

What bearing, however, have the general facts we have been considering upon our fundamental assertion that the will is the natural out-working of our personal power; the expression of our essential spontaneity?

From all that we have seen, we have hedged in the will with limits in every direction. The will is not only under the obligation which we have just formulated into a law; it is conditioned, also, by myriad external and internal forces and things; and it is limited by the nature of the Self whose determining power it is. This brings up in a preliminary way, as you probably have anticipated, the question of *the will's freedom*; a question which every student of Ethics must meet and try to answer.

In this general preparatory discussion we are not ready to deal with the question at length. It may be in place here, however, to consider what may legitimately be called *freedom for the will*.

If by the will's freedom is meant a power to act without

reference to the law to which we have said the will is related, then the will is not free. Lawlessness is not the thinkable privilege of any being. If the fact of obligation is incompatible with the idea of freedom, then, too, freedom does not exist. If conditions for the will's exercise are to be regarded as hostile to real liberty, the facts of our experience in willing prove that the will has no freedom. Or, if by freedom for the will is meant power to transcend the limits of human nature, of which it is the determining power, then of course we must say the will is not free. And if by freedom is meant power to disregard in action the essential qualities and things of the outer world, then, also, the will is not free. Moreover, if by freedom is meant no reference whatever to what we think and feel, then, further, the will has no freedom. If, in order to be free, the will must be independent of all conditions, internal and external, of all things and facts within and without, then evidently the will is not free. There is, and there can be, no such freedom in a universe of beings, each of whom is striving towards self-expression.

In the nature of things, limitations and conditions for each individual necessarily exist. Whatever freedom there is for any one must be found within, and in reference to, these limits. If a will is in any sense free, its liberty must co-exist with the fact that, in its exercise, it expresses some part or quality of the nature of that of which it is the determining power; and does this as conditioned also by the constitution of external things; and as in association with a personal intellectual and emotional culture.

We have now brought before us, as far as we can in this hasty sketch, the fundamental facts, viewed in the most general way, which concern the Will; and also what constitutes "the Good," and the relation between the Will and "the Good."

In order to approach our subject in its specific and practical phases, let us glance at the Will in practice; that is to say, at *voluntary life*.

All through our conscious existence we are producing a succession of volitions which find some kind of manifestation in inner, or outward act. Our volitions are made

in the midst of an indefinite number of possible acts of willing. Our volitions must also take place one at a time. This necessity makes us *arbiters* in the midst of the many volitions that are possible for us. Our separate acts of willing are, therefore, either acceptances or rejections. We are each moment willing this, or willing not that ; doing or determining not to do. Our lives, consequently, so far as they are effected by the will, are the result of a constant succession of choices.

But how does the Will exercise its " power of choice ? "

As we have seen, the will is by nature under the general law ; " Will the good and do the good." Does man's will conform to this law in life ? That is, do our wills always in choice follow this natural direction ? If I were to answer, " Yes," no one would endorse the assertion. Certainly not in the form under which it here stands. All experience within and without, you would say, denies that we give obedience to it. Error and crime ; guilt, penitence, remorse and despair ; all the sin and shame of the human world, are evidence against it. Every moral consciousness, you would say, is certain that the law of the will is not obeyed.

Nevertheless, there remains the fact that the Will is essentially the outworking, personal force of the nature of Man. Also, *the fact remains that to realize the nature of anything is to secure in some form its good ; and that a nature realized is good.* Where, then, is the solution of this evident contradiction ? For, beyond doubt, a momentous contradiction confronts us.

Examine more closely this subject of choice. I suppose no would deny that every one of us could, and does, choose a great number of things which, in themselves, and in some relation to us, are good. Everything that is in harmony with our nature is, in some degree, a good. There are, therefore, as many possible goods for us as there are things and relations which express our nature ; or are in accord with it. There are countless possible pleasures, each one of which is good ; pleasures for body and pleasures for mind. The instinctive aims of life, like those for health, honor, personal freedom, benevolence, purity, etc.,

are all goods. Let the attainment of these pleasures or instinctive aims be seen to be possible, and the will naturally turns towards them and seeks to realize them. But, of course, they cannot all be willed at once. Personal energy cannot at one time be directed towards all. One at a time must be chosen.

But what directs each separate choice? Evidently, no choice can be made unless under conditions found in the intellectual, or emotional state of him who wills. Feeling naturally inclines the will towards the object which is most in harmony with one's nature ; that is, which is least disturbing, or which is followed by most pleasure. Intelligence naturally inclines the will towards the object which, through perception or judgment, is seen to be most suited, either immediately or remotely, to fulfil the purpose of life. The result of the separate and united influence of thought and emotion upon the will is to lead to a choice of that which is judged, or felt to be, the better among possible goods ; and presumably the best. But the terms "better" and "best" are relative. They result from comparison. The subject of choice among goods becomes, therefore, very complex. What is better for one may not also be better for another, all circumstances considered. Then, what is better at one time may not be better when the situation is changed. Moreover, ignorance may lead to an erroneous choice ; and feeling may impel the will correctly, for itself, but wrongly in relation to the judgment. *Observe, however, that the Will, in itself considered, is not at fault; the better or the worse result of choice proceeds from the thought and the feeling conditioning it.*

But choice, it is said, is not always made between relative "goods." There are things that really are "evils," accompanying the possible goods of life ; and human experience is full of evil choices. This fact cannot be denied.

But whence come, what are called, "evil" choices? A man, for example, chooses to steal. Why? He desires something that belongs to some one else. Of course, we cannot say that possession of wealth is, in itself, an evil. Because of an instinct of our nature we seek to obtain that

which will give us pleasure and make life easier. In itself, the gaining of property is a good. The desire of the thief thus far is good. His act is evil. But is not his act "evil" because he puts a personal "good" above the good of some one else? He serves self-interest by actually disregarding duty to a fellow man. He either does not know that it is wrong to deprive others of their property for his own service, or, if he knows, he lets mere desire, rather than judgment, direct him. Or, to take a grosser case, a man determines to commit murder. He determines to do an "evil." But why? The taking of human life at times becomes a duty. Self-defense, the defense of family, of home, and of country, at times, justifies it. The murderer may seek to free himself from some awful misery by his act; or, he may determine to take justice into his own hands for some great abuse done him; or, possibly, swept away by the demand of some overpowering passion, he may do this deed. As with the thief, so with the murderer; he puts some personal "good," that is in itself good, above the rights of some one else. Like the thief, he either does not know that it is wrong to take human life for the sake of self-gratification, or, if he knows, he yields to feeling rather than to judgment.

One evil choice alone seems to deny the law underlying what we have been saying;—that of suicide. This "evil" seems to be the annihilation of all possible good in the determination of the choice. But there are those who have said that, when a man is in irremediable poverty, or unconquerable disgrace, or in utter physical helplessness and suffering, he would much better terminate his own life than live with it as a burden, and as a torment to himself and to all who are around him. Like thief and murderer, the suicide either does not know that it is wrong to kill himself; or, if he does know, he prefers the freedom from torture which he may find in death, to life as he has life.

We need not, however, multiply examples to illustrate the position taken. Human history, life around us, and our personal experience are full of confirmation of the judgment that human choice, whether good or evil, is made with some form of what, in general, may be called "good"

in view. *The evil of an act is not in the act itself. It lies in the relation which the act bears to what is associated with it.* The Will has but one motive; and that is, in some way, to realize in life what is in, or is in harmony with, the nature of the being of which it is the determining power. The one law and the practice of the Will is to effectuate in some form "the good." The Will like every other object in existence is under law; and its law is, to speak generally, the Good.

We come now to the deciding consideration. While what has been said is true, it is altogether another question, whether or not the choices of the Will are always those which, in view of all facts, it ought to make. Of itself each will, as I have said, always chooses that which in some form is a good. It does this as inevitably as that physical instinct is always directed towards pleasure. But all good is not, from a moral point of view, the good that ought to be done; nor is all choice the right choice, when its relations are taken into account.

So far our discussion has been carried on without reference to the complexity of the organization of Human Nature; and without considering Man's myriad relations to other beings; and without considering the gradation that is thereby necessitated among possible choices.

Now, however, that we turn to the question of what in particular, the Will ought to do, as contrasted with what, by nature, it does do, we enter the exceedingly important region of specific inquiry known as *Morality*. We have now to examine that arbiter of human choice called the Conscience; to inquire into questions of Duty; to meet the fact of Moral Obligation, and to see wherein we are made *responsible* for our conduct.

The Moral Problem, you observe, does not originate in the natural operation of the Will. Were natural volition all that were to be considered, we could no more speak of morality for Man than we can speak of morality for an animal, or a plant. Morality comes into existence because man is a Self-conscious being, and thereby is conscious of his relation, through his Self-determining power, to other beings and things, and of the interaction of this power with

the modes of his psychical activity, named Thought and Feeling.

Involved in Self-Consciousness the Will is no longer mere impulse, or merely an instinctive expression of one's nature. It has become so connected with the intellectual activity that one recognises the fact of the exercise of his will; then, this exercise is so involved in what we think, that it receives through this relation the character of intelligence. *When the Will has become through Self-Consciousness what we understand as intelligent, Morality appears.* As conscious of Self, Man receives character as the *moral being*. His intellectual activity under his Self-Consciousness leads him to examine into the parts and qualities of his nature; to discern their proper relations; to seek for knowledge of what is around him, and to discover what his relations are to his environment.

Out of this knowledge he learns to make such distinctions as are embodied in the words, "*rights*" "*duties*;" and gradually he classifies these rights and duties. Rights and duties he learns are things which he should observe and perform in a proper order. Therewith, appears the intelligent sense of *ought*; and the sense of ought implies, or becomes, that which is called the *Conscience*.

Conscience is the act of Man's mind declaring under Self-Consciousness what one *ought to be and to do*. By means of Self-Consciousness, therefore, the natural law of the Will becomes organized into a system of duties for the practice of which we hold ourselves, and recognize ourselves as held, responsible. Morality and moral obligation exist, therefore, through the interaction of the will with thought and feeling under Self-Consciousness. Moral obligation has no place in human life outside the Self-intelligent domain.

This being the fact, how important it is that both the intellectual and emotional modes of our activity should be advanced to their most complete development! How exceedingly important it is, then, that knowledge should be perfected, and that feeling be harmonized with knowledge! With their full harmony secured, the Will would tend to direct one's life always towards its perfect end. It would seek, above all, the realization of the highest Good

Thereby, all subordinate goods would in time be known and be served in their proper places. Man's purpose as existent in the world would then be fulfilled.

But it is just because, so far in human development, perfect knowledge has not been gained, and not yet a perfect co-operation of thought and feeling secured, that the Will so often misdirects life ; that, consequently, each human being is so seriously liable to error and sin ; and that, while on one page human history is joyous, pure and sublime, it is on others sorrowful, guilty and tragic.

Glance along the course of human development and note the illustration there of the principles we have been discovering. In the history of every human being, life begins under the sway of *mere instinct* ; all primary human impulse towards action originates in immediate personal want ;—natural impulse and inclination are, at first, the sole motive to human action. In infancy there is no self-conscious power of judgment. There is, then, no law for feeling other than that which pleases or displeases. All primary desire is measured by pleasures and pains, whether they are those of body or mind.

In the beginnings of life, therefore, it cannot be said there is any evil. Life is then below the moral level. The babe can know of no good except of that which is the source of pleasure to it. Also, the babe can know of no evil except of that which causes it pain. At this stage of human growth the Will cannot go wrong ; it acts under the innocence, or rather the unmorality, of Nature. So long as human life remains without Self-conscious knowledge, instinctive volition is its proper, in fact its only possible, law.

But the human being is not wholly an animal ; and a child cannot, if normally organized, remain in an animal-like condition. Gradually, by means of the instinctive out-working of his nature in interaction with his surroundings, and because he is a human being and not only an animal, the child is led to reflect, and to discover how, in his relation to all that is around him, he may best put forth his impulses and gratify his desires. Self-Consciousness, in a primary form, then appears. The growing mind begins

to learn, through conflict and pain, that Self cannot be served without at the same time being compelled to take into account the aims and desires of other beings. At this period of growth pain is a profitable teacher.

Then, intelligence and the power of thinking continue to develop. The child begins in some degree to generalize, and to discover laws. Through pain, probably as chief source, he at length recognizes that for the sake of his own welfare, if not for that of another, some things were better done and others were better left undone.

Out of the necessities conditioning the continuance of his existence in the midst of the beings and the things of the world, the child, simply on the ground of self-preservation, slowly forms a body of pleasures which he knows he may seek and does seek, and recognizes certain acts as connected with pains which he can avoid and does avoid. His conduct, thereby, tends to become *prudent*. With the acceptance of prudence as a regulative motive of the will, transition towards morality in a rudimentary form occurs. This mental mood is not morality, properly so called ; that is, as morality comes in the further development of human nature ; that is, as you and I, and vast numbers of the present mankind, are compelled to acknowledge it. It is rather a *prescience of the moral sense* ; it is selfishness undergoing transformation, or metamorphosis. At this degree of human growth, both thought and feeling work within the limits of pleasure and pain.

Were it possible to fix the human individual at this stage of advance ; in other words, were it possible to arrest man's development here, the highest attainment of conduct would be marked by a *prudent selfishness*. Self-preservation would be the true law of right. Might and cunning would be the means by which to obey the law. The Will would find its range within only these limits.

No individual life, however, among the mankind with which you and I are connected goes steadily through the course of growth I have here outlined. The waking Self-Consciousness of the children who are born within our present human Society meets *immediately a highly developed morality* ; and they are soon taught to measure

conduct by that. You and I came to Self-Consciousness in homes where the Moral Law in its higher forms is known and acknowledged. We were made to feel its authority from the dawns of our Self-recognized intelligence.

But no careful observer of child-life fails to see that the degrees of growth of which I have been speaking are those through which human nature tends to pass in its development out of the merely instinctive life with which it begins. And no one, certainly, can look abroad over the varied and unequal expression of the life of Mankind, generally, and not discover that a *prudent selfishness* in one form or another, and even less intelligent motives, operate more or less widely in human affairs.

There are many moralists I know, who, in view of the past and present of Humanity, measure Morality wholly by prudence, by self interest, by utility and like standards. But the process of growth toward the higher Morality which I have been describing is made clear by a comprehensive look at human history. There have been ages in the career of Mankind in which evidently no higher law for conduct was thought of than a well regulated selfishness. But it has not been possible for Humanity, speaking of the race as a whole; nor is it possible for individuals in the most advanced portions of Mankind at present; to remain at this stage of moral growth,—that of selfishness modified by prudence.

Man has within his nature that which, inevitably at sometime, leads him not only away from the sway of mere impulse, into life regulated by a prudent selfishness, but beyond and above that. Speaking of the race we can say that the conviction was long ago aroused among many that mere pleasure and pain, or the prudent gratification of selfish propensities, is not, for Mankind, the ultimate measure of conduct. During Man's growth, in the midst of a natural struggle for existence; while seeking personal welfare through instinctive impulse, and by means of selfish prudence; there have been gradually disclosed to him,—not, however, as the product of his progress but as incident in the course of his progress,—*ideas* which are the crown and glory of human nature; ideas of the Reason

which mark the moral consciousness, and which *characterize man as, essentially, the moral being*. These ideas have appeared slowly ; at first in very imperfect form, and often, for a long time, confused with the lower impulses. But their appearance at all was the sign and the condition that indicates the true human dignity.

When the mind once had become enabled to recognize that all personal goods are systematically related to one another, and are dependent upon one Ultimate Good, as their warrant and standard ; that all rights for Self and others are embraced in a proper order within an Absolute Right, by which they must be regulated ; that there is Law for each will, which also is Law for all wills ; when these truths were once recognized, then, for the first time, human life had become truly conscious of Moral Obligation and was clothed with responsibility.

Now, were it the fact that Man while advancing from one degree to another in his elevation to this dignity, had been enabled to put wholly behind and beneath him the motives and methods of conduct which prevailed through each inferior degree of his development, Human Life would have been, and now would be, but a glorious progress onward and upward. And when the really moral level had been reached, life would have begun only a steady advance towards perfection. But it is the fact that Man has not in the past subjugated, and does not yet subjugate wholly, his inferior modes of life ; that is, become their undisputed master.

Each human being is what we may style an epitome of his own past, and is also an heir of the past of the Humanity whence he is born. Man is thus the microcosm, or "little universe." So then, although a human being may have attained to the dignity which we have named "the conscious moral sense," he yet retains within his constitution much of mere animal impulse, and of the motives and habits of conduct which are the resultant of the interaction, in his ancestry and himself, of animal instinct and the higher psychical promptings essential in his being. Necessarily, therefore, he is still affected by a multitude of motives which range from the lowest to high degrees in moral value.

Then, to the degree to which a human being has become morally conscious, he becomes sensitive to the power of the lower impulses affecting him, and, at length, he arrives at that elevation of moral uplift where he is prompted to declare "when I would do good evil is present with me." He gains the mood of the great Christian Apostle, whereby he is assured that there is "a law in his body warring against the law of his mind."

Although he has received and has acknowledged the Moral Ideal, he finds that that ideal is perpetually imperilled. Although his emotion tends to become pure in accordance with the ideal set before the mind, he knows that that is constantly beset from below by what has become unworthy his approval and use. Because of this fact, what we name "moral conflicts" arise within him. Hence, inner and outer temptations strive against the mind's higher aspirations; hence, the evil effects in the life of overmastering passion and betrayed judgment; hence sins follow; and then, as the violated soul comes to itself a keen sense of guilt, accompanied by the misery of penitence and remorse, arises with the anguished cry, "Wretched one that I am who shall deliver me?"

Deliverance may be found. *But the only possible deliverance from this bondage comes from yet more illuminating thought and more purified feeling.* When the mind has once been enabled to see clearly the truth which is really *implicit in all moral development*; namely, that the sense of Moral Obligation has its source, ultimately, in an Idea of absolute Good and Right as the law of the Infinite Will, then the human Will tends to work forward serenely towards the full realization of human good.

I am led to say, therefore, that, conscious of God as the Source of all beings; as the Creator of all things high and low; as Ruler ordaining increasing order and harmony among his subjects; as Law-giver to whom the human person is responsible, the Will of man has received the faultless incentive to lead it steadily towards the perfect goal. But until this supreme consciousness has been reached, Moral Obligation, however imperative it may seem

to be, lacks unquestionable sanction, and human life suffers from a perpetually uncertain moral conflict. With a real consciousness of God, however, as the ultimate Source of Moral Obligation, Man will have found his highest Good, and will be enabled gradually to range within and under that all subordinate goods in their proper order. The Will, thus ennobled, no longer allows one to depend for its chief motive upon pleasure and pain, however much pleasure, happiness and peace may accompany its acts. The natural law will remain, but it will be obeyed as it ought to be. Separate "goods" will be sought in their proper places and relations ; everything in its order, and each good gained for its own sake, as good, and purely as the good. "The Will of God" as disclosed through faithful research in Science, and by maturing Reflection, is acknowledged to be the law for the will of Self-consciousman. Through obedience under such discoveries Moral Obligation becomes satisfied. Thereby, at last, the Will has become truly free.

The great Medieval poet, in his sublime vision, summed up the whole content of true morality in the intuition that in human life, when exalted to a Divine consciousness,

"The will rolls onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the Love impelled
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars."

But is this consciousness of God possible to man ?

Let the history of Religion answer. Out of its many replies, there has come what in substance is but one affirmation. If we inquire of Christianity, it reveals to us the "Fatherhood of God ;" and it promises to the ascending Humanity a sense of divine childship,—a "Brotherhood,"—in a world wherein shall dwell perfect righteousness, love and peace. If we follow the career of Mankind in their Social Evolution, we find, from the earliest known records onward, an ever-growing moral power, prophetic of the final reign of justice, philanthropy and harmony. And if we trace the Philosophic Search from its beginnings, we discover a constant approximation towards the realization of an Ideal which sets forth, as known, a system of truth, beauty and

good, in which all beings and events are bound together in an order that draws its existence from one infinite and eternal Principle,—from the Being who is omnipotent and wise Purpose for the Universe, and who is Mind and Moral Person for Man.

It remains, therefore, for us to learn, if we may, whether the Philosophic quest we have been following in these lectures, can find the perfect Principle, which exists, not only for Thought, but which, at the same time, must be acknowledged as the absolute Reality for all existence, whether of Thought or of the outer World. It shall be our task when we next come together to show how this quest has been met.

SIXTH LECTURE

APPREHENSION AND REAL WORTH OF THE PRINCIPLE OF PHILOSOPHY

We go back now to our starting point. In bringing these lectures to a close I wish to show the real grounds for the claim I made at their beginning; namely, that Philosophy arises from the assumption of an Ideal in which the Variety of the Universe appears bound together in, and by means of, ultimate causal and substantial Unity. It is my purpose to make it evident that the Philosophic Ideal is not a mere Intellectual Product, but that it has its source in adequate, objective Reality. To this end, I ask you to follow with me a course of reasoning which, so far at least as my own speculations are concerned, has steadily thrown a clearer light upon this profoundest of the problems which the mind of man has met. We can follow this reasoning here, for the most part, only by means of its main data; but that which we shall observe, will, I think, indicate distinctly what is needed for its thorough development and completion.

As our point of departure, we recur to the fact in our given definition of Philosophy that its determining characteristic is signified by the word "System," or "Organism."

What do we mean by these words?

A system is a whole in which all the parts exist, not as a mere sum, or aggregate;—they are essentially related to one another by means of a common bond which makes them a true whole; that is, by what unifies them.

Bishop Butler gave the following illustration of what he called the idea of a system. “Let us instance,” he said, “in a watch Suppose the several parts of a watch taken to pieces, and placed apart from each other. Let a man have ever so exact a notion of these several parts; unless he considers the respect and relations which they have to each other, he will not have anything like the idea of a watch. Suppose these several parts brought together and anyhow united; neither will he yet, be the union ever so close, have an idea which will bear any resemblance to that of a watch. But let him view these several parts put together, or consider them as to be put together, in the manner of a watch; let him form a notion of the relations which these several parts have to each other,—all conducive in their respective ways to this purpose, showing the hour of the day, and he has the idea of a watch.”

The word organism has a meaning similar to that of system. An organism is a whole of which the parts are, reciprocally, means and end. It is a whole, the functions of whose parts are essential to the existence of a whole and to each of the parts. It is a whole whose parts are mutually dependent, made so by their relations to a common unity. The human body, for example, is an organism.

The notion of system applied to a collection of thoughts requires, therefore, that all the thoughts shall be brought into mutual relations by being arranged under *one thought*; a thought which shall be as life, or soul to them. *No thought in a system can be isolated. Its purpose and worth are involved in the including unity.*

Now the chief characteristic of Philosophy being that of system or organism, there must be in Philosophy one Thought under which, and in which, all other thoughts are contained, and by which they are reciprocally determined as parts of the intellectual whole. *Philosophy, therefore, involves an intellectual plurality comprehended in unity.*

Our present interest is directed particularly towards that quality, or fact, which gives to Philosophy its systematic character, I mean Unity. *Our search is for the One Thought by which all thoughts are organically bound together.*

Moreover, this purpose is two-fold. We are to seek, not only to discover the prevailing intellectual unity of Philosophy ; it is of the highest importance that we should become able to assure ourselves also concerning the question whether or not the Philosophic Ideal is drawn from Reality. The Philosophic Ideal may be true or not true ; it may be merely a mental product, or it may be necessitated because of an objective Reality.

Philosophy, consequently, has two relations to us ; first, *subjective*, that is, as a mental system merely, not requiring any unity but one which we may of ourselves establish for it in thought. And next, *objective*, that is, as a system of truths which are necessitated thereby to having a Real Unity ; that is, a unity which is independent of all our thinking about it.

Of course, to those whose aim is truth no merely subjective philosophic unity can be satisfying. Our desire is, therefore, to find not only a unity in Thought, but a corresponding Reality for the thought.

The unity of Philosophy is called its Principle. Philosophy, therefore, should have One Principle, and every thought that becomes a part of Philosophy should be appropriated by means of the Principle ; and through the Principle given place and worth in the System.

The reason why the name Principle has been adopted is this :—Principle means, literally, “beginning.” In Philosophy it signifies that with which one begins to think ; that which makes the beginning ;—that which is the first. The Principle is not necessarily that which is consciously first, or that which is first in experience, but that which is first in reality ; in other words, the Principle is that which lies at the source. Aristotle said, “What is common to all first principles is that they are the primary source from which anything is, or becomes, or is known.” *The unity of Philosophy, therefore, is the unity both of the thought*

which gives all thinking systematic form, and of the object, or thing, of which thought is the representation.

Now, whether or not there is any such Principle for Philosophy, and whether or not there is an adequate apprehension by man of such Principle, is the question for which we shall attempt to find an answer.

In order to reach the end here proposed, the inquiry naturally arises first, "How shall we begin our search?"

The beginning of the inquiry has been made in the lectures already given. To a certain degree our search has already been carried forward.

The starting point lies in psychical analysis; and it proceeds from the indisputable certainties which are disclosed in our consciousness of Self. It is not necessary to repeat what I have said in this connection. I shall assume that we have gone through with the subjective analysis which constitutes Psychology,—from a recognition of its fundamental data to a setting forth of the manifold parts, qualities, and relations of the psychical being.

Let us therefore glance over the products of Self-reflection, and see if there is any one thought among our thoughts which answers to the demands of the Philosophic Ideal. If we find such thought it will then be our special object to discover whether or not we are compelled by the inevitable laws by which we think at all,—by the laws whose conclusion we must accept if we accept anything,—to declare that this thought is authorized by a corresponding Reality.

Now, a retrospect over our intellectual possessions shows that all the thoughts we have, or can imagine possible for us, may be included under a few great generalizations.

First, there is a multitude of perceptions and judgments which relate to what we call *physical things*; for example, to matter and force, to their forms and their relations. All these thoughts we may class under one name;—for our convenience, let us choose the term "Nature." Nature is a term which we may use to include the whole physical, material, dynamic domain which we think of in reference

to the presentations made to us by means of the bodily senses.

Next, we have myriad other thoughts than those which refer to Nature. As, for example, thoughts of intellectual, emotional, and purposing power and activity. All these thoughts we may class under another one name. It will be convenient for us to choose the term "Mind," or "Spirit." Mind is a term which we may use for the inclusion of the whole psychical domain which we think of in our experience of that which we recognize as kindred to our own mental being and life.

"Nature" and "Mind," then, let us elect as the names we may give to two superior Thoughts under which the whole content of our experience can be ranged.

But do these two thoughts include the whole extent of our thinking? No. We find ourselves in possession of yet another Thought in which both Mind and Nature appear in co-existence, or in union. We have a thought of that which we may name the "Universe." This word means, literally, a turning into one. *The thought of the Universe we may use to signify the sum total of the thoughts of our experience.*

Now, do we find in either of these thoughts, Mind, or Nature, or in the culminating thought, the Universe,—which comes from the union of Nature and Mind,—the object we are seeking, that is, the Philosophic Principle?

Is, for example, the thought of Nature, that is, of the realm of physical force and substance, satisfying for this search? We assume that Nature is *infinite*. But how is it infinite? We call it infinite in space and time, in matter and force. But is it absolutely infinite? If we cannot say that the infinity of Nature is absolute, it does not offer a perfect Unity; and our search for the Philosophic Principle remains unsatisfied. The thought of Nature, as we are interpreting Nature, evidently does not involve an absolute infinity; for we think of the realm of Mind as existing, as well as that of Nature. We learned in a previous lecture that we cannot identify thought and

matter, soul and body, spirit and force, Mind and Nature. They are two when we demand one.

But if the thought of Nature does not answer the philosophic demand, neither, so must we also say, does our thought of Mind : Mind exists as well as Nature. The realm of Mind we can indeed think of as infinite in thought, emotion and purpose ; but, as with Nature, the infinity of Mind is of its own kind ;—each has a relative and conditioned infinity.

If, then, neither of these superior Thoughts is satisfying to the philosophic need, what shall we say of the Thought of their union and co-existence, that is, as the Universe ? The Universe compels the thought of infinity in space, in time, in force, in matter ; also in thought, in feeling and in will.

But what, after all, is the content of the thought of the Universe ? Is it not the thought of a *combination* ? Is it not the thought of a *co-existence* ? Is not the Universe thought of as *the sum total*, the aggregate, the union of the myriad thoughts of our experience as they are generalized in Mind and Nature ? Certainly. We think of soul, or mind, and body in union in ourselves, and in other human beings. We think we discover myriad combinations of Mind and Nature in the animal world. We think of the whole perceivable realm of existence as manifesting co-existences and unions of both Nature and Mind.

In the presence of these facts, the inquiring intellect is inevitably compelled to ask for the *source*, for the *cause* of these combinations and co-existences. By a necessity laid upon our thinking we are compelled, when we meet with evident dependences and relations to ask ; upon what do they depend ? what is the source of their relations ? why are they as they are ? We cannot, if we think at all, avoid the force of the impulse which, in the presence of evident effects, demands knowledge of their sources and causes.

Now, when we insist upon this inquiry it appears that in the thought of Nature, for itself considered, we cannot find the source, or the cause of its union with Mind. Likewise, we must say that in Mind, as we

think of Mind, we do not see the ground or cause of its union with Nature. Each thought presents itself as unlike, and not dependent upon, the other ; while *the very notion of a source is of that of which, and in which, another is*. Every stream, for example, is of its source, and is dependent upon its source. *Besides, the notion of cause is of that which determines. A cause is a source so far as it determines that which issues from it.* Effects are dependent upon their causes. Now it has never been demonstrated, —and I am confident it is not true,—that either Mind or Nature is the source and cause of the other, or of the various forms of their union.

The necessities of the notion of source and cause, consequently, compel us to seek a Thought superior to those of both Mind and Nature ; to rise if possible to a Thought in which the Universe itself is contained, and through which its parts and their unions, or combinations, are determined.

The thought of really Infinite and Absolute Being ; of One Being in which, or in Whom, and of Whom the whole Universe exists, here appears.

Apprehending this Thought, what relation, we must ask, does the notion of source or cause bear to it ? If we can discover that this Thought is in any way limited ; then, we must answer, it, too, comes within the relation of effect and cause, and is thereby inadequate for our needs. But if this Thought is really of Being with which in no respect whatever can *external* limits be associated ; which has no *external* relations in any sense of the word ; which is wholly of Itself, and which has, or is, perfect Unity ; then, we must answer that, *by its very quality it is lifted above all inquiry after a cause for it*.

Have we any such Thought ? Can we reasonably assert for our thinking that there is Being which is Infinite and Absolute ; Being outside which there is Nothing ; which is of itself the one Source and Cause of all ; which is, consequently, source and cause of Nature, of Mind, and of their co-existence, or union, as the Universe ?

Beyond doubt, you and I have this Thought. Our whole present discussion is directed by this Thought. If

we have it not words mean nothing, and our entire intellectual activity is without reliability. I am not saying, of course, that our Thought is accompanied by Reality, but I do say that the Thought exists.

Moreover, when we turn from our speculations to the thinking of vast numbers of the present Mankind we find that we are not alone in our conclusion. In common language there is a word which, to myriads, stands essentially for that of which I have been speaking. The word is "God." This word is a word special to Religion, and it has been often associated, and is still associated, by multitudes, with thoughts less inclusive than that which I say we have apprehended. But the word has also come to represent, for the thinking of the most matured portions of Mankind, the thought of Infinite and Absolute Being ;—the Source and Cause of the Universe.

Before we make a particular study of this Thought, however, let us examine with some care the meaning of the words, "Infinite" and "Absolute." Let us try to see clearly just what their contents are. Thereby, I hope, we shall be enabled the better to make the continuation of our discussion effective.

Consider to this end our notion of Nature. We ascribe infinity to Nature.

If, for example, we were to stand under a starry sky, and there try to fix in thought the bounds of the azure depths that arch over us, undoubtedly we should fail. To the bodily eyes the limits of the heavens would seem fixed in a comparatively near distance. But physical vision would not measure Nature's extent for us, so far as our *thought* would be concerned with it. Even a child would say, "I see the blue up there, but I wonder what is beyond it." We might turn upon the heavens a telescope and find a multitude of glittering galaxies disclosed to our sight. But even this revelation would not satisfy. Actuated by an inevitable impulse, our thought would pass beyond all range of vision, and we should, in thought, be sure that we were in the midst of unfathomable depth ; that there was everywhere measureless height, breadth and length. Less than a thought of boundlessness in

distance would not meet our demand. But that thought would. Always beyond what eye can see, or mind can imagine, man's mental flight speeds, with never a hope of reaching at last the celestial boundaries. Indeed, if it could be shown that at some limit, matter and force were no longer present, the mind would yet be driven onward by the conviction that there is *still capacity for extension*, infinitely beyond the reach of the uttermost measured space. The consciousness of Infinity in Space is inevitably aroused and fixed by a persistent effort to pass the material and dynamic limits.

Again, were we to turn our thought upon the changing moments, hours, days and years, and try to discover the length of Time, we should unquestionably fail. Could we think of this morning and the present instant, and believe that, in the first, time began, and that now it has ended? No. Already you and I have passed through years. The days of our infancy, it may be, are now so far away that we grow weary in trying to recount all that we have seen, known, felt and done. But, even were it possible for us to measure the times through which we have lived, could we then say that Time itself is included in your and my personal experience of it? Not at all. Every one knows that his own life on earth is but as that of an ephemera compared with the life of Humanity. And he knows, too, that time, even for Humanity, is but as a breath compared with the immeasurable ages of the earth and the stars. But when we think of Time itself, thought, driven by an unavoidable impulse, declares that backward forever there can be no limit beyond which there is no possible beginning; and that forward there is no possible final ending, just as there can have been no ultimate beginning. Less than this assertion of the limitless possibility of Duration would not satisfy; but that would. Each of us can measure time so far as himself is concerned by his own moments and years. But, in any attempt to think of Time alone, we are irresistibly led to affirm Duration in which our own experiences are as nothing; in which, the remotest deed recorded in history is as of yesterday; in which, even the millions of ages through which our planet

has been passing are but as an event ; indeed, in which, the present processes of development, to which our whole solar and stellar universe is subjected, is but as a moment. The consciousness of Infinity in Duration is but the consequence of a persisting effort to measure Time.

In our notion of Nature, therefore, we are led by reflection upon its possibilities of extent and duration, to a conviction of illimitability, of boundlessness, of infinity.

Now we meet a decisive question. Just what is the content of the thought, Infinity? *Does it refer to anything positive?* Has it any other content than that of negation and contrast? The answer to these questions is fraught with important consequences.

Is Infinity a positive thought? Some thinkers have held that it is nothing more than *a negative notion accompanying an enlarging finite experience* ; that, consequently, it has no worth in itself, and, of course, no real bearing upon the deepest problems of existence. But I have been led to believe that such conclusion is not warranted by the profoundest and most comprehensive speculation. Examine the word,—“infinite.” It is certainly negative in form,—in-finite. But, notice further, it is a double negative. The word finite is itself a negation ; it signifies exclusion of that which lies beyond finiteness. *The thought “finite” comes from our drawing a limit between an antecedent consciousness of the unlimited and itself.* When I learn to say “infinite,” I only consciously negative the negation already involved in the word “finite.” It is logically compulsory upon thought when I think of *a* being, or of *definite* being, to assume, as already present to me, the positive consciousness of *undetermined being*. The like is true when I think of a finite thing. For example, we say Space is infinite, that is, that Space has no external limit. In order to illustrate this thought, consider a sphere. A sphere is space ; it is space by having length, breadth and depth in every direction. But it is *circumscribed space* ; space limited by a uniformly curved surface. Think away this limitation. Does this removal of limit give a consciousness of Space itself? Not at all. I have already had the indefinite consciousness of Space, in which a sphere is circumscribed.

If this spatial limitation is removed, the only result is that Space in its pure infinity, or undeterminateness, remains. That which is real, essential, infinite for Space, then, is our affirmative and positive, though undefined, original Space consciousness.

The apparent negative quality of the thought Infinite, then, lies wholly in the double negative word which stands for the thought. And this word has come into existence only because of the development of the human mind in the midst of its growing experience with the finite things of its environment.

The wholeness of Space, by which Space is all space ; outside which there is no space, or capacity for extension ; this is the thought which is fundamental to our consciousness of Infinity for Space. *The negative thought and word are thus dependent upon the existence of the positive Idea.* Were not the mind originally in possession of this idea, no word ; no thinking away of limits ; no enlarging of experience, even if carried through myriad generations, could ever bring the thought of Infinity into existence.

The thought of Infinity, then, however we may apply it ; however closely associated with experience ; *does not at all originate through, or by means of, experience.* It perpetually refers to that which lies beyond experience ; and it always carries its movement beyond the farthest reach of experience. Let the astronomer's eye see never so far, the astronomer's mind is still conscious of existence beyond that ; let the geologist's calculation measure time never so remote, the mind of the geologist is still conscious of a possible beginning beyond that.

The thought of Infinity, therefore, is the issue of a positive idea. Its existence in consciousness is no more dependent upon intellectual development, than the existence of Self is dependent upon the development of consciousness into Self-Consciousness.

By a process of reasoning similar to that we have just made, the meaning and quality of the word Unconditioned, or Absolute, also becomes clear. *That which is conditioned is in some measure determined by another.* For example, your or my life is co-determined by the lives of

our fellow beings. Our earth is, to a measure, determined by other planets and by the sun. If we search throughout our experience we shall find all things and events there related to one another ; affecting, determining, conditioning one another, and being themselves, in turn, conditioned. Nowhere in the universe, *so far as is known by human experience*, is there a being which is not in relation to some being external to it, and not to a greater or less degree conditioned. A being to be unconditioned and absolute must exist in, and for, itself ; must have no relation whatever to any being outside of self ; must be over all ; beyond all ; including all ; itself conditioning all but not itself conditioned by another.

Have we the thought of such Being ? We certainly have. Our present discussion, as I have said, is self-evident testimony to the existence of this Thought. Notwithstanding all our experience which, no matter how enlarged it may become, is in every way confined and limited to what is relative, dependent, conditioned, we yet possess the positive idea of the Absolute. Indeed, it is true of this Idea as it is true of the idea of the Infinite, that it must, in essence, be existent in us, prior to any of the negations of it which appear in our intellectual development. This Idea is above, and beyond, and before all experience, in fact, although it may come into recognition and expression in the course of the maturing psychical life.

We have discovered then, what is really meant when we use the words Infinite and Absolute. *By these terms we express in negative form positive ideas.* In referring them to the ultimate thought of One Being, we therefore, think of the One Being as in every respect not only all but more than all ; as Self-dependent ; as the One in which the Universe is contained ; through which, in every part and relation, the Universe is caused, subordinated and conditioned.

Remembering these speculations we are prepared to resume discussion of our ultimate Idea ; that of Infinite and Absolute Being.

I said that the necessities involved in our following the

notion of Source and Cause, in our search for the ground of the union or co-existence of Mind and Nature, compel us to rise to the thought of Being which is superior to both Mind and Nature; that is to apprehension of the Infinite which is Absolute. I said, further, that such Thought we already have; and that among the most advanced portions of Mankind the word used for that thought is "God."

In the thought of "God, therefore, as the Source and Cause of the Universe, in all its parts, qualities, and relations, we find the Philosophic demand for ultimate Unity fully met.

But do not misunderstand the claim I have now made. I am confident that the inevitable result when man thinks under the conditions of the law of Causality is, that there is Being which is infinite and absolute Source and Cause. *I do not claim nor do I believe, however, that we secure, by this intellectual process, what we may name a "demonstration of the God idea."*

Because of its quality, I hold that that Idea can not be proven, or demonstrated. Causality in a definite relation between two beings, or things, whereby one being is of, and in, another, and whereby that which is caused is what it is by means of the cause. The thought of "God," however, is of Being of whom, and in whom, are all things. As infinite and absolute, therefore, God himself must be the universal and the only ultimate Source and Cause. The very thought of Causality, consequently, is, itself, grounded by means of the thought of "God," and not the contrary. We can not demonstrate the God-idea by arguing from effect to cause. But, in arguing from effect to cause, it is the fact that the God-idea is somewhere disclosed to us. Yet we should always remember that it is disclosed *as above and beyond all our demonstrative processes*; and it must be accepted as *itself the source and warrant for all demonstration*. There is an essential fallacy in every attempted demonstration of that which, like the God-idea, forever lies above and must precede all demonstration.

Man can devise no proof for the God-idea. Its quality precludes demonstration.

There are certain objections which, it may be said, stand between us and our assumption that at last, in our reasoning upon the Universe, we must immediately merge thought into a consciousness of the Infinite and Absolute, and accept that assumption as final for our reasoning.

It may be supposed, for instance, that there are other and yet higher forms of existence than those which we have generalized under the notions of Mind and Nature, and their union as the Universe. With such possibilities fronting us, it may be asked, "Can we then accept and rest in the thought of God as a finality? Why not? The thought of Infinite and Absolute Being, rightly assumed, of necessity forever transcends all other possible thoughts, be they of the Universe of Nature and Mind, or of yet higher forms of being. The true content of the Thought of God is simply "Being;" Being, to which every possible form of being must be inferior, and in which all kinds of being must be included.

Again it may be said, "Can we not think of Being which is in such manner the Source of all things, that they shall be external to it and it external to them?" Such thought, however, would violate that which is really essential to the notion of Source and Cause. A product cannot be *essentially* separate from its source, or from the sum total of its sources; moreover the very idea of Absolute Infinity excludes any possible existence as external to it. The necessity involved in our thought is clearly apparent in such phrase as the Apostle Paul's declaration, "The God and Father of all; in whom, by whom, of whom, and to whom are all things."

Again it may be asked, "Can we not think of some form of being which is not under the relation of effect and dependence, with Infinite and Absolute Being?" If such thought were possible our thought of the Infinite and Absolute would thereby disappear. There could not be, in thought, *two or more unconditioned* Infinities.

Well, then, finally it may be asked, "Is it not possible that there may be many minds who do not have the thought of Infinite and Absolute Being?" Yes, this is possible. But it is possible for those only who have never

been compelled to ask steadily backward, guided by the intuition of Causality, for the Source and Cause of themselves and the World. The non-existence of the Thought in one mind is no proof of its non-existence in other minds ; and present ignorance of it is no evidence that even to him who is ignorant it will not become known, when his mind has been brought under proper conditions for such knowledge.

Acknowledging now, that the human mind has,—that you and I—have apprehended, the thought of Infinite and Absolute Being, and that the mind must rest there as at the goal beyond which man's intellect cannot move, we are confronted by the profound and vitally momentous question, "Is there any Reality corresponding to the Thought?"

As a *thought*, we possess that which in every way, may be regarded as the Principle of Philosophy ; but we need more, *Is the Thought true ? Is it drawn from real Being ?* Let us consider what, I am confident, our reasoning processes compel us to accept.

I have the Thought, and you have it. *None of us, I assume, even dreams that himself is its object.* It is the thought of One who infinitely transcends you or me. This being the fact, "How can I be its Source or Cause?" The thought is not that which is I, or is of me, or is of that which is subordinated to me. The thought carries consciousness beyond my Self. *It transcends not only my Self-Consciousness, but also my consciousness of all finite beings.* In truth, I must say that I cannot think of myself as the source, or the cause, of the thought of anything that is external to me. I know that I can do much in bringing the thought into clearer consciousness, when once I have it ; but I am sure that cognition of any object as *outside of me* depends upon a prior presentation in my consciousness from without.

This thought of Infinite and Unconditioned Being,—because of the conditions which the notion of Causality imposes upon it, I hold, therefore, can be apprehended, only as having been itself first caused in and through its Object. *Since the content of the thought is "God," I hold that the*

Source of the thought cannot be any finite being or thing. Could the cause be a finite being, the effect would transcend the cause; a result which is unthinkable. The laws of thought demand the inferiority, always, of effect to cause.

But it is sometimes said *the thought of God belongs to man through education and tradition.* Well, even though it be true that the God-idea has been given to us by our educators, "Whence," we must ask, "did it come to our educators?" And if they received it as "revelation" from God, our search is met. Moreover, how could they ever have accepted it and appropriated it if the Thought were not essentially in harmony with their nature and their power of apprehension.

It is my conviction that, whether it came to the men of the past, or to us of to-day, "the God-idea" as I have described it, is necessarily a gift from "God" himself. The thought of the Infinite and Absolute could not be reached or apprehended by the human mind unless the thought were first disclosed to the mind by Him who is himself Infinite and Unconditioned. God is his own witness. To Him we must ascribe whatever consciousness of Him we have. This utterance of the Reason has, therefore, at the last its justification as "Revelation." From Divine "inspiration," therefore—so I believe,—springs the impulse which leads the mind to philosophic research, and gives to the Philosophic Ideal permanence and authority.

But Kant said, in reference to the argument which posits the objective, or real existence of Infinite and Absolute Being because the idea is found present in finite thinking, "Though I think God, I have just as little certainty that God exists, as when I think of a mountain of gold, I am possessed of gold."

Observe, however, that there is a radical difference between these two thoughts. There is a difference of essential quality; a difference which the Königsberg philosopher seems not to have considered. We are not, ascribing such "existence" to "God" as that which we associate with finite things. We are compelled to make a critical inquiry into the *kind of existence* which is possessed by all finite objects of finite thought. Their existence may be

confined wholly to the fantasy ; for them there may be no external counterparts. My thought of "a mountain of gold" is, of course, no guarantee that such mountain exists among the earth's mountains. But the question of objective existence for the thought of "God" may not be subjected to any such criticism. All modes of "existence" are necessarily thought of as subordinated to the thought of "God." The realm of the imagination or fantasy, therefore, as well as that of the external senses is subordinated to this all inclusive Thought. He who inquires after the objective validity of the thought of Infinite and Absolute Being is himself, with his question, thought of as included within such Being. When we inquire into the existence of "God," our question involves nothing relative. We speak of Absolute Existence. And Absolute Being cannot be thought of without our involving in the thought the Absolute Existence of such Being. If God is apprehended as All Being, he is thereby apprehended as having "existence." The notion of "existence" is as inseparable from that of absolutely Infinite Being, as the notion of limitation is inseparable from that of finite being. God is, literally, to use the words of Spinoza, the "One whose Essence encloses Existence." A finite being can exist in various modes ; it can exist either in thought or in reality, for the reason that it has only limited existence. Objective existence is only a possibility for it. But Infinite Being which is the One only, can exist in but one mode ; existence for such Being is a necessity.

He who doubts the "existence" of "God," as we have thought of God shows by his doubt he has not yet apprehended the true content of that which is expressed by the word. "God" is not this, or that being ; "God" is Being. God has not this, or that kind of reality ; God is Reality itself. God is not a part of things ; God is the Whole. If then I have a thought of the Absolute Whole I have, within that thought, necessarily, the thought of existence.

We have not the time, indeed we have not the need, to carry this reasoning farther. From what has been said, it should be evident that the very content of our thought of Infinite and Absolute Being is evidence that

the thought is lifted above the range of demonstration, and that it must be, and is, its own evidence. The thought is self-evident to those who truly apprehend the meaning which lies back of the words.

I sum up our argument as follows :—Man's thinking is governed by the law that every effect must have for itself a sufficient cause. The inevitable ultimate disclosure in a steady search after the Cause of the things and events of the World is consciousness of Infinite and Absolute Being. From no part of, nor from all our own experience, nor from the experience of Mankind, finite as it must be, can our transcendent Thought have come. The only answer we can make, when we ask for its origin, is that our thoughts cannot rise higher than their source ; that our Thought of God can have no less an origin than the Infinite, Absolute One ; that our consciousness of God must come from God himself,—the Perfect Reality. The very fact that Man thinks God is, if we trust our mental laws for anything, evidence of the Real worth of the Thought. Beyond this fact reasoning fails. *Intuition* must enable the mind to see, if it shall at all see, the offered truth. There is no proof for it any more than there is proof for Self-Consciousness. The most that we can say is, that, when the proper conditions are present, as with the uprising of the sun upon the world, so with the awaking of the consciousness of God in the mind ;—darkness disappears, and sight is filled with light seen to be flowing from the One sublime Source, making all things clear in its brightness.

In possession now of the one transcendent Thought to which veritable Reality corresponds, our main purpose has been accomplished.

The ultimate Philosophic Idea appears, therefore, as a Divine "gift." With profoundest reverence I say it ;—The God-Idea is God's inspiration in the intellectual life, leading the mind toward the perfect Truth. The Philosophic Ideal, therefore, is a mental product justified by its being the mind's intuition of the Divine Reality ; and human Science is a growing, definite representation to the human intellect of the real, systematic order of the Universe,—from molecules to stellar systems, and from the faintest stir

of life to the sublimest thought and emotion of the spirit of man.

A few words more before leaving our subject upon some momentous practical consequences of the Thought which we have seen substantiated.

From what we have learned, you may ask, "What is the evident relation of the Universe to God?" No other answer can be given, from the position to which we have been led, than that the *Universe exists in God, under God, and by means of God*. The Universe is related to Divine Being as caused by Him, contained in Him, and subordinated to Him. It is referred to God as effect to Cause; as part to Whole; as creature to Creator.

But the Universe is not to be thought of as spatially in God, like the area in a circle. Rather it is to be thought of as existent within the Divine Essence, or Substance, which itself transcends, and yet pervades, infinite Space, infinite Time, infinite Force; infinite Matter, Mind, Emotion and Will as we know them. God, as we have thought of Him, must be omnipresent over, and in, Nature and Mind; above all, in all, through all,—Source, Creator, Cause, Power, Life, Thought, Soul, Spirit,—forever over and in all that is.

Turning to the history of Religion, especially of the Christian religion, we find that this interpretation of the God-idea has long been the goal towards which theological speculation has been making a continuously closer approach; and that in the minds of chosen prophets it has been the end gained.

The greatest of the Apostles spoke always, when his theme was "God;"—of the "God and Father of all, of whom, by whom, in whom, to whom, and for whom are all things." "In him we live, and move, and have our being," said Paul to "the men of Athens." To Paul's thought, God worketh in all things, to will and to do of His own good pleasure. To Paul, all creatures, all parts of both Nature and Mind, exist because God is.

In the writings of the Church Fathers, we find frequent reproduction of this profound thought of the Apostle. Augustine, for example, wrote, "God is he above whom, outside whom, and without whom there is nothing. But

under whom and in whom is all." Then, later along the Christian centuries, we meet with representative philosophers expressing their "thought of God" in like words.

Anselm said, "God is the One of whose supreme essence, and through which, and in which are all things."

Still later history shows only an increasing clearness of this vision among the Christian thinkers. Archbishop Fénélon, for example, interpreted the thought of God in these words: "I think a Being who is sovereignly One and supremely All. He cannot be limited to any mode of being. All that one adds to the word Being diminishes its meaning. God is Being. Being is his name, essential, glorious, incommunicable. All kinds of being are in Him as in their Source. All that exists, of truth or goodness in every possible existence, flows from him."

Malebranche, philosopher-priest, wrote, "One ought not to call God spirit, in order to show positively what He is, but to signify that He is not material. He is the Being infinitely perfect; but as we ought not to imagine with anthropomorphists that he has the human form, so neither ought we to think that the spirit of God has human thoughts, or that his spirit is like our spirit. It is better to think that he includes within himself the perfections of Matter without being material; and includes also the perfections of created Spirit without being himself spirit, in the same manner that we conceive spirit. His true name is 'He who is.' To Moses, Jehovah revealed himself as 'I am;' that is to say, Being without restriction, all Being, infinite, universal. The divine Substance is everywhere, not only in the Universe but beyond it. God is not enclosed in his work, but his work subsists in him. God is not all, nor is all God, but God is over and through all, and all is under and in God."

But I need not multiply like quotations. All along Christian history are evidences that the vision of the chief Apostle was more and more distinctly open to many thinkers of the Church, and that, in recent times, it has been an increasing and a clarifying inspiration for the maturing of Christian thought. With their final attain-

ment, therefore, both Philosophy and Religion utter a common voice. And why should they not? Both, by different ways, have aspired toward the same End, and both have been impelled from a common Source.

Let it suffice for us to know that we have now reached the supreme height possible to the human mind; and that here we may abide, certain of our sublime Consciousness, and of the Reality of the perfect One who has informed it.

The Principle of Philosophy is therefore disclosed. It appears both as Thought and as Real Being. It is God, infinite and absolute :—not God as *a Being*, co-existing with another Infinite and Absolute One; nor as Being who is identified with the Universe; but as Being who is, alone, the only true One; the perfect Source and Cause of all; Creator, Disposer, Motive and End of all.

Apprehending this consummate Certainty, let us return to our studies; sure that, in our slowly developing knowledge, we are but learning to think God's thoughts after Him; that our Science, from stones and beasts of the fields to the intuitions of the human soul, is but an ascending course of Divine Education; and that our aspiration towards a perfect realization of the Philosophic Ideal is but our response to the presence of the Divine Spirit in our spirits, to lead us into all truth, and, through the truth, into the perfect life.

e. Two Study-Class Lectures.—Throughout that decade,—the Eighties,—so eventful for me in relation to affairs not directly connected with my profession as clergyman, I was still, in many ways, a student of matters connected with Religion. Among various papers which I prepared in those years are two rather important essays to which I will give place among these “*Memoabilia*” before we go farther.

For a while, when I was in Saint Paul, I had the leadership of a Study-Class which gave a special reading to Dante's life and writings. As an introduction to our work,

I ventured upon a review of Dante's spiritual and intellectual significance for the Middle Ages, under the heading :—

I.

DANTE :—

MEDIEVAL THEOLOGIAN AND PHILOSOPHER

The year 1300, in which Dante placed his pilgrimage through the Infernal depths to the beatific Empyrean, we now see, marks the time when what are called the Middle Ages reached their culmination in power and expression. This was the great "Year of Jubilee" appointed by Pope Boniface VIII. It celebrated the sovereignty over Western Europe of the Roman Papacy ; a sovereignty at which, for two hundred and fifty years, the Church had avowedly aimed, and towards which it had been moving for at least eight hundred years.

With the downfall of the Roman Empire in the Fifth Century, organized Christianity rapidly rose to possession of the vacated throne. The barbaric conquerors of the Imperial State gave way before the stupendous mysteries of the Church. During the "Dark Ages" which overshadowed Europe from 450 to 750 the Church of Rome alone had the knowledge and incentive necessary to guide the helpless nations. It was at about this time that Saints Martin, Salvian, Severinus, Sequanus, Gallus, Patrick, Columba, and others,—the hero missionaries to whom the northern and western peoples gradually submitted themselves under the name of Christ,—were sent forth. A little later, in 590, the great Gregory lived ; under whose zeal the Church of Rome became yet more the benefactor of the barbarians, and, thereby, more and more an object of reverence and loyal service among the peoples of the far north and west of Europe.

The "Dark Ages" for Christian Europe came to a close near the middle of the Eighth Century, 732, with the check given at Tours, to the advance of the Mohammedans from Spain, by the Frankish chief, Charles Martel ; but during these ages the power of the Roman Church had become so firmly established that in 741, Zacharias I. took the Papal

chair without seeking ratification for his act from the authorities of the State. In the political chaos of the "Dark Ages," by a practical necessity, the Church, which was enabled to command obedience in the name of its mysterious functions, had become almost independent of civil interference.

Naturally, the next step in the Ecclesiastical advancement was taken. In 755, the Pope, in the person of Stephen III., became for the first time a temporal sovereign. Pepin, king of the Franks and conqueror of North Italy, as the professed ally of the Pope, gave to the Church a large part of that land. The next Papal aggrandizement came from Pepin's son, Charles. Pope Adrian I. was made by him virtual ruler of all Italy. Then, under the great Charles, who had become, practically, conqueror of Western Europe, an attempt was made to restore the Empire which had, seemingly, been destroyed four hundred years before. But note this fact;—the restored Empire was to be the confessed ally of the Church. Henceforth, the civil power was to be holy. Charlemagne was, therefore, crowned "Emperor of the Romans," and became the head of what was thenceforth known as "The Holy Roman Empire." His coronation took place on Christmas, in the year 800, at St. Peter's Church in Rome, and by the Pope, Leo III. Thereafter the power and glory of the Church rapidly increased.

We notice here a memorable device brought forward in the interests of the growing Ecclesiasticism. The great forgeries called "Decretals," pretended letters and decrees of the early bishops and councils of Rome, "asserting the supreme jurisdiction of the Church, and of the Pope as the head of the Church, over all secular authority," appeared from Gregory IV. towards the middle of this Ninth Century, 837. These documents had a decided effect in advancing the assumptions of the Papacy. They were, thereafter, through the Middle Ages appealed to in behalf of the Papal power, and until the Fifteenth Century, when their falsehood was exposed, they were added to from time to time as occasion called forth new pretensions for the Pope's authority. Dante wrote that, in

his own time, such was the honor in which these documents were held that,—

“The Evangel and the mighty doctors
Are derelict, and only the Decretals
So studied that it shows upon their margins.
On this are Popes and Cardinals intent;
Their meditations reach not Nazareth.”

The Holy Roman Empire, however, did not succeed in establishing civil order in Christian Europe. That failure was the opportunity of the Papacy. And so well was the opportunity used that, towards the end of the Ninth Century, Western Christendom was actually subjected to what we may call a Theocracy incorporated in the Church. Moreover, it was to the further interests of the Church that the now subordinated Empire should become merely a name.

Then, such was the drift of events that, from this period or the beginning of the Tenth Century, we may date Feudalism, that is, the breaking up of extended civil government into many pretty domains. Hereby the unification of the powers of the Church was greatly increased. But with this development of power, also came the fearful corruption which had usurped the old religious purpose. The Roman Church had become practically supreme, but, at the same time, miserably degraded. The glory of the age of Gregory, the mission Pope, had been unspeakably debased.

Because of this misfortune a slight period of reaction in favor of civil power occurred in the middle of the Tenth Century. The German emperors, the Ottos, came into Italy, and held Italy and the Papacy in control. They were the protectors, for the time, of morality and of civil order. Otto was crowned Emperor in 962, and took the title, “Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.” This check upon the pretensions of the Church continued until the time of Hildebrand, in the middle of the Eleventh Century. Hildebrand, who became Gregory VII., was a man of tremendous will and zeal. He proved himself an effective champion of the claims of the Church to independence and authority. Under him, what is now known as “the great age of the Papacy” was initiated.

For the next two hundred and fifty years the Papal power rose rapidly towards absolutism. The Crusades were inaugurated and carried on during this time, and the Church, thereby, was given a grand opportunity to assert its authority. The Crusades subjected the civil powers of Western Europe to a religious fanaticism. And it happened that Innocent III. in 1200, became head of the Eastern as well as of the Western Church. In fact, this Pope became lord of all Christendom. He had the disposal of the Imperial and several royal crowns. Under his direction all the interests of Europe practically centered. At the end of the Thirteenth Century the ultimate height of ecclesiastical aggrandizement seems to have been reached, and the then reigning Pope, Boniface, in the year 1300 as we have noted, summoned all Christendom to celebrate the final, absolute sovereignty of the Church, with a "Year of Jubilee."

It is often the fact that excessive pride is but a sign that an ascending career is about to culminate; that, when all seems most secure, the structure is really toppling to its fall. So it happened, that within two years from this great "Year of Jubilee," Boniface was a prisoner of King Philip of France, and, as such, died. Within five years from the "Jubilee" a French Cardinal was Pope; the Papal seat was at Avignon; and thenceforward for seventy years the proud Papacy was a dependency of the French crown. The permanent disintegration of the most stupendous hierarchy the world has ever known had begun;—the Middle Ages had commenced to close.

Looking backward from that time, we see a period of about one thousand years through which the Church of Rome had been persistently and successfully advancing to lordship over Christendom. And just as its Head had proclaimed possession of the crown, the decisive struggle to wrest absolutism from it commenced. In our day, in 1870, we have seen the temporal sovereignty at least of the Church completely taken away. We may say, then, that with the Fourteenth Century, the Middle Ages were passed and the Modern Era entered.

I.

WHAT IS THE MEDIEVAL THEOLOGY?

Medieval Theology is the body of doctrine which the Roman Church developed, perfected, and made imperative over Western Europe during the period of which I have been speaking. Its foundation is the "Nicene Creed," adopted in the Fourth Century by what is known as the "First General Council of Christendom." This creed was the outcome of the struggles through which the early Christian Church had passed in its spread from Jerusalem, with the going forth of the Apostles, to the acceptance of Christianity as the religion of the Roman Empire under the Emperor Constantine. The first three centuries of the Christian era were an age of intense spiritual and intellectual activity. The growing faith developed while in intimate contact—antagonistic and sympathetic—with the various schools of thought prevalent in Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

When Christianity had become the professed religion of the Empire, the most complete expression of Christian faith was embodied in this, so-named, "Nicene Creed." Medieval Theology, therefore, or the theology which dates from the fall of the Empire in the Fifth Century, started with a confession then held to be, as far as it went, absolutely fixed as true. That Confession declared that God is One, yet is a Trinity, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the Unity; that God, the Son, became man, and for man and for man's salvation suffered and rose from the dead, and will hereafter judge the living and the dead; that there is One Catholic and Apostolic Church; one baptism for the ransom of sins; a resurrection of man from the dead, and life in the world to come.

It was upon this fixed foundation, and from a great mass of loose material lying around at that time, that the Medieval Theology was slowly reared. But the structure did not take shape without the most trying struggles among implacably hostile parties within the newly authorized State Church as to what should be wrought into it.

The chief director in guiding the development of the

Middle Age Theology, at its beginnings, was Augustine, Bishop of Hippo in North Africa.

The efforts which many scholars made during the earlier theological development to maintain belief in "the subordination of the Son to the Father," and which also constituted the principal heresy in the century succeeding the Nicene Council, were gradually suppressed and silenced. In the place of this early conflict a momentous struggle arose in the Fifth Century over dogmas concerning "Human Nature and Destiny," and the "Problem of Evil." In this struggle Augustine was the leader; and he practically established for the Western Church for all time the doctrine that man cannot by his natural powers take the steps necessary to his own salvation. Belief in the freedom of the human will was not explicitly denied then; but it is to Augustine we trace the doctrine of "Predestination;" of the "Eternal Decrees;" of "Divine grace;"—the awful theocratic fatalism which afterwards was given dominant force in Christian belief.

After Augustine's time came the "Dark Ages," in which there was no apparent onward movement in Theology. The only noticeable change during this period was in the steady strengthening of the power of the Church, and a gradual idealizing of the writings of the Church Fathers, giving them almost Divine worth.

But with the reappearance of intellectual activity in the Church, which came under the sway of Charlemagne, the enormous change which had taken place during the passing of the "Dark Ages" became visible in the special doctrines which then occupied leading minds. The forged "Decretals" had been highly exalted in the esteem of Christendom, and were utilized much towards establishing the Church's authority on firm foundations; while the leading theological controversy, which Christian thinkers then dared engage in, was concerning the question, "Whether or not the wine and bread of the Sacrament are the real blood and body of God, the Son, or the same body which was born of the Virgin Mary, died on the cross, rose from the grave, and sits at the right hand of God?" At the same time, Augustine's doctrine of "Predestination" had become elabor-

ated by some theologians into the dogma that each man, individually, is sentenced from eternity to Heaven or Hell.

The first of these two doctrines finally prevailed in its affirmative form, and became orthodox. In 1079, it was definitely settled for Christendom, that the wine and bread are not only symbols in a sacrament, but are "the true body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ," which in fact are "touched and broken by the hands of priests, and bruised by the teeth of the faithful."

With the near rise of the Roman Church to supreme power, the accepted Catholic doctrines on all religious problems were put into shape. As the Twelfth Century closed, Peter Lombard's "Book of Sentences" was in existence; a book acknowledged by the ecclesiastics and the institutions of education for the Church as comprising the truth necessary for the confession of all Christian believers.

The Thirteenth Century was, evidently, an age of great theologians; but no new article of faith was brought into prominence under their speculations. This was the period of the great "Schoolmen," or Christian Scholastics. They labored entirely in behalf of what had been accepted and decreed by the Church in the past. Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, and Duns Scotus produced enormous folios, but only to demonstrate and to illuminate the teachings of those whom the Church had taken into favor in its ascent towards consummate power.

The best authoritative summary now accessible to us, of Medieval Theology, as it was when completed, is embodied in the decrees of the Council of Trent. This Council met in the Sixteenth Century (1545-1563), specifically to counteract the influence of the Protestant Reformation. Its confessions, however, are only a steadfast reiteration of the faith which had reached full expression in the writings of the Thirteenth Century Schoolmen. The opening paragraph of the "Tridentine Decrees" is a repetition and reassertion of the Nicene Creed; the creed with which the Middle Ages Theology started. Upon this confession follow dogmatic articles with interpretations, a hundred-fold larger than the fundamental creed; the result

of the eight hundred years of the theological growth of the "Church of the Empire" to its culmination as the "Empire Church."

In these Decrees it appears that Medieval Theology means,—further than the confessions embodied in the Nicene Creed,—that all the Apostolic and ecclesiastical traditions authorized by the Church are, in addition to the Scriptures, infallibly true and binding upon human faith ; that the Holy Scriptures are true, according to the sense in which the Holy Mother Church holds them ; and that they are never to be interpreted otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.

A large bulk of the Decrees of the Tridentine Council is devoted to the doctrine concerning "Human Nature" and "the Work of Christ." It is explicitly taught in them, by an elaborate series of anathemas on disbelievers, that Mankind are totally ruined by Adam's fall ; and that there is no salvation for any one upon whom the merits of Christ's work had not been bestowed, and who has not accepted them.

Further, it is declared, there are seven Sacraments necessary to human salvation, though not all of them are necessary for every one. Baptism is the first of these, and is absolutely necessary for all mankind. Then there are Confirmation, the Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony.

The center of Medieval Theology, however, is the doctrine taught in it concerning the Lord's Supper, that is, the "Eucharist." Concerning this sacrament, it is declared that "in the mass there is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead ; and that in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist there is truly, really and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ ; and that a change is made of the whole essence of the bread into the body, and of the whole essence of the wine into the blood ; and that partaking of either bread or wine, the communicant receives Christ whole and entire."

Among the seven Sacraments, Penance was of very great importance. Confession, Penance and Absolution

are notable sequents and signs of the Ecclesiastical absolutism.

Besides, in the Middle Ages, the doctrine of Purgatory became authoritative, accompanied by the teaching that "the souls in Purgatory detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful." Further, it was taught that "the saints reigning with Christ are to be honored and invoked, and that they offer up prayers to God for us." Also, that "the relics of the holy dead are to be held in veneration ;" and that "the images of Christ and of the Perpetual Virgin, the Mother of God, and also of other saints, are to be had and retained and honored and revered." Still further, it is characteristic of Medieval Theology, and thus of the Ecclesiastical absolutism, that the "Power of Indulgence had been left to the Church by Christ, and that the use of this power is most wholesome to Christian people."

The Tridentine Decrees close by acknowledging the "Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Roman Church as the Mother and Mistress of all churches," and by an oath, swearing obedience to the Bishop of Rome as "successor of Saint Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ."

This, in brief, is what we know as "Medieval Theology," or the body of doctrine developed, perfected, and made imperative over Western Europe during the centuries lying between the downfall of the Roman Empire and the "Jubilee" of Boniface VIII., the date of Dante's memorable pilgrimage.

II.

SCHOLASTICISM.

Now, let us see what that movement in thought, closely inwrought into the Middle Ages and called "Scholasticism," was. At its beginning, it was simply the intellectual activity of whatever scholars there were in Western Europe in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries, without special reference to either Christianity, or to the Church. At its consummation, or at the time Dante wrote, it was the whole intellectual energy of Western Europe subjected, as a willing slave, to the Imperial Church of Rome. It will be helpful to us to glance at the transition of European

thought from its earliest freedom to its Ecclesiastical servitude in the Thirteenth Century.

In the Sixth Century lived a man who has been called "the last classical philosopher," Boethius, the Roman. He was a disciple of both the great philosophers of ancient Greece,—Plato and Aristotle; holding with Plato his doctrine of Ideas, and with Aristotle his system of Logic. Plato believed that all things in existence were created by "God," according to eternal patterns or mental images; that is, after divine "Ideas." Aristotle taught that the forms under which our intellectual activity works are certain universal facts called "Categories," and by mean of the processes named "Syllogisms." Boethius was not a Church theologian. He was an independent, non-Christian philosopher. His works were about the only connection that the scholars of the Ninth and Tenth Centuries had with the intellectual methods and achievements of classical Greece.

When the missionary zeal of the Roman Church was active in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries, schools of instruction were established among the barbarous peoples visited. The teachers of these schools were called scholars, or *scholastici*. Of course, these "Scholastics" in their reasoning used the methods they had been taught. By an easy process they became "logicians."

The first noticeable mention of the growing power of the "Scholastics" appears in the records of the early part of the Ninth Century, when Benedict of Aniane complained that the Scholastics of Ireland and Scotland were "falsifying the faith" through their syllogistic illusions. Note in passing, that, during the "Dark Ages," Ireland had been the center of whatever real intellectual life there was in Western Europe outside of Mohammedan Spain.

From the Ninth Century the interest in formal logic, as the discoverer and illuminator of truth, spread with great rapidity through the monasteries and cathedral schools of England, France, Germany, and of other countries. This Scholastic thought centered around one great question:—"Whether, or not, what are called universal ideas are true?" Is it true, it was asked, that when one says "tree" he refers to a universal idea of a tree, existing inde-

pendently of all trees; or that he simply uses a name suggested by myriad particular trees. Boethius had said, "If you weigh the truth of things, it is impossible to doubt that general ideas are true." It is a strange thing to us, but it is a historic fact, that towards the Tenth Century this question concerning "universal ideas" possessed the intellectual life of Western Europe, almost to the exclusion of all other problems. Poetry, history, natural science, and their like, were practically ignored because of the disputes of the Realists and the Nominalists. The question, however, really underlies two almost wholly different views of the Universe, and thereby is of fundamental importance.

The general doctrine of the early Medieval Church, so far as it touched this question at all, was in close connection with the Boethian Platonic teaching, that there are "universal ideas," existing really and independently of the separate things. Platonism, essentially, means this.

There was, however, no special interest to the Church in this Scholastic excitement until scholars began to discuss seriously the special doctrines which were maturing under the growing Ecclesiasticism. Such discussion, at length came, and was given intense vigor at the close of the Eleventh Century. The critical debate came from a challenge made by a logician named Roscellinus (10—?-1121) to those who believed in the *reality of universal ideas*. The upholders of "the reality of universals" were called "Realists;" and they were the true representatives of the spirit gaining possession of the Church. Roscellinus ventured to oppose these Realists. He did not, of course, dare to deny any Church doctrine; but, as a Christian believer he so discussed, for instance, the doctrine of the Trinity, in opposition to the Realists, that his teaching had to be condemned as heretical.

We cannot now understand the intensity of the conflict which followed Roscellin's venture. He was the first Scholastic to come into actual conflict with the Church; the Church which was rapidly establishing itself as undisputed mistress of Western Europe.

The great champion of the Church, and opponent of Roscellin, was Anselm (1034-1109), afterwards arch-

bishop of Canterbury, England. It was with Anselm, we may say, that Scholasticism began to ally itself confessedly with the Church; ultimately to become its servant, then slave. Anselm was a great thinker, but he announced, as a fundamental maxim for all intellectual activity, the confession, "*I believe, in order that I may understand.*" The Council of Soissons, in 1092, condemned Roscellin. In Roscellin, the Nominalistic side of Scholasticism was also condemned; and the Church accepted for its exponents the doctrine of the Scholastic Realists. Thenceforward, until after Dante's age, by "Scholasticism" we must understand Scholastic "Realism."

Scholasticism, thus defined, became more and more identified with the Church; and the Schoolmen devoted their energy to putting the Medieval Theology into logical shapes. Thenceforward the doctrine that *Faith precedes and controls Reason* rapidly became established. This dictum was the necessary accompaniment of the absolute and infallible Church. I read in a Papal Syllabus of even so recent a date as the year 1864, that those are "anathematized" who hold that "the methods and principles by which the old Scholastic doctors cultivated theology are no longer suitable to the demands of the age and the progress of science."

When we speak of Scholasticism, therefore, we mean, not so much a system of Philosophy once existing, as the use of the reasoning power when it is consecrated to upholding perpetually the creed of the Roman Catholic Church, as already fixed and made unchangeable in the Middle Ages.

I wish I had time to tell of the further development of the Scholastic Philosophy from the time of Anselm to its culmination just before Dante's day; and of the rebellion of the Reason in Europe which took place at the close of the Middle Ages; but I must pass on to the remaining part of our theme.

I will say, however, that the culminating glory of Scholasticism shone out in Albert the Great (1193-1254), and in St. Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274), in the Thirteenth Century. Before this philosopher, and this saint the great intellect of Dante bowed.

And I may add the fact that about a score of years after Dante's death (1321), William of Occam, a great contemporary, also died (1342). Historically this man was the leader of a Scholastic movement which was, really, a revival of Nominalism; and with this revival the Ecclesiastical Scholasticism rapidly became powerless as the dominating mover of European thought.

III.

DANTE AS RELATED TO MEDIEVAL THOUGHT.

Now, what of Dante as Christian and philosopher? Dante's great poem has been called "the Swan Song of the Middle Ages." It is certainly true that in Dante's thought there is a premonitory stir of the new spirit which was soon to animate Western Europe; yet the consummate excellence of the "Divine Comedy" lies, after all, in the fact that it is the most complete literary expression the world has of the thought and life of that marvellous thousand years we call "The Middle Ages." The production of the poem and the culmination of the development of the Medieval epoch almost coincided. Consequently, Dante, as Christian and philosopher is to be regarded as distinctively the exponent of his times.

Above all other thoughts, belief in God, and the prevalent dogma of Man's relation to God, possessed Dante. And to Dante, as to every faithful Christian of his day, the medium of God's communication with man was the Holy Church, whose head was the Roman Pope.

What was Dante's belief in "God?" In the "Paradiso" he wrote,—

"There sang they neither Bacchus, nor Apollo,
But, in the Divine Nature, Persons three,
And in one Person the divine and human.

This is but a poetic expression of faith in the "Trinity," and in the "Incarnation;"—the fundamental articles of the Nicene Creed?

And Man, Dante believed, had been created perfect. Referring to Adam and Jesus, Dante wrote,—

"If Love itself dispose, and mark
 The primal virtue, kindling with bright view,
 There all perfection is vouchsafed; and such
 The clay was made, accomplished with each gift
 That life can teem with; such the burden filled
 The Virgin's bosom; so that I commend
 Thy judgment, that the human nature ne'er
 Was, or can be, such as in them was."

But by the misuse of free-will, said Dante, Adam wilfully sinned and alienated himself, with all his posterity, from God.

"That man who was unborn, himself condemned,
 And, in himself, all, who since him have lived,
 His offspring."

Our poet also held that for Man the way back to God is open only through the miracle of the "Incarnation."

"Man in himself had ever lacked the means
 Of satisfaction.
 * * * * * He had vainly tried
 Out of his own suffering to pay
 The rigid satisfaction."

"It pleased the Word of God to come
 Amongst them down, to his own person joining
 The nature from its Maker far estranged."

and

"God more bounty showed,
 Giving Himself to make man capable
 Of his return to life, than had the terms
 Been mere and unconditional release."

There is no doubt about our poet's orthodoxy concerning the doctrine of the absolute "Deity of Christ;" for he speaks of—

"Sabellius, Arius, and the other fools
 Who, like the scimitars, reflected back
 The Scripture image by distortion marred."

As to "Human Salvation" from the ruin which had come with Adam's sin;—Dante, with the sublime assumptions of Medieval Theology, spoke out boldly his belief in the perfect "Predestination" which overhangs the destiny of all souls. Yet he asserted, over and over again, the freedom of man's will, and laid upon each soul the responsibility for its future bliss, or woe. If it were necessary to embody

the Medieval doctrine of "Salvation" in the fewest words, I should say it is contained in the two forever contradictory, and yet two persistently upheld dogmas, "Divine Predestination" and human "Free-will." Accordingly, in this "medieval miracle of song," we hear the saints in Paradise say of their bodies on earth that they shall rest there so long,—

"As till our number equal the decree
Of the most High."

Yet,

"O mortal man, be wary how ye judge
For we, who see our Maker, know not yet
The number of the chosen."

But with this strict "Predestination," as just said, we must also place the other utterance, that the

"Supreme of gifts, which God creating gave
Of his free bounty, sign most evident
Of goodness, and in his account most prized,
Was liberty of will; the boon wherewith
All intellectual creatures and them sole
He hath endowed."

Moreover, that "Human Nature,"—

"Created first was blameless, pure and good;
But through itself alone was driven forth
From Paradise because it had eschewed
The way of truth and life, to evil turned."

and that,—

"Sin alone is that
Which doth disfranchise man and make unlike
To the chief good."

What did Dante think of "The Church?" Hear these words addressed to the radiant spirit of Saint Peter in Paradise,—

"O everlasting light
Of him, within whose mighty grasp our Lord
Did leave the keys, which of this wondrous bliss
He bare below."

And what of "The Sacraments?" We have these words of Vergil concerning those who were imprisoned within the "Limbo" of Hell:—

“ These of sin
Were blameless; and if aught they merited
It profits not, since Baptism was not theirs,
The portal to thy faith.”

For the sacrament of “ Penance,” let the whole of the
“ Purgatorio ” be a commentary : Dante’s song was—

“ Of that second kingdom
Wherein the human spirit doth purge itself
And to ascend to heaven becomes worthy.”

For the necessity of “ Salvation through Christ,” see the
declaration in “ Paradiso ” :—

“ None ever hath ascended to this realm
Who hath not a believer been in Christ
Either before or after the blest limbs
Were nailed upon the wood.”

But there is no need to illustrate at length the Medieval Theology with its expressions as found in Dante’s poem. I merely state, what anyone can verify, that Dante was a thoroughly faithful believer in the Creed which we know as that of the Middle Ages.

To this statement there is, however, one important qualification. Dante never placed the authority of Ecclesiastical tradition upon a level with that of the Bible, as did the authorities of the Church.

“ Before the Church are the Old and New Testaments,” Dante wrote in the *Vita Nuova*. “ After the Church are traditions which are called Decretals. It follows therefore that the authority of the Church depends not on traditions, but traditions on the Church.”

In connection with this passage read Dante’s own “ *Credo* ” in the Twenty-fourth Canto of the “ *Paradiso*,” as confessed to Saint Peter :—

“ In one God I believe,
Sole and eterne, who moveth all the heavens
With love and with desire, himself unmoved;
And of such faith not only have I proofs
Physical and metaphysical, but gives them
Likewise the truth that from this place rains down
Through Moses, through the Prophets and the Psalms,
Through the Evangel, and through you, who wrote
After the fiery Spirit sanctified you;—
In Persons three eterne believe, and these
One essence I believe, so one and trine
They bear conjunction both with *sunt* and *est*

With the profound condition and divine
 Which now I touch upon, doth stamp my mind
 Oft-times the doctrine evangelical.
 This the beginning is, this is the spark
 Which afterwards dilates to vivid flame,
 And, like a star in heaven, is sparkling in me."

Noticeably, Dante regarded the Popes and the Church officials as but men who were responsible for their deeds. He consigned evil doers, Popes as well as others, to the depths of Hell,—to the circles that seemed to him befitting their punishment. The evils imposed upon the Church by its guardians, he exposed and condemned with the most stinging words. Read Saint Peter's invective on the Papacy in the Twenty-seventh Canto of the "Paradiso," for illustrations of the poet's judgment upon Christ's "Vicars."

Heaven was "clouded with shame," as Peter told a terrible story of Papal corruption ending,—

"In garb of shepherds these rapacious wolves
 Are seen from here above o'er all the pastures!
 O wrath of God, why dost thou slumber still?
 To drink our blood the Caorsines and Gascons
 Are making ready. O thou good beginning
 Unto how vile an end must thou needs fall!"

IV.

DANTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

There is but little time now left for comment on Dante's Philosophy. I may say, however, that this philosophy was essentially that of the Schoolmen. Dante was a Platonist with reference to the "Divine Ideas;" and he was an Aristotelian in his "logical processes." It would aid us greatly in our study of much that is superficially obscure in this marvellous poem to secure a clear perception of Dante's philosophic notion of "God," and of God's relation to the Universe.

Like a true Scholastic, Dante did not try to put Reason above Faith. He accepted the teachings of the Church without question.

Now, prescribed in the faith of the Church was what is named "Creationism." In this belief it is assumed that God and the Universe are not essentially connected. In the

Medieval Creed, God is posited as pervading the Universe ; but the Universe is not thought of as *of* and *in* the Divine Substance. It is the doctrine of the Church that *God has created all things out of Nothing*. This doctrine, the Scholastics were pledged to make reasonable ; and in the decrees of the Vatican Council of 1870, one may read, "The one only true God, to manifest his perfection and with absolute freedom of council, *created out of nothing*, from the very first being of time, both the spiritual and corporeal creature, and afterwards the human creature, in a sense of both consisting of spirit and body."

In Dante's thought, therefore, God was believed in as one Being, and the Universe as essentially an Other. So far as valid reasoning goes, of course it is mere word jugglery to say this ; but this phrasing expresses the traditional faith of Medieval Theology. The learning of the Middle Ages had wrought with extreme effort to establish this belief.

Dante, in his thought of God and the Universe, did not rise above his times. His philosophy was thereby based not upon mystery in thought but upon irreconcilable contradiction ;—by faith he claimed to hold both the absolute eternity and the infinitude of God and the creation of the Universe by God, yet to hold also the undivineness and essential separateness from God of that which He had created.

Read the First Canto of the "Paradiso," with this fact remembered ; and, in reading, note the passage,—

"True is it, that as often times the form
Accords not with the intention of the art,
Because in answering is matter deaf,
So likewise from this course doth deviate
Sometimes the creature, who the power possesses,
Though thus impelled, to swerve some other way."

To Dante, as to all Medieval philosophers, Matter was undivine, except as having been brought into existence out of Nothing by means of God's Omnipotence.

So, of course, Dante did not hold the human soul to be Divine, except through its being a creature of God, brought into existence out of nothing, only much higher up in the scale of creation than the degree given to the stone or animal. Essential Divinity for Man Dante found only in

the inflow of the Divine essence which man might receive through a miraculous union with the God-man, Christ. Of the highest importance in the theology of the Middle Ages therefore was the "Eucharist," the Sacrament by which the essential God may be assimilated to human nature.

The consummate aim of human life, according to our poet's thought is to gain possession of what he called "the good of the intellect," or perfect knowledge of God. In developing this conviction we find Dante uttering some of the grandest truths man has ever apprehended ; truths, however, which are wholly irreconcilable with his Medieval belief in God and the Universe.

Read the Twenty-ninth Canto of the "Paradiso," to see how Dante carried out the Platonic notion of creation.

"Not to acquire some good unto himself
Which is impossible, but that his splendor
In its resplendency may say '*Subsisto*,'
In his eternity outside of time,
Outside all other limits, as it pleased him,
Into new Loves the Eternal Love unfolded."

Also, note in the Twentieth Canto how Dante struggled with the Scholastic doctrine of the relation of Faith and Reason, and was almost driven into asserting the independence of the Reason :—

"The blessed standard made to me reply
To keep me not in wonderment suspended :
I see that thou believest in these things
Because I say them ; but thou seest not how,
So that, although believed in they are hidden,
Thou doest as he doth who a thing by name
Well apprehendeth, but its quiddity
Cannot perceive unless another show it."

Observe, too, in the Twenty-sixth Canto, what Dante says of the necessity of beholding the Truth in order to gain highest happiness.

". . . . By philosophic arguments,
And by authority that hence descends,
Such love must needs imprint itself in me ;
For Good, so far as good, when comprehended
Doth straight enkindle love, and so much greater
As more of goodness in itself it holds ;

Then to that essence - - - - -
 More than elsewhither must the mind be moved
 Of everyone, in loving, who discerns
 The truth in which this evidence is founded."

And, as symptomatic of the spirit of the New Age which began to make Dante restless under the dogmatic bondage of the Scholasticism, from which, however, he knew no way to free himself, read the Twenty-ninth Canto, where the poet causes Beatrice, symbol of the Divine Wisdom, to say,

" - - - - - Thou hast on earth
 Heard vain disputers, reasoners in the schools,
 Canvass the angelic nature and dispute
 Its powers of apprehension, memory, choice.
 'Tis well to take from me the truth
 Pure and without disguise which they below
 Equivocating, darken and perplex."

Or better still, take this passage from the Thirteenth Canto concerning Solomon:—

" He asked
 For wisdom to the end he might be king
 Sufficient; not the number to search out
 Of the celestial movers; or to know,
 If necessary with contingent e'er
 Have made necessity; or whether that
 Be granted, that first motion is, or if
 Of the mid-circle can, by art, be made
 Triangle with each corner blunt or sharp,"

The last three cantos of the "Divine Comedy" are a sublime, a transcendent, aspiration. The poet, seemingly, was struggling out of his inherited philosophy into the perfect and eternal Ideal of the human soul; that is, of the complete and conscious union of the human will with that of God. The meaning of the last three lines of this exalted song can never be exhausted.

"Here vigor failed the lofty fantasy;
 But now was turning my desire and will,
 Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
 The Love which moves the sun and the other stars."

We now leave our theme. In preparing this very brief and superficial study, kindly remember, I have felt all the while that, with but our few moments at command, I must yet bring to you a measure of centuries. The Middle Ages

were a deep, into which a mighty flood of thought and purpose was poured. Possibly my offering may serve to discover more clearly to you this great deep. I close with the hope that each of you in the coming months will launch upon it, and, with your own insight, traverse it and learn for yourself its wonders.

II.

At another time during this decade,—I think it was in the winter of 1888,—I was invited to deliver a lecture before *The Minneapolis Art Society*. With my readings about the Middle Ages, for the work of our study-class in Saint Paul in the study of Dante, in mind I prepared the address which here follows :—

THE CLOSE OF THE MEDIEVAL ART OF PAINTING.

Some years ago, one of my recreations was study of the Art of the European Renaissance. A long residence in Germany and much travel in Italy gave ample opportunity for familiarity with the master-products of that momentous achievement. I remember well the luxurious pleasure with which I visited the art galleries of those countries, where many of the marvellous aesthetic treasures of the world are preserved. Especially, I recollect how I became engrossed with those harmonies of gorgeous color, combined with highly vitalized, natural human beauty, and the displays of familiar landscape that distinguish the work of such geniuses of the brush as Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Michael Angelo and Raphael.

But, in contrast with these splendid productions, I saw, also preserved in many places, much else that was classed as artistic painting. So widely different, however, were these latter works from the former, in skill of color-combination and in technique, but especially in composition and motive, that, at times, it was difficult to find a much more tangible relation between the two art groups than that of contrast. Yet, historically, the free, beautiful and

majestic naturalism of the art of supreme masters, such as Da Vinci and Michael Angelo, so I learned, was but the culmination of a process of development which had had its beginnings in the very age from which these rigid, uncomely, unnatural relics of the painter's art had come. Curiosity about the process that had wrought this wonderful result led into some highly interesting studies.

This evening I invite you to go back with me and take some glances at the beginnings of those influences which at length brought about the great European Renaissance and, therewith, the rebirth of the natural art in whose growth Da Vinci, Angelo and their peers were made possible. Our special theme is "The Close of the Medieval Art of Painting."

The Middle Ages, you remember, was an era in the history of Europe extending over about one thousand years. Speaking generally, we may measure it as the time included between the Fifth and the Fifteenth of the Christian centuries. Its beginnings came with the conversion of the Roman Empire into an Ecclesiastical monarchy; its close appeared when the Papal Church began to lose universal sovereignty over Western Europe. Medieval Art, therefore, is the art of Europe that was synchronous with the Middle Ages. It was the art that belonged to the centuries lying between the disappearance of what is styled Graeco-Roman, or Classic, Art and the rise of the Art of the Renaissance. Let us put the definition into a form somewhat more pertinent to our subject. Since Art, whatever else it may be, is an expression of the impulses, the motives, the experiences, the ideals of the people among whom it appears, Medieval Art was a bodying forth of the faith, the aspirations, the moods, fears and hopes of the life of Europe while it was under the sway of Christianity, as conceived of and served during the Middle Ages.

To Medieval Christianity, then, we must turn in order to learn what the influences and qualities were that gave to Medieval Art its distinctive character.

Medieval Christianity, like any other historic Christianity was an exceedingly complex embodiment of aims

and agencies interacting with myriad kinds of human life. But there is one word which may be used to specialize its character: above all else, it was actuated by *Otherworldliness*.

Of course, through the thousand years of which we are speaking, men and women could not, any more than they can now, escape from living under the laws of this world. They were compelled, then as now, to engage in the struggle for physical existence. They were, by nature, forced to labor, then as now, for food, for clothing, for shelter; and, then as now, there were multitudes who were ambitious for wealth, power, honors and ease. But, when we have granted all these facts, we must also note that then, as never before or since in Christendom, the dominant motive, upheld to every human being and borne in upon him by countless influences operating in Society, State and Church, was the all momentous necessity to seek in every possible form, *freedom from bondage to this world of matter and of sense*.

As a special stimulus to this motive, giving it vivid intensity during the later centuries of the Medieval Era, was the awful expectation that the world would soon cease to exist. Particularly as the end of the Tenth Century approached, multitudes began to expect the long-prophesied, catastrophe in which the present world was to be utterly destroyed and a new heavens and new earth brought into being. Under sway of this terror the peoples of Western Europe were rigidly held: they were dealt with as denizens of a perishing world; their one aim was set forth as alienation from this earth's life, so that they might the better be prepared for citizenship in the world that was to come. They had received from past ages the "Holy Catholic Church" as their infallible mentor; and their guide into the true life. Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church, absent but soon to return as Judge and Lord of the world, had appointed the Holy Father in Rome as his Substitute during his absence. And the supreme duty of every child of man was, therefore, unquestioning submission to the leadership of Christ's Vicar, the Pope.

Now, imagine the peoples of Western Europe, by means

of imposed decrees and institutions ; through a priesthood, and sanctioned ritual and customs, under the control of this mighty Autocracy.

As far as the Papal Church could, it had broken the bonds that bind human beings to the present world. As far as was possible, it had emancipated spirit from matter ; set the soul free, and enslaved the body. Medieval Christianity was, distinctively, an avowed spurning of Nature. It urged its subjects towards asceticism ; it encouraged monastic fanaticism : it sought to suppress natural physical impulse even by the use of torture ; it sanctified utter contempt of this world.

The consequence of this engrossing emphasis upon the worth of *Otherworldliness* was, of course, of momentous import in all the ranges of thought and work where it was felt. In the realm of Art, therefore, it could not be otherwise than essentially anti-naturalistic ; therefore radically unlike the effect which appeared in the wonderful art of the Classic Age and which appeared again with the return to Nature of the Art of the Renaissance.

Speaking specifically, we see in the Middle Ages so fitting a sequel of its Otherworldly Mood as this:—Since the teaching and the ritual of the all-supreme Church were radically hostile to the natural world ; since visible realities were held to be worth nothing except as they suggested, or could be used to interpret, invisible ideas ; since the things seen were given value only as they directed thought and feeling towards things unseen, the multitudes over which the Medieval Church had charge naturally became, in a high degree, *mystical*. For the same reasons learning and the means and methods of instruction became as inevitably *symbolic*. *Mysticism* and *Symbolism* were qualities, consequently, eminently distinctive of the thought and life of the Middle Ages, and, therein inevitably, of Medieval Art.

After the downfall of the Roman Empire in the Fifth Century, there was for a long time no Art of any kind in Western Europe that could be dignified by the name. And during the “Dark Ages,”—those centuries of servile superstition and ignorance that were passed midway in the

Medieval thousand years,—the treasures of Ancient and Classic Art had become practically unknown. War, pillage, fanatical adherence to the perverted Christianity of the era, had either destroyed them, or put them out of notice and care. Medieval Christendom passed from century to century in a deepening ignorance of science, philosophy, mechanics or of any progressive industry. *The peoples of Europe were helplessly dominated by a mighty organism of tradition and superstition which, avowedly, existed only to prepare the faithful for an order of things that should not be of this world.*

Medieval Art was given its birth and growth just because of this mighty dominance of Otherworldliness. The Papal Monarchy which had been erected upon the ruins of the fallen Empire of Rome, in order that it might the better guide, or the better subjugate to its traditions and dogmas, the impotent, ignorant masses that had come under its control, began to utilize more elaborately, in its cathedrals and chapels, distinctive figures and colors. The artists, who were at the same time official servants of the Church, sought to produce, more than all else, effective *symbols* for the articles of their mystic faith. Their work stood for nothing tangible and real. Their endeavor was to body forth qualities, attributes, spiritual emotions. Their methods led them into crude and often extravagant representations of familiar objects, but only that, thereby, they might make unfamiliar dogmas and traditions intelligible to the ignorant multitudes.

Because of this work, there came into use, in the course of time, a large array of approved *symbols* which through succeeding centuries were elaborated as fit vehicles for the conveyance of the teachings of the Church.

It did not matter so much at first what was chosen to be a symbol as the manner of its shaping. If the color and form but served to convey somehow the needed tradition or dogma, the Church used it and confirmed it. At length there was developed an authoritative catalogue of ecclesiastical symbols. And the symbols most favored were those which, while they served their purpose, were, at the same time, most free from a disturbing likeness to natural things.

Through this very unlikeness to things natural, the other-worldly mood was all the better gratified. The worshipper was not distracted by suggestions of the world of sense.

In Quilter's biography of Giotto, the writer says, "In the art of the Fifth to the Tenth Centuries we find an almost total absence of all study of either nature or man; the former being totally disregarded, the latter represented under rude types which were repeated from age to age without variety or improvement. Pictures were less a representation of an occurrence than a type to recall some subject to the mind." And the eminent art critic and historian, J. A. Symonds, has said, "During the interval between the closing of ancient and the opening of the modern age, the faith of Christians had attached itself to symbols and material objects little better than fetiches. The host, the relic, the wonder-working shrine, things endowed with a mysterious potency evoked the yearning and the awe of Medieval multitudes. The earth of Jerusalem, for instance, the Holy Sepulchre, the sudarium of Saint Veronica aroused their deepest sentiments of awful adoration."

At the same time, in apparent contradiction to this demand for the things of sense as signs of supersensual power, *Mysticism* "opened for the dreaming soul a realm of spiritual rapture." Referring to the art of painting, the same author writes, "Votaries who kissed a fragment of the cross with passion could have found but little to satisfy their ardor in pictures painted by a man of genius. Miracle-working pictures, as we know, are mostly but miserable as paintings." There is a story, pertinent here, told of a later time when the power of the Medieval Church was breaking, and Art was returning to Nature. Fra Bartolommeo, (1475-1517), had painted a "Saint Sebastian" for the cloister of San Marco in Florence. This artist, born of the new age, intended to present to the spectators a picture of a young man, strong and beautiful, who had endured to the end and won the crown of martyrdom. No other ideas than those of constancy, heroism and faith were meant to be expressed; and the artist had manifested them in a natural and beautiful form. But it was not long

before the Dominican Confessors at the monastery learned that the ignorant penitents who came to them had found this picture a stumbling block and snare to their souls. They were forced to remove it from public sight.

Controlled by Medieval Christianity Art was surrounded, consequently, by barriers that prevented all real representations of bodily naturalness, strength, grace and beauty. In his attempts to delineate sacred subjects the artist was unable to render them in any manner human and real. In the established treatment of religious events "hardly ever was there a variation of grouping or the introduction of a new figure." For hundreds of years, for instance, in the exhibits of the greatest event in Christian history, the Crucifixion, "Saint John and Mary stood in the same attitudes at the right and left of the cross, while Jesus, in the centre of the picture, gazed upon the spectators with the placid eyes of divine power." To the end of the Eleventh Century, all natural expression, such as that of pain, was entirely absent from the Divine Victim's face; it was absolutely forbidden by the Church.

We must characterize Medieval Art, therefore, as Art separated, as far as possible, from Nature and natural human life. *It was art servilely subjected to the mystical symbolism of the then dominant Ecclesiasticism.* Its supreme mission was conveyance to the worshipping multitudes of the non-natural, the contra-natural, the otherworldly message to which Medieval Christianity was consecrated.

In this fact lies the clue, the interpreting guide, with which we are enabled to pass understandingly through the confused labyrinth of Medieval Art, and discover the beginnings and development of the influences that, at length, made it a memory only. By means of this guide the enormous heritage of form, color and theme that was produced between the Fifth and Twelfth Centuries, and in part is still present in some cathedrals, monasteries, convents and museums of Europe, becomes luminous with meaning. Truth to form, feature, attitude, place are of course not to be expected among them.

The mystic symbol embodied in them is their reason for

being. Absence of faithfully depicted landscape in them was, of course, no artistic demerit; this world was doomed and perishing, and ought to be ignored. The experiences of the soul; its perils, its aspirations, its struggles, its triumph or doom,—these were the one purpose of artistic portrayal.

The first actual check to the movement of the Middle Ages came in the year One Thousand, and thereby came the first sign of change in Medieval Art. That fateful year arrived; it passed like other years. But millions upon millions of human beings, as they saw it pass, were amazed that this world still remained. Long had it been taught that, in the year One Thousand, the Avenging Lord and Judge, Christ would sweep the earth with destruction; and for this culmination of the ages myriads of terror-stricken souls had been waiting.

Inevitably, then, when it was realized that the long held prophecy had failed, events issuing from a new order of thought and life began to appear and to follow one another in rapid succession.

Before the Eleventh Century closed, the Crusades had been inaugurated. The sacred city of Jerusalem had been captured and put under the sway of a Christian king. Thereafter, for two hundred years, these invasions of Asia by Christian hosts continued. The Crusades, though they wrought incalculable loss of life and property, nevertheless brought Italians, Franks and Teutons into close contact with Greeks, and the Mohammedan peoples who at that time were the world's real conservators of letters, of the sciences, and of natural art. In this way it came about that, in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries, Arab and Greek artists began to appear in Sicily, in Venice and in Florence, brought by Crusaders returning from the East. With the coming of these artists, and also of some Greek and Arabian scholars, new movements were started, which, at length, brought about the momentous era in Western Europe known as "The Revival of Learning," before which Medieval Christianity gradually weakened, and, at last, lost its ancient and absolute sovereignty.

Naturally, then, as part of the revolutionary change

affecting the life of Western Europe, Mediæval Art began to pass away ; and the art of the New Age, the art that came from a return to Nature and to real things had its beginnings.

The development of Modern Art, however, was of slow growth. For a long time it was very feeble and hesitating. *The first signs of the incoming of Modern Painting, for instance, appeared in an improvement of the mural decorations of the Churches.*

In the Thirteenth Century, the power of the Roman Catholic Church was greater than it had ever been. The Pope had become an autocrat who, even in civil affairs, was mightier than any other monarch in Christendom. This surpassing power, among other of its manifestations, was lavish in its art patronage in the cathedrals, churches, and representative ecclesiastical buildings. The most elaborate pictorial decorations were designed and carried forward in them. Places of public worship, thereby, became more than ever the "Bible of the unlearned." Painter and sculptor strove to cover walls, ceilings, facades, portals, fonts, and pulpits with forms and figures showing forth the traditions of prophets, apostles and saints. They burdened them with pictured lessons of faith and piety ; with graphic symbols of the curse of sin ; forewarnings of divine wrath and fore-glimpses of heavenly bliss.

In this outflowering of ecclesiastical decoration at the dawning of the New Age, Painting became the art of arts. Nothing marks the closing period of the Middle Ages better than just this increasing service of the painter to the faith and aims of the Church. As far as the spirit of the time could yield itself to advancing naturalism in Western Europe in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, Painting received from it the impulses which at length opened the way to the splendid career achieved for it in the next two hundred years. And here is a momentous fact ; the very decorations that were profusely displayed in the cathedrals and churches, then, instead of making the fetters of the Ecclesiastical Autocracy stronger, instead of deepening, among the devout, the past ascetic mysticism, really helped to restore to the worshippers a sense of

their own worth, and the worth of the present world and of the life around them.

Among signal illustrations of this sumptuous era of pictorial decoration, we find foremost among them the magnificent Church of Assisi. This church was built in the Thirteenth Century in memory of Saint Francis (1182-1226), the founder of the "Franciscan Order of Friars." Dante, in a description of Assisi, wrote:—"On that side where the mountain slopes most gently, a sun rose upon world; therefore let him who would speak rightly of the place call it not Assisi but Oriente."

This wonderful church, it has been said, is not only the most important art monument of the Thirteenth Century, but is, in its paintings, a brilliant record of the revival of Italian art. Taine describes the church as "risen and gloriously flowered like an architectural shrine over the body of the saint." "That body," he writes, "lies in the crypt which, dark as a sepulchre, holds its tomb. A few brass lamps, almost without lights, burn here eternally, like stars lost in mournful obscurity. But that which cannot be represented by words is the Middle Church, over the tomb. It is long, low and vault-like, supported by small round arches, curving in the half shadow. A coating of sombre blue and of reddish bands starred with gold, a marvellous embroidery of ornaments, wreaths, delicate scroll-work, leaves and painted figures, covers the arches and ceiling with its harmonious multitude. On one hand is the choir surcharged and sown with sculptures: yonder a rich, winding, staircase with elaborate railings,—a light marble pulpit and funereal monuments. Here and there, haphazard, a lofty sheaf of slender columns, whose arrangement seems a phantasy; and in the labyrinth of coloured foliage, a profusion of ascetic paintings with their halos of faded gold.

"The Upper Church, on the summit, shoots up as brilliant, as aerial, as triumphant as the Under Church is low and grave. It tapers its columns, refines its arches, mounts upward and upward, illuminated by the full day of its lofty windows, by the stained glass and golden

thread of stars which flash through the arches and vaults that confine the beatified beings and sacred personages with which it is painted from pavement to ceiling. Time has now undoubtedly undermined them, but the mind immediately revives what is lost to the eye, and it again beholds the angelic pomp such as it first burst forth six hundred years ago." Quilter claims that there is perhaps no building in the civilized world in which so much color-beauty is concentrated as in the Assisi Lower Church. "For six hundred years," he writes, "those walls have glowed like jewels through the dim religious light. They are fading now. But they were fresh and beautiful when Cimabue and Giotto painted them."

Cimabue and Giotto! These are the two names that have been waiting for us ever since we began writing of our theme. These names tell of the two men who, more than all others, were the source of that epoch-making out-flowering of *symbolic* and *mystical* painting which marked the close of Medieval Art; and who were also the heralds and prophetic exemplars of the natural and truer art of the Renaissance.

Cimabue and Giotto! They were of both the past and the future; of the old and the new. From their hands were placed upon the walls, not only of the Assisi Church, but of many churches and palaces in Italy, the great spiritual conceptions that had been dignified and taught in the Middle Ages; but as they did this they so utilized the revived and truer principles of their art that they were really the *forerunners of the legitimate naturalism of Modern Painting*.

Giovanni Cimabue, the medievalist who was also the first of the moderns among painters, was born in 1240, of a noble family in Florence, and lived until 1302. He became a student in the great school of Santa Maria Novella. But, neglectful of his studies, we are told, he habitually stole away to watch the Greek artists who were at work on the Convent Church. This truancy at length caused his parents to put the boy under the care of those foreign painters. With them his genius developed. His work looked at now is poor enough, we must say, compared

with the masterpieces of later art-leaders ; but, at the time, it was so excellent and so daring in its advances that critics have named him "the first of the Florentines," and "the Father of Modern Painting." When he was but twenty-five years old, he was invited to take part in the decoration of the Assisi Church. What he did in both the Lower and Upper Churches, considering all things, was marvellous. His masterpiece, a Madonna, was painted for a chapel in the Santa Maria Church,—the church in which his youthful enthusiasm was nurtured. When it was finished it was carried in triumph about the city amidst rejoicing multitudes

This picture represents the Virgin "in a red tunic and blue mantle, seated in a white draperied chair,—the drapery flowered in blue and gold—the chair supported by six kneeling angels. The infant Jesus rests on the Virgin's lap, clad in a white tunic and purple mantle, holding out a hand in the position of benediction." Naturally, the excellence of the picture is only relative. Only in comparison with the other art work of his day was it marked by great superiority. But that is its merit. Yet, there is, so it is said, a certain natural tenderness and dignity in both mother and child. Cimabue became the favourite of his native Florence, and the pride of Italy. Dante was his friend.

The most interesting incident in Cimabue's life, however, so far as our present theme is concerned, happened in a ride which he took one day over the Fiesole hill. You are probably familiar with the story. Cimabue met there a shepherd boy, who was to be, far more than himself had ever dreamed of becoming, the leading regenerator of Italian Art,—Giotto. The picture of a sheep, drawn by the shepherd lad upon stone with a piece of flint, was the beginning of a career which under Cimabue's skilful guidance soon placed Giotto among the greatest artists of the world.

Giotto was born in 1276, and died in 1337. In childhood, as a sheep-guard, he lived close to nature, and in after life he never lost the ties that were found then. In his work as artist there soon ceased to be any actual

bondage to the artificial Symbolism and Mysticism then dominant. He loved this world and the living things around him. "He took his models from among men and women, and he introduced into his pictures the landscape that he knew, and the sheep, cattle and living things he found there." His great aim was to reproduce that which he saw. In his relation to life generally, we hear that he was "a kindly man, witty, quick of understanding, thoroughly wholesome in character and with a strong love of letters." Among his friends were Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio.

Giotto's most noted works are, probably, some frescoes in Padua, depicting the history of the Virgin and the Christ. "They are arranged in three rows; in all thirty-nine scenes. Medallions of saints stand above, against the blue, star-studded ceiling, and, beneath, are the virtues and vices, single figures, noble in conception and worthy of the tradition that they were the result of the united thoughts of Dante and himself." They are considered to be among the finest existing examples of poetic and intellectual symbols.

But above the high altar of the church at Assisi, the revolutionary art of Giotto appears at its culmination. There the traditional espousal of Saint Francis to Poverty, Chastity and Obedience is pictured. "First, is shown the monk sealing the fortress of Chastity; then, the angel of Obedience laying a yoke upon his neck; and then, the Saint placing a ring upon a finger of Poverty as his bride, while Christ blesses the union. The last portrayal depicts the apotheosis of Saint Francis, enthroned in glory and honored by angels." These pictures are characterized as not concealing any abstruse spiritual meanings, but as being plainly painted for the poor laity to read. The artist presented "the virgin form of Poverty with briars beneath her feet and roses blooming around her head." In a poem that he wrote, he showed clearly that he was free from fanciful monasticism and took a practical view of worldly wealth. In the lines which I quote now he speaks of the poverty which comes to one against one's will. These verses have no trace, in them of the Medieval spirit. Of enforced poverty he wrote:—

"It never can be doubted that therein
Lies broad the way to sin.
For often times it makes the judge unjust;
In dames and damsels doth their honor kill;
It begets violence and villainies,
And theft and wicked lies.
If once the coat give view
Of the real back, farewell all dignity.
Each, therefore, strives that he
Should by no means admit *her* to his sight
Who only thought on makes his face turn white."

Giotto's style in painting was peculiarly original. He represented many Scriptural scenes, and many events in the lives of saints which Medieval artists had never thought to portray. "He shunned imitation. Moreover, he had a strong dramatic feeling. He linked together human and divine things; thus he spoke to the hearts of the people."

It is of little moment that his work was imperfect, as compared with that of the masters of the Renaissance, when we consider the new spirit animating the movement of his brush; his daring invention, and the radical changes he wrought. "His compositions contained much natural detail. He used actual human portraiture. He had the power of illustrating the real meanings of his subjects. Few other painters have exerted so radical and widespread an influence as he." So far beyond all the others of his time was he that, so it is adjudged, no advance beyond him was made for almost a hundred years.

The Medieval Art of Painting practically closed with Giotto and his fellow-workers. He and they had departed so far in motive and in expression from the art of the passing Age, whose life, thought and aspirations they still embodied in form and color, that they were really workers in a new day.

There was but one eminent survival of Medieval Art after Giotto, preceding the full flowering of the Renaissance. The survivor was the angelic brother of the monastery of San Marco in Florence. Fra Angelico, styled "the Blessed," was born near the close of the Fourteenth Century (1387). But very little heed did he take of the new art developing around him. He clung faithfully to the past. Yet, even while he did this, he infused into the old

methods a peculiar and exquisite beauty. *His work was a lovely afterglow of the departing symbolic mysticism.* He was the last faithful servant of the Art which had found its mission in portraying the human soul struggling to live emancipated from Nature and the realm of sense. After him the Art that was blind to this world ceased to prevail, and in its place appeared Art with eyes opened to visions of both heaven and the earth.

Contemporary with Fra Angelico, came the one who first in the history of Painting stands fully turned from the Medieval past, having entered the age that now is,—Masaccio. As the Fifteenth Century opened, in the year 1402, in Florence, Masaccio was born. And Masaccio, though he died at the age of only twenty-seven, became for Art history the fully equipped pioneer of the New Era, the greatest master in the beginnings of Modern Painting. With him Realism completely took possession of the place Mysticism had held ; Nature supplanted arbitrary Symbol. The conventionalities that before his day had appeared in all pictured work were by him wholly ignored. *In Masaccio's achievements* the art historian discerns clearly that *Medieval Painting had at last come to a close*, and that the Painting of Europe's Renaissance and of the centuries since then, had really been begun.

f. Appointment to the Japan Unitarian Mission.—Towards the close of this decade,—from 1880 to 1889,—I had become more and more closely associated with newspaper writing and general literature. I was beginning at that time to think that, possibly, these occupations would ere long engross me, and thereby greatly change my professional career, when, much to my surprise and gratification, I was recalled to active service as a minister by being appointed to the Mission that the American Unitarian Association had been invited to establish in Japan.

I willingly accepted the appointment ; and since then,

for twenty-five years, my main interest and endeavor has been to interpret Christianity to the Japanese people in the liberal and rational form in which it had been disclosed to me personally ; also, in accordance with the letter of instructions I had received from the home Association, to “express the sympathy of the Unitarians of America for progressive religious movements in Japan and to give all necessary information to the leaders of religious thought and action in that country.”

III
SOME RECORDS
OF THE
JAPAN UNITARIAN MISSION
1889-1914

Who serve have life : already they are dead
Who seek no task for hand, or heart, or head ;
 Who smooth no path that following feet may tread;
And, listless, dream when youthful years have fled.

“MEDITATIONS.”

Bangor, Maine, 1875. (?)

PART THREE

SOME RECORDS

OF THE

JAPAN UNITARIAN MISSION.

In the autumn of the year 1889 I came to Japan, one of a group, described herein later, commissioned to establish the Japan Unitarian Mission. I was thenceforward in the immediate service of the Mission until the spring of 1900, when I returned to America.

After a stay of some years in the home-land, during which time I maintained correspondence with my Japanese friends, and visited them for the winter of 1905-06, I came to this country again in 1909 ; resumed charge of the Mission ; and, since then, have been continuously associated with its work.

I shall not venture in these "Memories" upon any specialized record of personal experiences in the very interesting and, in some respects, momentous relations I have for twenty-five years, now, held with this notable people of the Far East. I am not writing an "autobiography," however autobiographical the "Memories" may be. Besides, most of my experiences here, which would especially interest home friends, are already quite well known among them through many letters,

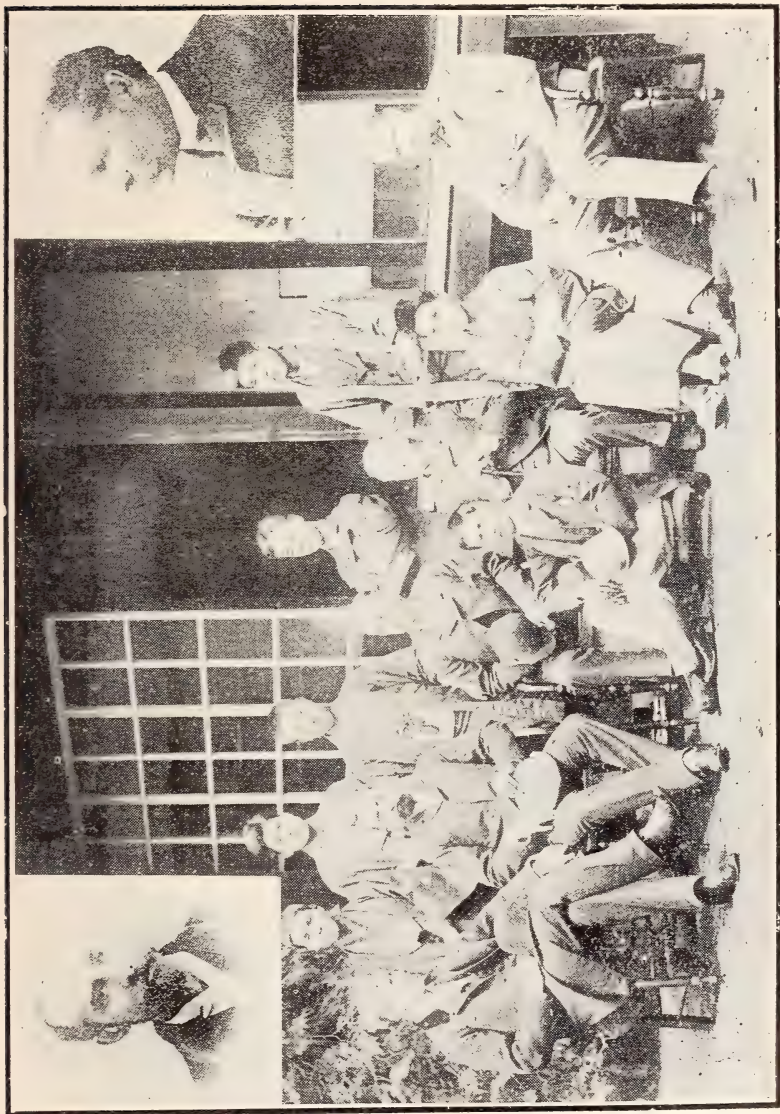
abundant newspaper notes, magazine articles and some books.

Nor need I embody in these pages a detailed history of the Mission. That has been given so copiously in my official correspondence with the American Unitarian Association, and in numerous published reports, that the full story of the Mission's career and work is to be easily learned from them by any who may care to know it.

I desire, however, to bring together among these "Memorials" a few of my more important writings concerning Japan and our Mission, which I have from time to time published, but which now are scattered among various pamphlets and periodicals. They will serve as a measurably good indication of the very eventful, interesting, and instructive response with which the American Unitarians have met the proffered wishes of the Japanese to have among them a representatively free and rational interpretation of Christianity, and of our exposition of the higher, or spiritual phases of Western Civilization.

I.

After I had been four years in Japan, I made a visit to Boston. During the visit, I delivered an address, by special invitation, at a Union Meeting in the Second Church, June 18th, 1893. In this address I summarized the conclusions which I had at the time reached in my study of the Japanese in their religious relations. I reproduce the address to serve as a general preliminary survey here of the distinctive work to which our Mission had been called.



PERSONNEL OF THE UNITARIAN MISSION TO JAPAN, 1889, WITH THE FIRST
GRADUATES OF THE MISSION THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, 1891-92

See "ILLUSTRATIONS" *ante*.

THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM IN JAPAN :

HOW SOLVE IT ?

About eight thousand miles to the west, in the Pacific Ocean, lies a range of islands on which for the past forty years a spectacle has been exhibited which in some of its aspects is the most important, and altogether the most interesting, that modern mankind have witnessed. There, a nation of more than forty millions of subjects, within the lifetime of one generation, has undergone politically almost a complete revolution; has been radically affected by formerly unfelt social forces; commercially and industrially has been carried far in ways it never before knew; and, for those relations which concern the deepest life of man, ethics and religion, has practically lost the guides it once followed, and as yet has found no new leaders whom it will, or dare, trust. The Japanese people, after more than two and a half centuries of isolation from the rest of humankind, have, without preparation for it, been compelled to see their national barriers broken through, and their unique civilization, probably the most complete social order man has achieved, invaded and turned into perilous confusion. In a word, "the island empire" of the Far East has had to endure an irruption of the civilization of America and Europe; its multitudes thereby being confronted with unexpected problems,—problems almost wholly alien to them,—whose demands, however, they cannot now ignore; whose solution they must attempt; upon the solution of which, indeed, depends henceforward national welfare or disaster. Among these problems is one in which we and those who are like us ought to take a solicitous interest:—I mean that which involves religious faith and life. I therefore have chosen for my subject, "The Religious Problem in Japan: how solve it?"

In order to make what I wish to say in answer to this question intelligible, I shall begin at some seeming distance from my theme. The home of the Japanese has had not a little to do with their unique career. Geographically, the Japanese have been peculiarly situated. They occupy a

long group of close-lying islands, extending, if we include lately acquired territory, from the latitude of Labrador to that of Cuba. If, however, by some terrestrial cataclysm the coast of the United States from south Maine to north Florida, as far inland as the Appalachian Mountains, were broken from the continent, tossed almost as a whole into high, jagged peaks and precipitous ravines, and thrust three hundred miles and more out into the Atlantic Ocean, there would be in position and area a counterpart of what may be called Japan proper. And if in such convulsion New England and eastern New York were made an island three score miles distant from land to the south, if Georgia were also surrounded by water, and if the southeastern half of South Carolina were itself insulated with an islet-studded stretch of water like Long Island Sound between it and the main land, then you would have feature for feature the four chief islands on which the people of whom we speak when we say the Japanese have their dwelling place.

When and whence came to these islands those who became the Japanese people no one knows. In prehistoric times, and in all likelihood from northern Asia, there was through Korea, the nearest continental promontory, an incursion of wanderers,—physically short-statured, dark-skinned, round-faced, high-cheeked, broad and flat of nose, and projecting in jaw,—who made places for themselves in the southwest, driving before them the much more undeveloped human-kind already at home there,—the hairy Ainu, who have, all through the nation's history in diminishing numbers, remained a race distinct from their conquerors. Also, in prehistoric times, came bold warriors, whether from the archipelago to the south or from Central Asia, cannot yet be told,—comparatively tall in stature, fair of skin, long in face, scant of hair, high and thin nosed,—who made rapid and extended conquest of Japan, bringing the earlier invaders into subjection to themselves, and driving into the remote North the aboriginal Ainu. These conquerors were the last successful armed invaders of these islands. From the conquerors and conquered, gradually the Japanese people now known to the world

came into being. At the present day, only at the extremes of social gradation,—that is, among the nobility of most ancient lineage and in the menial coolie class,—are copies, I would better say, suggestions, of the original physical types preserved with any distinctness.

The last invaders, in all probability, were the source of the forces under which the Japanese Empire as a social order was established,—that marvellous political organism which from times unknown has continued to operate, unchanged at its vital center, until in the age now present. For twenty-five centuries at least, it is claimed, one Imperial dynasty has been supreme; carried onward in a descent of legitimate rulers nowhere broken. Probably no insignificant agencies in preserving the ancient political order were the peculiar geographical isolation of the Japanese people and the undeveloped art of navigation in past ages; but these agencies did not establish the unique order, or impart to it its distinguishing power. The empire of Japan was the effect of a mighty principle which became ascendant in prehistoric ages; which never was degraded by revolt from among those upon whom it was imposed; and which, until the years of our own generation, never suffered violence from without. The founders of the Empire, in all probability, brought with them a religion in whose fundamental mythology lay the bond which has, all the centuries since, held people and rulers together. This, kept inviolate by geographical isolation and the natural mood of the people accepting it, has made the Imperial house of Japan the oldest now in the world, and altogether the longest dominant in human history. Whether this judgment be true or not, certain it is that when the records of Japan emerged into trustworthy history a little more than a thousand years ago, they disclosed a people believing profoundly that at the head of their government was a Divinely descended being,—indeed a god,—in whose will lay their whole duty and hope.

Fundamental to our present discussion is this fact. Emerging from prehistoric darkness, the Japanese people, we know, were unified by—and in all relations of life, political, social, and individual, directed by—the faith that

in the person of their ruler was a divine being. Consequent upon this faith there had developed among them an unquestioning reverence for all the authorized traditions relating to the origin and career of the Imperial persons. All places with which the Imperial ancestors had been connected were revered and dealt with as holy. Japan was believed to be not only the land favored of the gods, but the sanctuary central in the universe. The celestial hosts, even, had devoted to it their strength, thereby glorifying the national past. The goddess of the sun was eminent among divine beings as direct source of the Imperial line ; and the creator of all worlds was the father of the Sun-goddess. In the Japanese mind no other peoples of the world could approach in dignity or privilege their own heritage and destiny.

But what interests us chiefly in discussing our problem is not that this self-exaltation existed among the Japanese of the far past. Many other peoples have had a like faith and satisfaction. Such mood is natural in the early stages of social evolution. The important fact is that among the Japanese this confidence persisted along with the achievement of one of the most complete civilizations known in the evolution of mankind ; and that this conviction continued even into the present age, to be suddenly confronted with the matured science and philosophy and the alien institutions of America and Europe. Further, the momentous disclosure is now made that, in contact with these, the ages-long conviction of the Japanese people is surely and swiftly going to destruction, and that in its fall the whole civil and social structure, which it has accompanied and has so long sustained, is imperilled. The present crisis, through the happenings of recent years, inevitably came. The development of the crisis could not be prevented when once the long maintained barriers around the Empire were broken down. The supreme question is therefore raised, How shall this people, in losing their faith in a present theocracy, and thereby in the bond of their civil order ; in the inspiration of their literature and art ; and in the basis of their ethics and religion ; accept safely modern self-government, the popular suffrage and

representative parliament, the literature, art, and above all, the ethics and religion of the developing reason of individual men? The problem of religion in Japan has become, therefore, a matter of great concern to any who care for the fate of this ancient empire of the Far East, and indeed, I may say, to all who care for the welfare of humankind.

Let us understand this problem more fully. Japanese religion began, so far as we know, with what was named, when the first historical religious change among the people took place, Shinto, or the "Way of the Gods." Before the sixth Christian century, whatever there was of religion in Japan had its expression in worship of the reigning Emperor and his ancestors, and in an associated cult drawn from an aboriginal nature-worship,—personifications of the ocean, fire, storms, rivers, mountains, and other natural objects and phenomena. In Shinto there never was any definite moral code, apart from the Emperor's will. Outside that the promptings of one's own nature were regarded as the rule of conduct. From the Imperial will naturally went forth, in the course of time, what became practically an elaborate moral code; but that, be it remembered, was always the Emperor's will. Among the ancient Japanese there was also faith in a life after death; but that life was not connected with any doctrine concerning heavens and hells. Immortality, according to Shinto, had no relation to the good or evil men may do on the earth. As far as the middle of the Sixth Century of our era, then, this aboriginal religion afforded the sole range of spiritual and moral life in Japan.

In our Sixth Century, however, a momentous change in the whole life of the people was initiated. The influence of China at that time began to make a deep impression upon the Japanese. Until then, there is much reason to conclude, the nation had been but little more than an aggregation, of varying inclusion, of semi-barbaric tribes, held together by allegiance to the chieftain for the time dominant in the family which they acknowledged as heaven-descended. Among the forces entering from China—forces the most revolutionary that Japan has ever felt, ex-

cepting those now at work there—was the missionary religion of the Orient, the faith and cult of the Buddha.

Buddhism appeared, through Korea, in our year 552, the *avant-courier* of the civilization of Eastern Asia. Not many years after the coming of the Buddhist missionaries, a native Prince Regent was converted to the new faith, and became its effective patron. Priests and nuns in large numbers then made their way into the country. Splendid temples were built; gorgeous religious services were instituted; the populace were fascinated by glittering altars, by the magnificent robes of the priests, by the sonorous ritual and incense-clouds of the new worship; they were overpowered by the eloquence and learning of the new preachers and teachers. The priests shrewdly adapting their doctrine to their learners, the Japanese soon saw their ancient pantheon transferred to the Buddhist divine realm. The Imperial traditions were accepted by, and made part of, the care of the guardians of the new faith. Many of the most ancient gods of Shinto were proclaimed to be but the orthodox deities of India revealed under other names in Japan. The Imperial family itself at last gave allegiance to the foreign religion; and thus, early in the Seventh Century, Buddhism became supreme as the guide of the people's faith and life.

Along with the conquest of Japan by Buddhism, a change almost radical took place in the nation's political organization. The form of government, as the people became civilized, took shape for the most part in accordance with the model disclosed to them in the greater empire of China. Public affairs were divided into several departments and placed under Imperial ministers, to whom large powers were delegated. Moreover, the Emperors, with the ascendancy of the new religion, began to withdraw at early ages from the active direction of the State. In theory the Emperors, desiring to devote themselves to divine meditation and to the enjoyment of their divine privileges free from worldly care, had called to office representatives clothed with wide-reaching authority. In fact, under the new régime the ancient autocracy disappeared, giving way to a mighty oligarchy operated in the Em-

perors' names, and by the force of the Imperial tradition.

By the middle of the Seventh Century Japan had been, as a whole, subjected to the new order of things, social, political, and religious, initiated by the influences which had begun to act upon it a hundred years before. The chief Asiatic civilization of the time had done complete work. The Japanese people had been brought under control of the Buddhism of the North, which preserved for them, in the change, all that was necessary of the ancient native religion and Imperial traditions. New industries and the fine arts had been introduced and were flourishing. Literature had been created, and had entered upon what is now regarded as a classical period. The form of government had become a bureaucracy, under which the Emperor had ceased to be active monarch,—his person withdrawn into a mysterious seclusion, from which it did not emerge for more than a thousand years. From that time, until 1868, the Japanese Empire continued always practically under the form which it then received. But oligarchy as it has been through the twelve centuries past, nothing occurred in the most critical events of the nation's history to loosen the bond which from time immemorial had held the political and social structure together. At the source of whatever religious consciousness has at any time been possessed by the people of Japan, there has always been the one faith that the Mikado, heaven-descended, is God with man; the lord and present guardian of the nation; the agent of celestial favor for them above all other families of men; the divine medium for their welfare in this world and in all ages. The Confucian philosophy, which present but dormant for centuries previously, was started into wide-spreading activity about three hundred years ago, and which until recently prevailed among the scholarly Japanese, did nothing to weaken the oligarchic form of government, or the ancient principle of Shinto, the divine origin and authority of the Mikado. On the contrary, Confucianism, with its fundamental tenets of unquestioning submission to parents and rulers, and its indifference to speculation on theological matters, only strengthened the

traditional bond between the invisible Emperor and his people. Indeed, it did much to perpetuate among the masses the religious sentiment which, during the preceding eight hundred years of Buddhist domination, had been wrought by ritual, sermon, and scripture but more and more deeply into the popular consciousness.

Thus, be it noticed, in the whole career of the Japanese people, from the earliest times down to the middle of the present century, through all the changes which befell them,—by the incoming of the religion of the Buddha; by the incursion of Chinese civilization; by the transition of government from an Imperial autocracy to the rule of an oligarchy; through the struggles of rival clans ambitious of the seat of power and of possession of the Emperor's divine person; through the rise and overthrow of the many great men, the Shōguns, who for more than six centuries were the practical autocrats of the empire; through the dominion in scholarly Japan of the philosophy of Confucius,—through the working of all these influences, be it remembered, the primeval principle remained supreme,—professedly supreme even among the members of the dominant oligarchies, and really supreme among the masses of the people,—that the Mikado came from a divine ancestry, that he is girded with divine authority, and is the absolute lord, spiritual and temporal, of the Empire. Even to-day, when official Japan, in the papers of State, which are laid before the governments of the outer world, styles its ruler "Emperor," the popular speech always terms him the "Son of Heaven."

But the changes which have been taking place in the present generation are the effect of forces far different from those that were active in the farther past. To dull perceptions even, these are fraught with consequences such as had never before been felt, or even imagined. Shinto, Buddhism, and Confucianism have hardly anything in common with the powers directing the Nineteenth Century. Science and modern philosophy have passed through the gates which were forced open by the American Expedition of forty years ago. These, with the individualistic rationalism; the democratic political aims and achievements; the

internationalism of commerce, letters, and arts ; the ideal ethics, and the religious humanitarianism of Europe and America,—these have confronted, with inevitable antagonism, the institutions of that Far Eastern civilization, and have met, with no sheltering shield before it, the popular faith in the Mikado as the “Son of Heaven.”

A like spectacle mankind have never before witnessed. For two hundred and fifty years the Japanese people had had no intercourse whatever with the rest of the world ; and prior to that time there had been no international intercourse for them beyond Asia, excepting in the tragic seventy-five years from 1549 to 1624, when Portuguese and Spaniards by their alien religious teachings had so aroused the self-preservative instincts of the subjects of the “Son of Heaven” that these arose, and in fire and blood destroyed the treason into which Jesuit, Dominican, and Franciscan had betrayed many of their fellows. The present invasion from the West, however, is wholly unlike that which was repulsed at the opening of the Seventeenth Century. Then, faith was arrayed against faith ; patriotism against patriotism ; “the Vicar of Christ” against “the Son of Heaven.” Forty years ago the guardians at the gates of Japan had not physical force sufficient to repel the new Western assailants. Then science met faith ; internationalism confronted patriotism ; allegiance to Pope, Mikado, or any other ruler upon earth had nothing to do with the exactions of Commodore Perry and his followers. A new age for Japan, wholly unlike the ages of the past, was necessarily inaugurated when the Commodore of the American fleet entered the Bay of Yedo and declared that Japan must come into intercourse with the rest of mankind.

This new age appeared in 1854. What has it done for the people upon whom it was forced ? The unique political and social order which had been developing through the many centuries, and which had been practically perfected under the Tokugawas, the last dynasty of the Shōguns,—this, I answer, has lost through this new age its ancient bond, is rapidly disintegrating, and soon will be in visible ruin. Twenty-five years ago the Mikado was delivered from his seclusion in the palace at Kyoto, and re-

stored, seemingly, to the absolute monarchy of ancient times. In fact, however, the restoration was only the sudden rise to power of the great Southern clans of Satsuma and Choshu in the name of the Mikado, and by means of the uplift of the anti-foreign sentiment which had been aroused throughout the nation at sight of the submission of the Shōgun to the demands of the outside barbarians. The weakness of the northern Shōgunate was but the opportunity of foes in the south. The Southern daimiates rebelled, overthrew the Shōgun, and brought the Emperor forward, apparently to resume, after more than ten centuries of retirement, the direction of the State.

Yet, as after events made clear, these very champions of the divine authority of the Emperor and of the old political order soon became actively the responsible agents in developing the present age, an era far more revolutionary of the past than anything allowed by the Shōgunate had been. Once well in power, the ministry of the restored Mikado, and in the name of the Mikado, determined to accept for the nation the political, commercial, industrial, social, educational, and other aims and methods of the aggressive civilization of America and Europe. The restored Imperial reign was named the age of *Meiji*, or "Enlightened Peace." But alas! for the hopes of sincere believers in the faith which had created and sustained Japan through thousands of years as "the Empire of the Gods," if, when they opened the land to the inworking of the new age they thought that New and Old could thus come together without disastrous feud. The Emperor, or rather his ministry in the name of the divine Imperial authority, could grant to the people a constitution, a parliament, popular suffrage, schools for the teaching and development of science, newspapers for the masses, visibility and access to the Imperial presence; but as any one of us can see, this could not be done without at the same time laying the ancient divine authority upon an altar for sacrifice by the very forces thus called into being.

There is no more pathetic act in the history of nations than this unconscious movement to self-destruction by "the Divine Imperialism" of Japan. With the

giving of the constitution the Emperor was forever divested of any claim to absolute power. With the establishment of a Parliament the direction of the government confessedly became thenceforward a resultant of the conflicts of parties. During the three years in which the Japanese Parliament has had existence a continually renewed struggle has been going on between conservative and progressionist, to the increasing advantage of the latter, over the question, Shall the Imperial ministers be responsible for their policy and even their existence to the Parliament? With popular suffrage a new consciousness of independence and personal power has been awakened among the people. In the schools now omnipresent in the Empire, scientific astronomy, geography, geology, chemistry, critical history and literature and philosophy are daily obliterating from the minds of the common people faith in their long-revered mythology and the Imperial tradition. The fundamental political, social, industrial, and other questions of modern mankind are set forth and discussed in the columns of hundreds of daily newspapers, of magazines, of pamphlets, and books, which are read even among the lowly coolies. The people know that the grave-faced gentleman who often rides along the streets of Tokyo with gracious recognition of reverent spectators; who frequently takes part in army and navy manoeuvres; who presides at festival banquets, great and small, and who even diverts himself at the race-course of the foreigners at Yokohama,—the people well know that this man is not at all “the god” who inspired the worship of millions among themselves less than fifty year ago. To this consciousness have the subjects of the ancient “Empire of the Son of Heaven” now come. Those who think at all upon the facts of which I speak will understand that the whole structure in which this ancient empire was embodied is being wrought upon by the forces of the new age to its ruin.

In this New Age, the age of Meiji, what has befallen morality and religion? Much that was not looked for when the new era appeared. One of the earliest acts under the reign which the “Son of Heaven” had resumed was a resolute attempt to make of the empire what it

had been in the most ancient past,—“the land of the gods.” To this end it deprived the popular but imported religion, Buddhism, of the State favor it had enjoyed. “Pure Shinto” must be restored to the whole people with the restoration of the Mikado to the visible throne. From 1871 to 1874, therefore, the forces of the government were employed in disestablishing Buddhism; confiscating for the new uses the ancient shrines which had fallen under Buddhist control, together with their sources of revenue; and in bringing the Shinto temples and ritual anew into popular favor. But the power of the New Age had, even at that time, carried the people beyond the will of men, however exalted. No subject of Japan would have disobeyed a direct command from the Emperor; but in the acts recognized as really those of his ministers, there was not authority enough to compel popular faith or conduct. Buddhism had lost vital stimulus for its adherents; and, in losing governmental support, it fell, never again to rise, however much it might struggle for a footing. Confucianism was involved in the civil and social convulsion which had shattered the ancient institutions of the nation; also Shinto—except as the vehicle of the Imperial Tradition, which itself was soon to be retained but as a tradition—was quickly acknowledged to be gone from among the convictions directing popular thought. Only twenty years ago, so far as the former supports are concerned, morality and religion in Japan were pitifully in want. Habits developed in past ages chiefly upheld them. So far as ancient influences are to be considered, this inherited force has been for the last two decades the only positive agent which has withheld Japan from moral chaos.

All the while, too, Modern Civilization has steadily been going farther and deeper into the social structure and life. It is impossible here to tell the story of this advance of the New upon the Old; but you can easily see how surely the one great conviction from which Japan has hitherto drawn its strength has weakened, and will soon be wholly powerless. You can see, I mean, how certainly, as a vital force, belief in “the divine origin and power” of the Emperor will soon perish. Thereby, you also easily understand how

inevitably the old inspiration to religion and the old sanction for morals are soon to become things of the past. To-day whatever was characteristic of old Japan, if opposed by the science and philosophy of the new age, is already impotent. These, full-armed, have taken inexpugnable possession of the avenues along which Japan must hereafter move. The tradition of a "divine dynasty," with all that is involved in it, must sooner or later lose wholly its now steadily decreasing momentum.

In view, then, of what has taken place in the New Age, evidently a momentous problem for the Japanese people has arisen concerning Ethics and Religion. Without trusted ethical leadership their national future is certainly charged with fatal peril; and without religious sanction I believe that no code of ethics can be made a strong or permanent guide. What, therefore, shall be done with the problem? Shall the Japanese be left to themselves, to find deliverance as best they may; or, shall those who think they can help them go and try to serve them in their need?

We are not called upon to answer these last questions. The answers have already been made. Some Japanese have sought to find for themselves the needed help. Many earnest men and women from foreign lands, bearers of various remedies for the healing of nations, have hastened to the imperilled people to aid, if aid they may. The Utilitarian Ethics of Europe and America, endorsed as the best result of modern science and philosophy, has been carried to Japan, and is widely studied by many there, that they may discover in it the way to social safety and progress. Large numbers of the educated classes are now hoping that the so-called scientific ethics of the West can be put into the place which Confucianism may no longer fill. Then Christianity—Roman Catholic and Orthodox Protestant—has entered the country wherever openings were found, and has offered guides, in the forms of a "Divine Church" and a "Divine Book," as infallible leaders into paths of civil and social security. And Religious Rationalism has also been taken to the confused nation,—its messengers bearing whatever pertinent knowledge they

have received through science and philosophy; yet holding, as complementary to their knowledge, their faith in the ideas and ideals of Religion. With this two-fold help they hope that this people may be guided through their present peril unharmed.

Now, taking under judgment these various offered solutions of the problem we are dealing with, I am led to believe that Rationalized Religion only can really serve the Japanese people. Merely Utilitarian Ethics, associated as it is with the Agnostic Philosophy of our times, does not put this people into a position practically other than that in which they were left by the loss of their inherited faith. It discloses no moral law as essential in human nature. It opens up no range for what we know should be a directing function of man's life,—spiritual idealization. Let a nation become utilitarian in morals and practically agnostic of the objects of religion, and its prospect for social harmony and progress is poor indeed. "By the soul the nations shall be great and free."

I cannot believe, from what I see, that any earth-bound and short-visioned practice, such as must follow the Agnostic Utilitarianism aimed at by some prophets of social welfare now prominent in Europe and America, will ever satisfy, or indeed long hold the allegiance of, this aspiring people of the Far East. Nor, I must also believe, has Christianity, as offered by the Church of Rome, or as taught by the missionaries of Orthodox Protestantism, a wide-spreading career before it in Japan. Rather than accept the Pope of Rome as the "Vicar of the God-Christ," to dictate for them their social, ethical, religious life, the Japanese, I am sure, would always continue to submit to their own Emperor as a "God." They have been forced to believe that the Emperor is a man; but with the sublime belief of their ancestors still dear in memory, they surely will not let any alien Monarch take the sacred place which in their own sanctuary they have seen vacated. Such act would be in the Japanese imagination the most terrible outrage the nation could suffer. It was not much more than an intimation of such usurpation as a coming event that caused the expulsion of the Roman Catholics from Japan in the

Seventeenth Century and induced the Government of that time to shut up the land against the whole outer world. "The Vicar of Christ" may not ascend the throne of "the Son of Heaven."

And hardly any better than the prospect of the Church of Rome in the "Empire of the Rising Sun," is the outlook for Christian Orthodoxy,—I mean for the Creeds of the Churches of the Protestant Reformation. To the educated classes of Japan, not only are the Orthodox Christian doctrines which set forth the total depravity and ruin of human nature; the way of salvation from eternal suffering by reception of Divine favor secured through "the atoning blood-sacrifice of God's Son on Calvary;" and the eternity of conscious human life in heaven or in hell,—not only are these and associated doctrines considered to be no advance upon the speculations of the Buddha, which declare existence itself to be an evil; which point out the way of salvation through gain of personal purity and in increasing freedom from ignorance and the illusions of life, until everlasting peace is obtained in the desireless, passionless Nirvana; but the Christian doctrines are judged to be even far below in philosophic worth and moral stimulus those which came from India.

More than this, most Japanese, as they have learned Christianity, believe its doctrines to be, fundamentally, morally inferior to their inherited faiths. For example, the injunction, "Leave even father and mother for Christ's sake" strikes at the very source of the bond of Japanese society. Filial obedience and loyalty,—which in Japan are, we might say, interdependent principles, mutually including and inclusive,—the Japanese cannot imagine weakened or powerless without consequent social disintegration and death. Yet further, the Japanese as a nation, having become in recent times rationalistic to an extraordinary degree, can no more easily now accept, as infallible, the Bible which contains the cosmogony related in the Book of Genesis; and the contra-natural records preserved in many places in it, from the primitive anthropomorphism of the Garden of Eden and the Deluge

to the miracles connected with the birth and death of Jesus ; than they can longer believe in the cosmogony and theocratic Imperialism transmitted to them in their own national traditions. Merely as an observer of the intellectual and spiritual development of mankind, I must say that the outlook in Japan for Orthodox Christianity, as a national influence, is hopeless. Its rise to dominion over the people is necessarily estopped by its uncompromisable conflict with modern science. I do not mean that Christianity bearing the name Orthodox may not have a wide sway in Japan. Sufficiently rationalized,—and among Japanese Christians belief, at present in large measure, takes form as Liberal Orthodoxy,—Christianity may do much in guiding multitudes into a helpful faith and life.

My conclusion is, therefore, that only in religion rationally conceived and harmoniously associated with man's growing knowledge,—only here, if anywhere, lies the way by which the religious problem in Japan may be solved. Under the guidance of rationalized religion the Japanese would not be summoned before an external authority ; they would not be confronted with ecclesiastical or confessional tradition which they should be required to accept without knowing whether or not it had been transmitted to its bearers under unquestionable sanction. Offered a rationalized religion, they need only the witnessings of their native spiritual consciousness, complementing demonstrable knowledge, to enable them to decide whether or not the doctrine is true. Here, then, lies hope. The problem before us, if solvable at all, can be solved, I am persuaded, only by those who can convince the Japanese people, in the presence of that which man knows, by the co-operation of the instincts and needs native to the individual soul, of the reality and worth of the fundamental ideas of religion,—God, the Soul, and Duty. Do not think, however, that I believe this hope can be speedily or easily carried to fruition. Far from it ! The Japanese have not been a religious people in the high sense in which we conceive the words. I do not think that at any time in their history they have had what we would call an exalted soul-consciousness ; a sense of the ideals we

name spiritual; a personal possession by that Presence which filled the vision of Isaiah and Plato, and Shelley and Wordsworth. They have never apprehended one infinite and eternal Being as omnipotent, omnipresent Power, Mind, or Holy Spirit,—the Source, Guide, and Providence of the Universe. Shinto never taught them that; Buddhism ignored such consciousness; Confucianism had nothing to do with. Nor has ethics appeared to them as dependent upon a law of right immanent in the nature of things; as part of the method by which Humanity is evolved and perfected. Also the sense of personality has not been, with them, that of a real individual, persistent through all changes, surviving, as a spiritual unit, the dissolution of the body. In this meaning of the words I do not think the Japanese have ever been a religious people. They have risen no higher in their thought of God than personifications of the localized powers and events of Nature; and glorified apotheoses of their Emperors, heroes, and sages. Their ethics have been rules of conduct which had no relations separate from purely practical and utilitarian personal interest, except as modified by Imperial decree. Of course I generalize broadly. However, these are, in the main, the facts which have been characteristic of the history of religion and ethics among the Japanese. Naturally they make reception of the faith, which I have set forth as the way out of the perils which now threaten the people, very difficult. Yet, difficult though the work needed in their behalf may be, I repeat my confidence that if the religious problem which has been raised for them by the revolutionary new age into which they have been forced is to be solved at all, it can be solved only by those who may be enabled to arouse in them through their native spiritual faculties the higher religious consciousness, in connection with what growing science has taught.

To illustrate: if we could make clear to the many earnest young Japanese scholars who in recent years have found a large measure of satisfaction in "the Doctrine of Evolution,"—Spencerism may almost be named the gospel of the modern Japanese intellect,—if to these earnest evolutionists it could be made clear that Mr. Spencer really emphasizes the

ultimate God-consciousness in his "Doctrine of the Unknowable," the path to a realm of faith and aspiration hitherto untraversed in Japan would be opened. The Japanese have not as yet begun to perceive the implications of the datum fundamental in the philosophy of the European thinker whom at present they admire most, and whose words they most frequently repeat. Further, if such all-inclusive generalizations as unity, order, progress, wisdom, which are necessary to "the Doctrine of Evolution," could be made to appear to them as but signs of the methods by which God directs the course of the Universe, a wholly new ethical theory would thereby be made possible. Thus advancing through science and the philosophy of science to an essential Theism, the way would grow clearer for an approach to the sublime doctrine, vital in the religion of the West,—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. These doctrines once made clear, as legitimate inferences from the best knowledge man has gained, the way would lie open for a confident emphasis of the supreme worth of "the law of love" as it was taught and shown in the lives of the Christ and his fellow-prophets who have pointed mankind to this as the law by which they should live in order to reach perfected human welfare. Those who would rescue Japan from the dangers which have come through the sudden breaking up of the ancient faith and institutions of its people by the conquering civilization of America and Europe, I therefore believe, can do nothing better than appeal from knowledge, and their own faith through knowledge, directly to the soul. If the soul of this people of the far East can once be really aroused, in Japan as here, many will acknowledge and seek to realize the Divine Ideals which have for ages shone before humanity, and which are at last to lead mankind to sublimer heights of truth, goodness, and beauty than can now be even imagined.

But why is it your and my duty to take upon ourselves the long and arduous task of which I speak? I am asking you, who see the poverty and peril in human life bereft of religion, and who believe in the natural power of the human soul to apprehend God and to develop divine life.

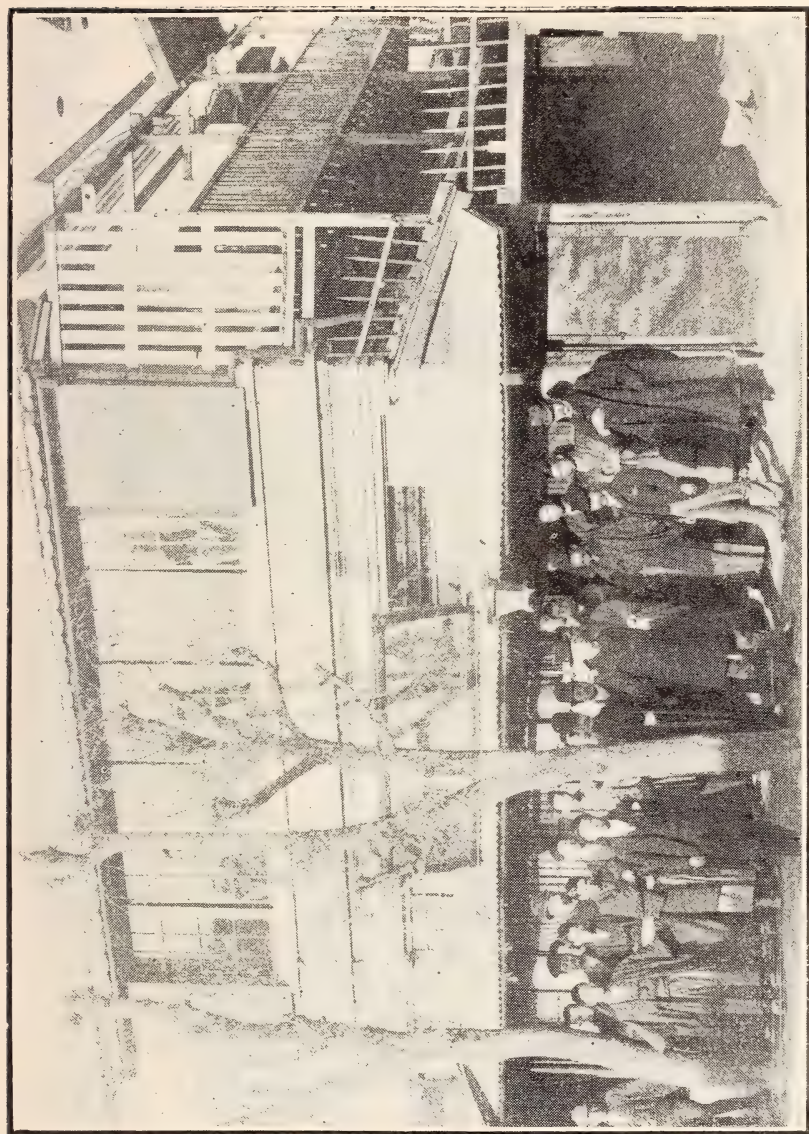
Surely, we should no more hesitate to go to the help of a nation endangered as is Japan than we should hesitate to succor it were it stricken with physical famine. Moreover, when we remember that it was we of the West—yes, we of these United States—who sent war-ships across the ocean, and by our superior physical force broke away the barriers which that people had erected two hundred and fifty years before, against the invaders from Southern Europe who sought to destroy the political and social structure then existing, our responsibility becomes definite and direct. Not the Japanese, but we, the people of the United States, are they who overthrew that Empire's defenses and let in the hosts before which the Mikado as the "Son of Heaven" lost celestial authority, and which thereby exposed the whole social order, dependent upon that authority, to destruction. Having compelled this crisis, so long as the word "Humanity" is a higher word to us than "American," our duty certainly lies in our doing the best in our power to save this people from graver consequences; and especially so to serve them in their perplexity over the greatest of all their problems, Religion, that they may find prosperity and peace.

* * * * *

This is my answer to our question. In accordance with this answer the Unitarian Mission to Japan has been organized and is at work. I have not the time now, nor is this the place, to describe in detail just what the Mission has done, and what special signs of welcome and of promise have met its efforts. These things have been fully set forth in our reports, published by the American Unitarian Association and in the columns of our periodicals. But I may say here, in general, that gradually the Japanese are becoming convinced that among the foreign religious organizations which have offered them their services, the Unitarians are typical rationalists, and are sincerely seeking to learn only what is true concerning the high interests of Ethics and Religion; and to devote such truth to the service of the people. Naturally, we have not, as a Mission, been accepted as the nation's guide. Unitarianism, as an organization so named, may never direct

the religious life of Japan. Yet, I am confident that our Mission, together with—I dare claim—the missions of the Universalists and the German Evangelists, are distinctively prophetic of an era for the Japanese people as yet unknown,—an age of deep spiritual awakening; of a rational and scientific illumination; of the life of the soul; of an age of the development of a real and full God-consciousness and of the recognition of an ethical sense, dependent not upon varying pleasure or utility, but upon a law of right essential in human nature and disclosed as becoming dominant in the course of human life. With this confidence steadily growing stronger, the work in Japan has become a privilege and an inspiration to me and to those who work with me. A more important office, a service to human kind grander in possibilities or more welcome, as these become clearer, I cannot imagine. Face to face with the score of young men who through the past year have listened to the message of the teachers in our “School of Liberal Theology;” young men in some of whom, I know, a soul-life has been aroused kindred to that which you, heirs of the faith of the Hebrew prophets and of the Christ, have received, I see possible apostles who may do—who can tell in what splendid measure?—uplifting service to the people of whom they have been born. In our magazine, and in our books and pamphlets we have labored under the conviction that we are taking part in guarding an empire from disaster. We cannot speak word to ear with the hosts who surround us, but the messengers we send forth in our stead are urged to bear high in memory the charge that they are sent to lead their people into the way made safe and grand by faith in God and by the growing power of the soul.

Our work all around is difficult—it bears continually upon brain and heart; but it is, for all that, sublime and unfailing in inspiration. I am even bold enough to say that the American Unitarians have undertaken nothing of greater importance, considered in all its relations, than just this Mission to the people of Japan. Far larger is it in its scope than any mission you have made to any place, or for any place, or for any interest in this land; it includes an empire. In a sense, more important is it than any mission



FIRST HOME OF THE JAPAN MISSION, HACHIKANCHŌ, TOKYO, 1890-91

you might establish among peoples whose heritage has been Christian; and who have breathed an atmosphere of science, high philosophy, and religion their lives throughout. Moreover, as I have said, this Mission is eminently your duty; imposed upon you, whose own kindred broke down the nation's defences and laid the people open to the iconoclastic invasion of the spirit of the present age.

I therefore submit to your judgment this answer to the question in my theme; and my plea for the support of those who are giving of the best they have to realize this answer in a people's thought and life. A religious problem of vital moment has been forced upon Japan. Let the solution of this problem here offered be allowed a free and full trial, I plead. Do not allow it as your duty merely:—see, indeed, a splendid privilege for you in being enabled to give this service to our fellow-men in their need.

II.

In June 1897, I published in the *Christian Register* of Boston the following report, previously read to the annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association. It contains a measurably adequate record, in general, of the history of the doings of the Unitarian Mission through the years since I had delivered the foregoing lecture on Japan's Religious Problem.

SIGNS OF PROMISE IN JAPAN.

After an absence of four years, I welcome with great pleasure this privilege of making to you in person my report as your representative among the people of Japan. During these four years my work has been done in association with a series of events among the most important happening in this most notable epoch of Japan's history. In these years the Japanese people have been subjected to what is, practically, a new national consciousness.

Three years ago they passed through a successful war with the Chinese, in old times their guide in religion,

morals, law, science, and art; and from their victories they secured large accessions of territory and treasure, and awoke to a grand sense of power, of opportunity, and of possession of complete international right. At the same time, this exalted national mood was put under severe restraint by a mandate from some of the Great Powers of Europe forbidding to them their expected enjoyment of the spoils of their victory; specifically compelling them to resign their occupancy of the Liautong Peninsula of China and their protectorate of the Korean Kingdom. Yet, ministering to their self-satisfaction during this eventful time, the chief longing of the people, cherished and seeking gratification for twenty years and more,—that is, the revision of the treaties forced upon them by the fleets of America and of Europe forty years ago,—was realized, and the brand of inferiority among nations, indeed of political impotence, was effaced. Through the new treaties which are to come into operation within two years, the Japanese will at last attain to an international dignity and responsibility like that possessed by any of the world's Powers. The reproach of extra-territoriality, or the legal independence of the foreign resident in Japan, will be finally removed; the full privilege of participating in international counsellings will be secured; and the shame of being ignored and despised as "Asiatics" and "Mongols" will have disappeared. In consequence of this altered relationship of Japan to the acknowledged Great Powers, the Japanese people, with assured self-confidence, have been moved by new and wide-reaching ambitions. Now, they are confident, their country will soon be accepted as a member of the supreme alliance among nations, sharing privileges and responsibilities that are as large as the globe. Their own future development is to be carried forward in connection with a really reciprocal international intercourse. In a word, among the Japanese people, within the past four years, a world-sense has become strong and dominant.

Then, a further development of the immediate past in Japan is the near approach to self-government the people have made. Last year the struggle for party supremacy, unceasing throughout the seven years in which there has

been an Imperial Parliament, came to an end in the triumph of the party that has been agitating in the interests of democracy. Henceforward, the Imperial ministry will not change with the varying successes of the factions in the oligarchy that has hitherto been the adviser and director of the Emperor's will; but it is to take power, or resign it, as one or another great popular party may be in control in the Parliament. It is difficult to measure the meaning of this political revolution. But one can see in it that the last of the old autocratic régime, the reign of the clans and of hereditary nobles, is gone, and that the day of the common people has come.

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Too much was claimed in the above paragraph. The movement in favor of party government had been actually begun then. But the later oligarchic resistance was so strong that only in very recent years can it be said that party government has become a regulative political factor in the Empire.

* * * * *

Again, as a natural accompaniment of this progress in their politics, the Japanese have felt the beginnings of a new economic life. Industrially and commercially, during the past four years, this new life has impelled the people toward ventures of a magnitude and scope such as were never before attempted, probably not even thought possible. The great cities, like Tokyo and Osaka, have become busy manufacturing centers. Within a few years, as seen from heights near by, their look has wonderfully changed. The low roof-lines, seen only a decade ago, topped here and there by temple and pagoda, are now broken everywhere by tall chimneys, rising over cotton and silk mills and various sorts of other factories; while clouds of coal smoke darken the air which was almost clean even in my memory of seven years. Out in the country everywhere are increased acreages of rice, wheat, barley, maize, and other grains. Even the mountain uplands are beginning to give way to the spade and the plough.

Then, you all know how in commerce the new spirit has begun to seek a world-wide reach. Steamship lines have not only been put into operation to monopolize the coast-wise trade; but in near and far Asia, even in Europe, in Australia, and in our own domain, already "the Flag of the Rising Sun" may be seen; the advance standard of coming fleets, if the new Japanese will can have its way. Some banks of Japan have recently spread their branches into some of the great financial centres of Europe and America. Japanese chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and agricultural exchanges, are systematizing and expanding the country's production, manufacture, and home and foreign commercial distribution. The last significant international venture of the new Japan has been the ranging of its financial operations alongside those of London, Berlin, Paris, and New York, by the adoption of a gold standard, to be in force from the autumn of the present year.

Yet more to be noted here as sign of the new national consciousness, is the general social transformation taking place. Expansion and diffusion of intelligence go on with increased speed. Book making and buying is one of the commonest effects of this factor in the popular change. On the streets of Tokyo, book-stalls abound and flourish, even more than in Boston. The books on sale, deal chiefly with the writings and things of Occidental lands. Much that one finds in print, moreover, is in the English language,—now the prevailing foreign language in the office, school, and shop. The science, art, and letters, and the political and social theorizing and experimenting of Western peoples are thereby fast finding way into the thinking of the populace. Besides, the domestic habits of the common folk are undergoing important modifications. The grade of household living is rising. Ordinary laborers and servants are all receiving increased wages. Hitherto unknown needs are felt in the homes, and new expenditures are dared. The simplicity of family life,—so much praised by observers in former years,—is fast disappearing, giving way to a complex comfort and luxury. A marked present tendency in the social

economy of Japan is to engender as troublesome and as dissatisfying a social mood and habit as that which we people of the West have brought upon ourselves.

Noticeable, too, is the unrest and often struggle that have of late appeared in some of the most powerful and wide-spread religious organizations. For years now, some of the Buddhist sects have been disturbed because of dissensions occasioned by awakings among them to new thought and to new desire, compelled by the new spirit that is abroad and leaves nothing it can affect untouched. Buddhist reform literature has increased to an extent seriously formidable to the Buddhism of ancient tradition. The officers of such important sects as the Jodo and the Shingon have lately been invoking governmental interference to quiet the troubles among them started and continued by malcontents, new-light men, and zealous reformers. During the winter just past, the most widely extended sect of all, the Shingon,—whose abbot, an Imperial descendant, is the Japanese pope,—has attracted to itself the attention of the empire on account of an almost successful radical reform agitation that has been disturbing it from the throne to the temple threshold. Religiously, Japan is no longer quiescent, content with ages-long-held traditions. A life hitherto unfelt is astir in Shintoism and Buddhism ; as well as in the home, in the market-place, in the factory and shop, in the Parliament, and even within the sacred precincts of the Imperial court.

In close contact with,—indeed often in intimate interaction with,—this new vital force and movement, the Mission of the American Unitarian Association has been at work.

1. How the Mission has been equipped for its service, I suppose you know well ; but, as a matter of fresh record, let me recall here the agencies at our command.

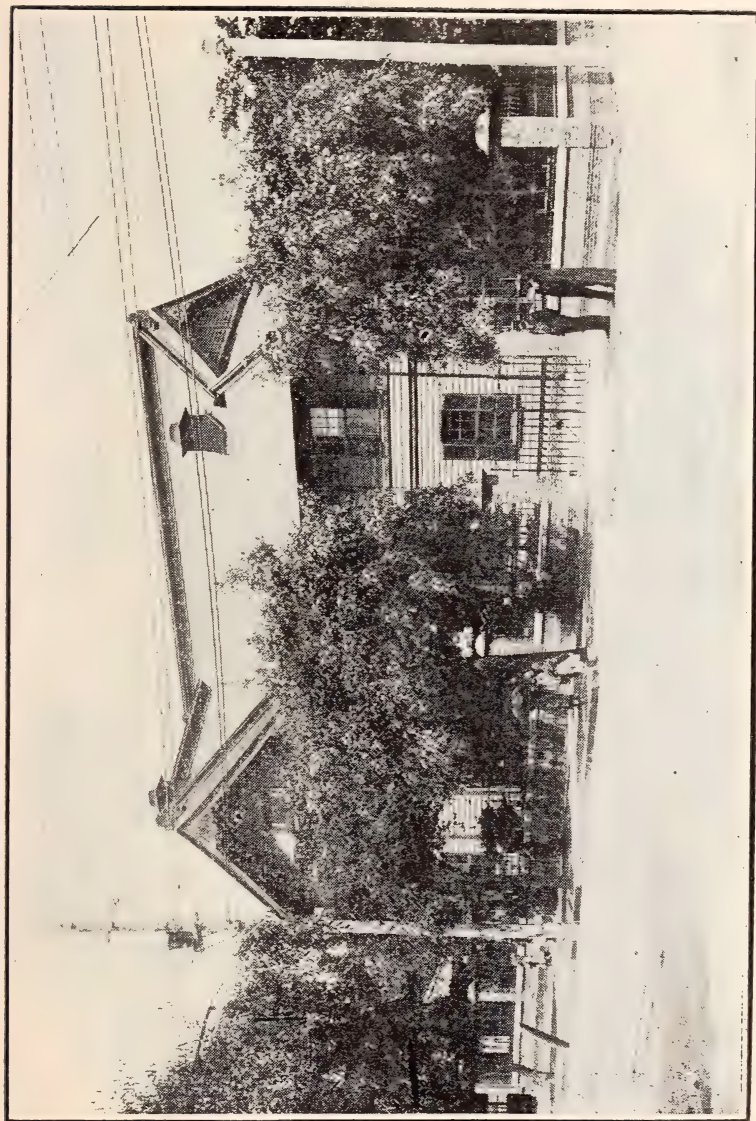
Three years ago we completed and occupied Yuitzu-kwan (Unity Hall) as the headquarters of our Mission ; an attractive and commodious building, itself a commendation of the things we attempt to do. The Hall stands on a generous lot of ground on one of the chief thoroughfares of Tokyo, and is generally admired for an exceptionally good architectural effect. Within, it is much praised for

liberality and convenience, and for the taste and simplicity of its furnishings. All the agencies of the Mission are now located in this hall.

There the Japan Unitarian Association has its offices. This association was organized and is officered wholly by the Japanese. Its work for the present consists chiefly in the conduct of a large correspondence, meeting and counselling with many inquiring visitors, advising and serving its inland agents, and, in general, in maintaining an oversight of the varied movements of the religious thought and life of the Empire through literature and common popular report. Mr. Saichiro Kanda is the acting secretary of the association. In the assembly room of the Hall each Sunday and once during the week, the First Unitarian Church of Tokyo has its meetings. Mr. Jitsunen Saji, descendant of many generations of Buddhist priests, is at present pastor of this church.

Unity Hall holds also the office of your Mission's magazine, *Shukyo* (Religion), a monthly publication devoted to a free but reverent discussion of religion, ethics and social science,—in fact, of all matters bearing upon the development of the higher life of the Japanese people. Mr. Nobuta Kishimoto, a graduate of Harvard Divinity School, well known to some among you and to readers of the *New World*, is *Shukyo's* editor.

In the Hall is also our Department of General Publication, under whose charge translations of pamphlets and books are made, and the distribution of the Mission's literature is supervised. In our storerooms we have good stocks of the best literature that we have judged could be made useful in our important work. It includes in the Japanese language, besides quite a number of bound volumes of our magazine, a "Service Book" for church worship, prepared by H. W. Hawkes of England; Dr. Clarke's "Steps of Belief"; Dr. Bixby's "Crisis in Morals"; Dr. Pfeiderer's "Essence of Christianity"; Kanamori's "Present and Future of Christianity in Japan"; Saji's "Three Addresses on Religion"; and the Unity pamphlets on "Channing," on "Parker," on "Emerson," and on "Martineau." Less in size than the



YUITSUKWAN (UNITY HALL), MITA, TOKYO, JAPAN, 1894

books just named are A. M. Knapp's "Unitarian Principles"; "The God of Evolution," by Dr. M. J. Savage; "Jesus Christ," by H. W. Hawkes; "Life of the Bible" and also "Unitarianism a Promise," by W. C. Gannett; also, by Clay MacCauley, are the "Threefold Standard of Unitarianism," "In what Sense are Unitarians Christian?" "The Fellowship of Religions," "Christianity in History," and "The Present Dangers and Needs of Japan." We have too, several issues of the Japanese "Unitarian Year Book," by Mr. Kanda and Clay MacCauley, and a "Declaration of the Principles" and the "Constitution of the Japan Unitarian Church" by a committee of the church. With these publications, all in the Japanese language, we have quite a number of copies of the American Unitarian Association's volumes of Channing's "Works" and "Life;" and many of the Association's tracts, for which more Japanese readers than you may suppose can be found. At the present time, there are on hand in all about twenty-five thousand copies of our twenty-three separate publications. But frequent new editions of several of these writings are published; and from year to year, as our limited means allow, we add to our list other books and pamphlets of special value, dropping some that may have done their best service. When I left Japan in March, there were ready for the press translations of Prof. John Fiske's "Everlasting Reality of Religion;" Secretary Batchelor's "Religion its own Evidence"; and a "Unitarian Manual," compiled by Mr. Kanda, chiefly from the handbooks prepared by Dr. Savage and Mr. Dole and from some writings of my own.

Next among the agencies housed in Unity Hall is our Post-office Mission, under charge of Mr. Saji and an assistant,—an agency of remarkable interest and effectiveness. Mr. Saji's work has been of such noticeable value that some of the Orthodox missions have taken his methods as guides for the circulation of their own literature, and with acknowledged success.

Then last, but by no means least, our Hall contains rooms for the classes of *Senshin Gakuin*, the "School for Advanced Learning," probably more widely known in

Japan than is the Meadville School known in the United States. Besides, our assembly room is always open for meetings, not specifically ours, that are under the direction of approved workers for charities, philanthropy, or the higher general welfare. Mr. Hajime Onishi and Mr. Nobuta Kishimoto are, respectively, dean and secretary of the *Senshin Gakuin*.

The Japan Unity Hall is thus, you see, a full and busy place. It holds the tools with which your representative and eleven associates work ; namely, the "Japan Unitarian Association," Tokyo's "First Unitarian Church," our "Magazine's office," our "Publication Department," our "Post-office Mission," and the "School for Advanced Learning."

2. Having these agencies at our disposal, the Mission's work is steadily carried forward. It is difficult to select any one of our departments as being of greater importance than the others ; but perhaps in immediate effect the Department of Publication is farthest reaching and most productive, with the least outlay of labor and money. In correspondence, for example, our secretary and the superintendent of the Post-office Mission find much to do and plenty to arouse their deepest interest. Mr. Kanda last year answered more than twenty-one hundred letters of specific inquiry about religion, Christianity and Unitarianism ; and Mr. Saji in his post-office work dealt with nearly as many more correspondents. Altogether more than three thousand letters from persons seeking knowledge or spiritual help found response from us. And these letters presented by no means only formal, or simple inquiries. Their questions range over the whole domain of tradition, science and philosophy in their bearings upon spiritual faith and life. To answer these questions has demanded far more wisdom and knowledge than any of us have, or can gain. To many correspondents we could express only our beliefs, or hopes, and confess with them a common ignorance. The letters are a suggestive comment upon the importance of the work we are trying to do. To illustrate, I will repeat a few of the inquiries made.

"What is the difference," ask many, "between religion and morality from the Unitarian standpoint?" Others

wish to know, "If moral development has been thorough, why is there any need of religion?" One correspondent puts this problem: "Some prominent Christians say, Unitarianism has no organizing power, but that it supplies materials with which religious organizations may work. Now does this statement mean that organization is not the object of the American Unitarian Association Mission to Japan? Or, is the statement true only of Japanese Unitarianism? Or, is it true of the essential nature of Unitarianism wherever it appears?" "Do Unitarians and the Orthodox," queries one, "differ in their theories of morality?" These questions, however, are simple compared with the many that are like those which I now repeat. One puzzled thinker wrote: "The ignorant man does what we believe to be wrong. But the ignorant sinning man did not create himself: he is Nature's creature. Must not Nature, then, be responsible for the deeds these men do in their ignorance? Almost all sin comes from human weakness, or from man's lower life, which is antecedently God's creation. Must not God, then, be responsible for all human action, whether it be good or bad?" Then, who can put problems harder to answer than these? "Are matter and force, or universe and God separable? Are there any facts to show that God or force exists without matter or universe? When God's existence cannot be known without the universe, is it right to think that the universe is God? Is there any need for worshipping force? And, if man is part of the universal force, what reason is there for the part to worship the whole?" One of our correspondents wished to know "Whether man and the other creatures have now stopped their physical evolution?" Another was disturbed by this riddle, "If the world is not created for man chiefly, why is it necessary for man to serve God when none of the other creatures seem to be bound by religious faiths and ceremonies?" Of course, among the correspondents are many who subject the mysteries of Theodicy to our supposed superior knowledge, as, for instance, in this question: "Why is it in a merciful world so many die and so few live? And why does not Nature produce a full number of creatures,

and let them live forever?" Another wonders "Why God's mercy seems to us so cruel?" And another asked, "Can justice and mercy be brought together in thought without each destroying the other?" I will quote but one more from among the many suggestive questions received. A correspondent troubled about the recent doings of the Great Powers of Christendom wrote: "Since the Golden Rule was given to the world we measure twenty centuries, but the world's wars do not become fewer. Now do you think that such a law as that of the Golden Rule can conquer the world? Has it any living power among the nations of Europe?"

These quotations I make from letters received in the office of the Mission's secretary. In the Post-office Mission, as a rule, more common and specific inquiries concerning the Christian creed and life appear. About two-thirds of our writers are Buddhist students, government school-teachers, and general scholars; the other third consists of merchants, bankers, farmers, soldiers, and artisans.

Along with written replies to the letters, we generally send selections from our stock of tracts, pamphlets, and books. Last year there were distributed in this way more than twenty thousand of our smaller publications, and more than one thousand copies of our books. But, in practically the same service, we sent more than nineteen thousand copies of our magazine. Altogether, say forty thousand copies of publications, devoted to matters bearing upon the higher thought and life, during the year found places from us among the thoughtful people of Japan. Mr. Saji, reporting to me about the Post-office Mission, says that last year he gave to inquirers calling upon him at his office more than five thousand pamphlets and books. Commenting upon this fact, he writes: "Judging from the appearance of those who called upon me, I have no doubt that those who received the tracts occupy positions above the middle class;" and then he adds, "I am glad to note that in my letters it is generally recognized that the Unitarian movement is the one most just and true among the religions of Japan. At any rate, it is the plain fact that

there is hardly a person in the country who is not aware of the existence of the Unitarian organization, and that it is governed by the principle of casting aside all effete ideas and doctrines, and cleaving to that which is noble and beautiful in order that we may gain new life in new religious aspirations. It is not too much to say that the phenomenal change during the year 1896 in the religious field, showing itself in union meetings of the Buddhist and Christians and in the attempt of the revolutionary party of the Hongwanji to reform the management of the sect, have been directly or indirectly influenced by our principles "

Mr. Saji's report contains much else of great interest to all who care for our Japan work ; but I cannot further use it now, except to note that after his commendation of the methods suggested to him for carrying on his department he says :—" I feel satisfied, when we consider the amount of money allowed for the Post-office Mission expenses during the last two years, that within that limit the work has made a marked progress. I am proud to say that the idea of newspaper advertising and tract circulating was originated by the Unitarian Mission, and thus far we have secured a wonderful success. I sincerely hope you will plainly state the present condition and the immediate need of this ' Oriental child of the truth,' and let the Macedonian cry be heard among your generous countrymen." In this connection it may interest you to know that the circulation of our literature for the past two years has been self-sustaining. During this time we have made no unsought gratuitous distributions. In answer to our advertisements, correspondents are expected to send sufficient postage for prepayment of whatever literature we give them. We have received for this purpose in two, three, and four *sen* stamps, generally from thirty to fifty dollars and once as much as seventy dollars in one month.

A word now concerning our Magazine. This magazine has become one of the acknowledged best media for the religious and moral forces operating in the Empire. Mr. Kishimoto is an able writer and editor, and he has the co-operation of the prominent thinkers of the country. Only

a few days ago, in the last copy of the *Japan Mail* received here, I read in a "Review of the Religious Press" for the month this item:—"The latest number of the *Shukyo* presents its readers with a very learned and varied programme. The subjects are of wide range. This magazine is, in our opinion, unequalled in the comprehensiveness of the subjects it treats and diversity in the method of treatment. Mr. Iizuka discusses 'The Great Blow dealt to Conservative Theology by the Theory of Evolution,' Mr. Fujita, 'The Influence on the Mind of Confucius of Ancient Chinese Thought,' and Mr. Oko 'The Otani Sect and its Reformers, from a Bystander's Point of View.' Besides these there are articles on 'The Existence of God,' and 'Present Local Problems,' and two editorials on 'The Future of Religion' and 'Should the Bible be used as a Text-book?' The *Mail's* review continues with extended summaries of some of *Shukyo's* papers. I regard our *Shukyo* as really a periodical for the times, dealing not with abstract and remote issues, but with the live questions of the day and for Japan.

The work of the "First Unitarian Church" of Tokyo, under the pastorate of Mr. Saji and the co-operation of other members and friends of the Mission, is to me deeply interesting. The pledged membership of the church is one hundred and twelve, and the hearing for its Sunday services is generally large. Recently Mr. Kitashima, well known to many of you, has returned to Japan, and by his help has done much to make our church-worship attractive. It is a great misfortune for this Mission that our financial limitations have closed the way to Mr. Kitashima's full co-operation with us, so well fitted for it as he is by his education at the Meadville Divinity School and his active pastorate at Vineland, N.J.

As yet I have said nothing special about our school, the *Senshin Gakuin*, which, all things considered, I believe to be the agency of greatest worth at our command. To my constant regret now, we have been forced, by the small amount of money we may spend, to change the very promising plans with which the school was founded six years ago. We gave up last year our regular three years'

courses of study, and adopted instead somewhat the methods of University Extension lectures. And, in order to secure even this much, to save the reputation of the Mission, uphold before the Japanese the good name of the American Unitarian Association, and to continue as far as possible our most useful service, our teachers have shown a large measure of devotion and self-denial. During the past year we have had thirty-two students, seventeen of whom are Buddhist priests, belonging to the enlarging liberal parties in the sects; all the students men of mature years, who will occupy places of greater or less prominence in education, in letters, or in the Church hereafter. At present, the School's courses of lectures, under the care of eight professors and lecturers, cover as important topics as these: "The Philosophy of Religion," "Fundamental Truths," "The Principles of Ethics," "The Progress and Principles of Modern Philosophy," "Evolution of Religion," "Current Religious Problems," "Hindu Philosophy," "Social Problems of To-day," "Fundamental or Essential Thought of Buddhism," "Economics and Social Morality," "Crimes" and "Psychology." Among our lecturers, who are all able men, are one of the very ablest and most prominent Christian scholars of Japan, Tokiwo Yokoi, and probably the most effective leader among the men who are bringing about a reformation of Buddhism, Seiran Ouchi.

It is my conviction that the real crown, or flower, of your Japan Mission is this "School for Advanced Learning." Yet, I am forced to say further, that because of our financial weakness this most excellent thing of all in our organization is now in danger of impotence and failure. Our graduates have taken places among the most useful held by the young men of the country in schools, on the press, and in the temples, utilizing the forces by which Japan's best future is to be shaped. In the late reform agitation of the Shingon sect, two of our students have had prominent parts. Our commencement exercises have always attracted general attention and favorable press comment; and the orator at each of our three anniversaries has been one of Japan's best known and prophetic speakers. Also, just before I left Japan, an

association of the alumni and friends of the school was organized for the purpose of helping onward, financially and morally, the welfare of our *Senshin Gakuin*. It will be a lamentable day for your Mission, and a most serious obstacle to the further advance of liberal religion in Japan, the day—if the day come—when we are compelled to silence our lecture halls.

But what, it may be asked now, are the results following the work that the Japan Mission is doing? Naturally, these results are difficult to measure; but evident to all who will examine is the fact that, small as we are, our influence is far out of proportion to our numbers or our means. We are, probably, more widely known in the Empire, and receive more attention in Japanese current literature, both Buddhist and Christian, than any other foreign religious body represented in the Far East. Take, for example, this fact,—a fact of most significant meaning;—our movement is contributing a new word to the Japanese vocabulary,—our own name “Unitarian.” Yet the name “Unitarian,” so written and pronounced, is coming to stand in the literature of the day, secular and religious, Buddhist and Christian, not so much as indicating a specific religious denomination, or sect, as a type of thought and life that may be found among all religious circles and denominations. The name “Unitarian,” consequently, may be found to-day attached to religious liberals, whatever their sectarian associations,—to men freed from superstition or traditional dogmas as such, and striving to find through the reason some solid ground for spiritual faith and life. A Christian, a Buddhist, a Shintoist, a Confucian, need but make himself now a prophet of the new day for the mind and soul, to receive, sooner or later, the name we bear. The teachers of the chief Orthodox Christian college of Kyoto, the Doshisha, for example, although they are not associated with your Mission, and would decline such association, are again and again referred to in public print as “Unitarians.” The changes they have lately been making in the direction of a liberal administration of their institution have brought upon them our name. “The Universal Conference of Religions” held

in Tokyo last autumn, although composed of Christians and Buddhists and Shintoists of various sects, still in good standing in their special denominations, was branded as a collection of "Unitarians" and restless Buddhists. Any Christian or Buddhist writer of a rationalizing tendency in religion is marked by many critics as a "Unitarian." In fact, our name is fast becoming a Japanese word that points out for every man and thing with which it is associated, "Reason in Religion."

Of course, this use of our name expresses a great truth; for *our spirit is far larger than any form it takes*. In this sense, then, what was said to me at the "Universal Conference of Religions" by a prominent Christian liberal was true, "You ought to be gratified to-day, for this is largely your work." Another prominent man, once our avowed opponent, but whose relations to us are to-day such that I may not discover his name here, recognizes in Unitarianism the realization of his ideals; yet he has not changed his ideals since he was our antagonist. Still another leading man, here unnamed, not long ago urged me to expand our present work. To my remark, "Why, three years ago you would have nothing to do with us!" he answered, "Yes, true; but things have changed since then." The change, I know, is in him, not in us. At a farewell meeting held by friends of our faith, as I left Japan, one of them said, "Bear to the American Unitarians this message, 'The Japan Mission is like a diamond,—small, but known from afar by its bright light.'" Another speaker at the same meeting said; "Rather let me say to them that Unitarianism in Japan is like a magnet,—diffusive and pervasive, polarizing its surroundings into the distance. It is a center from which emanates in all directions a mightily felt power."

Indeed, I do not think it is venturing too much when I claim that, though our Mission is the smallest in its *personnel* and the weakest in its financial resources of any of the foreign religious bodies represented in the far East, circumstances have given it place as of strongest influence and most widely known name. Let us not forget that

the ideas and forces we represent are really the ideas and forces most in accord with whatever tendency to religious development there is among the educated Japanese. Largely for this reason is it that the influence of your little Mission is so out proportion to its means or ability. The serious and peculiar obstacles that now exist in Japan to the spread of Christianity, certainly are far less formidable to Unitarianism, in its larger meanings, than to any other organized spiritual influence. Unitarianism, for example, does not antagonize the exceedingly sensitive nationalism that of late has possessed the Japanese populace. Moreover, it does not set any letter before the spirit. In presenting its faiths, it makes its appeals through the reason,—the universal and satisfying arbiter. It offers a free welcome to truth whencesoever it comes. It allies itself with science and philosophy. It uses as a working principle “the sympathy of religions.” It operates as part of the forces of humanity, with human welfare in view ; not as an agent of an ethnic civilization merely, and with the purpose of transforming the East into the likeness only of the West. We do not represent a State Church. We have no fixed and final creed, or ritual. We are in Japan to try to attract the Japanese to ideals which each soul may realize in many forms ; though for all will remain the same essential truth and beauty and good. Through these facts your Mission has gained its place of exceptional prominence and use. Indeed, your Mission has in this way upheld a standard under which Religion, not only in Japan, but in the world’s lands throughout, is moving toward a sublime and blessed future.

Inspired by such faith as this, naturally one looks for special *signs of promise* for its fulfilment. Are there any such signs? Yes, not a few. As the life of the Japanese is to-day disclosed to me, I see much to encourage and strengthen me in this confidence.

Current literature, for example, abounds with themes devoted to the problems of religion,—speculative, critical, polemic, and practical. And noticeable, as much as the earnestness with which they are treated, is the intellectual freedom of the discussions.

There are some periodicals, both Buddhist and Christian, that represent only the literalisms of the sects by which they are supported. But in most magazines are more or less open arenas for the display of the whole round of the questions of spiritual faith and life. For about two years I conducted for one of the leading journals a monthly "Review of the Religious Press" of the Empire. In this work I passed under reading some scores of magazines whose zeal, thoroughness, scope, and free handling of topics were a constant surprise and pleasure. The familiarity with the best religious, philosophical, ethical, and social literature of Europe and America displayed by many Japanese essayists is remarkably intimate. And they showed clearly, too, a sense of the need of spiritual influence and awaking among their countrymen. However little, Religion may be a vital force in present Japanese society, and however little, merely traditional Religion may have acceptance among the people at large, beyond question there are many earnest minds that constantly busy themselves with the problems of the higher life, and are seeking ways by which to make the soul's interests dominant. This is to me a most cheering sign of promise.

Then, among large classes of students, all sorts of questions of social order ; of public and private ethics ; of reform in the treatment of criminals ; of the care of the sick, of the idiotic, of the insane, and of the poor ; have an attraction almost greater than is felt in our own land. The intense patriotism of the Japanese, their reverence for the Imperial house, and their love of home, their ambition to see their land the peer, and, indeed, the superior of any other land, induce their thinking men to make good, to the farthest extent, the claim advanced through their traditions and history to peculiar moral principle and practice. Now, *vis-à-vis* with the Occident many of the leading counsellors of the people are urgent in their appeals to their countrymen for such loyalty and filial piety, and such a ministry to social health, beauty, and peace that no one of the Emperor's subjects shall ever have a sense of inferiority before the social excellence displayed by any people of the West. Self-centered the aim may be,—only

another evidence, it may be, of Japanese self-satisfaction and ambition; but the effort is directed toward high things, and, I doubt not, will do much to carry the Mikado's Empire onward to grand achievements. This social-ethical purpose, now universal among the large numbers who make social welfare their study, is another sign of promise that, I hold, will be fulfilled in Religion.

Again, the sects of the ancient religions of Japan are now everywhere feeling the stir of a new life. In several instances, as I have said, this life shows itself in painful dissension and in disgraceful exposure of long-existing corruption, in struggle against any disturbance of centuries-long established custom and institution; but also it appears in the successful beginnings of reforms, in the adoption of many of the methods of the missions from Christendom, in the transformation of their schools, through changes in the ages-long unchanged courses of studies,—namely, the acceptance of scientific teaching in history, in geography, in psychology, in philosophy, instead of the ancient sage and priestlore imported from old India and China. Especially noticeable within the Japanese priesthood is a growing sense of personal responsibility to the moral tenets of their sects, and of a larger than merely official, or ritualistic care of their parishes. The Buddhist priest and the common man are becoming much more closely related to one another now than they were but a generation ago. And the beautiful lessons of faith and duty that cover the pages of the long forgotten, or unknown Scriptures of Buddhism are now appearing in rapidly increasing volume, as tracts in the Japanese vernacular for the edification of the members of the common households. Strange to say, too, under the care of some Japanese Buddhist sects, hospitals and asylums for the helpless—agencies unknown among them before the entrance of Christian civilization—are coming into existence and gaining vigorous support.

Yet another sign of promise for religion, lately especially strong, is the weakening among believers of their allegiance to the Orthodox Christian creeds. The Japanese Christian Church, whatever else may be said of it, cannot be describ-

ed as orthodox. The creeds of the Middle Ages of Christendom, however much they may have been formally accepted by the converts of ten and twenty years ago, have no place in the minds of to-day's educated Japanese. I hope that, in saying this, I shall not be misunderstood, or be misjudged as to the animus with which I speak. The rationalism and the creedal changes of present Japanese Christianity are but facts of common report, and of acknowledgment in the statistics and writings of the missions. The statistics of Japanese Christianity for the last nine years are sufficient to cause the gravest concern among those who have these special forms of belief at heart. And yet I see signs of promise in this decay. Naturally ; for I, with you cannot accept these creeds, and why should we sorrow when we see them losing power ? The main interest that concerns us is that, in the failure of the letter, the saving spirit does not also disappear. In Japan this danger is fully in sight. There is no doubt that in spiritual power much of the work done by the Orthodox missions is of the very best : it serves the purest, highest, divinest ends. The misfortune has been that the Medieval creed of sin, of eternal damnation, and of salvation as possible only through the blood-bought redemption wrought out on Calvary, has almost inevitably involved in its fate the real power of the faith and life of Jesus of Nazareth,—that which to us is the essential Christianity. But it may be—and in the end I am confident it will be—that this peril will be passed. The literal, Medieval form of Christianity, as knowledge and enlightenment grow, will have had its day ; and the Christianity of faith in “ God's Fatherhood ” and in the “ Brotherhood of Man,” transfigured by the inspiration of the later years, will command a widely extended and happy discipleship.

Thus, you see, I interpret the recent reaction from Orthodox Christianity as but a sign of the coming of religion that will satisfy and remain.

There is much else that I would like to add to what I have already said, but I must leave my theme now. I find great promise for religion in the present attitude of the Imperial Government toward Christianity. During these

late eventful years, especially from the time of the war with China, all traces of the ancient State hostility to Christianity seem to have disappeared. True, Christianity is not yet a form of religion recognized and legalized by the civil authorities ; but during the war Christian preachers were allowed to go among the soldiers, and give them their spiritual and humane services. No governmental obstacle now stands in the way of any Japanese who wishes to ally himself with any Christian church. I regard this, when I remember the implacable hostility to Christianity of the Japanese State for two hundred and more years, even to as late a year as 1873, as a sign of most cheering promise. I find, too, in the present widely extended activity among the nobility and upper classes of philanthropy, charity, and of general humane aims, hopeful evidences of religious and moral power, encouraging to a high degree. General sanitation, guardianship against epidemic disease ; prison administration ; aid to sufferers from earthquake, flood, fire, and other natural calamities ; the support that society gives to many such benevolent enterprises as find favor in Boston or London,—all these are signs of the working of just the same spiritual forces that operate among the peoples of Christendom.

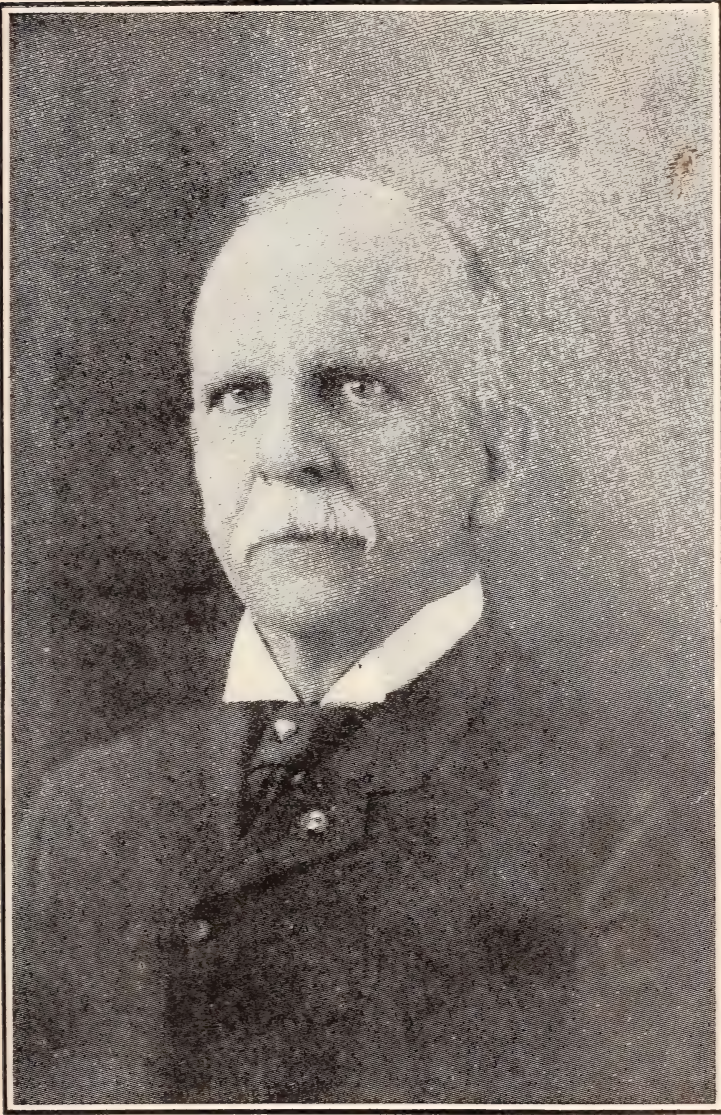
So, also, specifically, and with most significant meaning, I look upon the first “ Universal Religious Congress ” ever assembled in Japan, that held its organizing sessions last autumn. There, representatives of all the forms of religion having Japanese followings—Shinto, Buddhist, Confucian, and Christian—met together in amicable conference. From that small beginning who can tell what great results may issue ? Although, among the fifty and more delegates present, there were representatives of all regions in the domain of faith, in the diversity of operations but one spirit was at work. Only to name the fact is to open to minds like yours that know, the sublimest possibilities.

So, then, with this cheering story of the work of your Mission in far Japan, and with this outlook for the best things of the spirit there, I have come back to you. And, with this recital, I wish that my report to you to-day might close. But it is necessary for me to add yet somewhat to

what I have said. I am much concerned about the Mission's future. Why? Because, in the struggle which your executive officers have to carry on, through the present general financial depression, the many interests intrusted to their care, the home support of the Japan work has now been put in peril. There is but little money called for for our work, as you know,—not nearly so much as many of our parishes expend, each in its own narrow limits. And yet, that small amount has been growing smaller from year to year for several years past; and now the question has become serious with your Board of Directors as to whether or not they are justified in their endeavor to uphold longer this part of their burden. At the Board's last meeting, a sum sufficient to carry the Japan Mission only six months longer than the present financial year was voted for; and the whole future thereafter was left open and overcast with doubt. Pardon me, then, if, with my closing words, I appeal to you to do something, and to do it speedily, by which your officers may feel that they can freely sustain this most important agency, as I believe it to be,—this work of farthest-reaching beneficence that the American Unitarian Association has now in charge. Must it be that now, when, after years of hard work, your Mission is fully equipped with buildings, men, literature, and knowledge, its devoted service must cease? Must it be that now, when we have almost everywhere gained recognition among the Japanese, as the chief visible embodiment of the spirit of the times, as prophetic of true religious and ethical insight, our voice shall be stilled, and the confidence in us gained with so much labor and waiting be lost; or worse than lost, by being turned into reproach? Must it be that word shall pass into the religious press of the world; especially of Germany, whose liberal mission in Japan steadily gains in home support and in official strength and usefulness, also of England, whose Unitarian churches have recently permanently endowed a mission in India, also into the religious and secular press of our own country,—must it be that word shall pass that the Japan Unitarian Mission has failed? No! not that the Japan Mission has failed! That Mission has not failed. If

failure befall this work anywhere, the failure will not be in Japan. My associates, some of whom have undertaken their work with great self-denial, one among them through much persecution and trial, have served your cause faithfully ; in fact, through their devotion the gains I have recounted have been made. They may become powerless because of what shall be done by you ; but no one can say of them that they have failed. My earnest appeal to the Unitarian churches of America, then, is,—Sustain now the Mission which your Executive Board has sent to Japan, and let it work on until the institutions it has brought into being have grown out of their infancy into self-reliant strength. That strength, I feel sure, will come in the not distant future. Let not now the labor, the patience, the care, and the pain of the years be passed by as things done and borne in vain !

But I will not plead farther, except in assuring you of one thing more. In Japan, such is the power of the new civilization there spreading that, the very stars in their courses fight for the methods and principles in religion for which your fathers struggled, and which, through their labors, have come to be your easy and blessed heritage. This is true. But also in Japan, to the Unitarian Mission belongs the distinction of having become, in the eyes of the educated Japanese, in large measure, the acknowledged herald, agent, and embodiment of these principles and methods. Your Mission has done much to give to these principles and methods definite and tangible speech and form. And their speedier triumph will come just because it has been your Mission's duty and privilege to give them this expression. I pray that this same alliance may not be broken by any blow such as I am now compelled to fear, but that more closely than ever your Mission and the Time-spirit may henceforth go forward together, and that better than ever the Mission may be enabled to interpret for this Spirit, in that far-off Empire, those things that most make for truth, righteousness, and peace. Then shall you, through the Mission, help in the divinest ways to guide human souls ; and thus shall we exalt before men's eyes the true Christ as their Light and Life.



WITH THE JAPAN UNITARIAN MISSION, 1900

III

In the year 1900, apparently, the time had arrived when the Unitarian Mission, then well organized and working well, should be relieved of its foreign superintendent and be cared for wholly by our Japanese friends. I returned to America in the spring of that year ; and on May 25th, at the "Seventy-fifth Anniversary meeting of the American Unitarian Association," I rendered a condensed account of my stewardship in an address under the title,—

THE JAPAN MISSION :—A RECORD.

Ten years ago I went to Japan. I went commissioned by this Association with Rev. Arthur May Knapp, to the care of a Unitarian Mission among the Japanese. Accompanying us with their families were three gentlemen just appointed professors for chairs in the Keiogijiku University at Tokyo, Prof. Garrett Droppers, Prof. W. S. Liscomb, and Prof. J. H. Wigmore. There was also as our traveling companion Mr. Saichiro Kanda, who, after a course of education in this country, was returning to his native land. The three Keiogijiku professors, in addition to their academic offices, were under appointment by our Association to its Japan work. And Mr. Kanda had turned his face homeward, invited to help the Mission in whatever way might be found desirable. Shortly after our party had arrived in Japan, Rev. H. W. Hawkes, an English Unitarian, joined us, bringing to us freely and voluntarily his help. So then, in my going to Japan, I was one of a group of seven, commissioned to represent to the people of Japan the faiths, aims, and endeavors of the religious movement among the Western peoples named Unitarianism.

How came it about that we seven persons had left our homes to go to that far-away land ? I cannot now give full answer to the question ; but record should be made here of the fact that our Mission was, in the main, the result of urgent invitation sent by certain Japanese—leaders

in public affairs—to the Unitarians of Europe and America. They had asked that Unitarian representatives be sent to their country, so that, in the momentous political and social revolution which the Japanese were then undergoing, the influences of the religious rationalism of Christendom might have place. Already, in 1884, Mr. Yukichi Fukuzawa, in the columns of *Jiji Shimpō*,—the writer probably the most powerful single personage affecting public opinion in Japan's new era, and the paper by far the leading one among the Japanese journals,—in this paper, Mr. Fukuzawa had already recommended as of manifold advantage to his countrymen the acceptance by them of Christianity in some form. Two years later, Mr. Fumio Yano, now Japan's minister in China, one of Mr. Fukuzawa's pupils in the Keiogijiku, the great school founded by Mr. Fukuzawa,—a confidential friend also,—had set forth in a series of noteworthy articles in the *Hochi Shimbun*, another journal of importance, his opinion that Christianity is the only means available for the moral salvation of his country. Mr. Yano announced to his fellow countrymen that the Unitarian faith is the form of Christianity which, through its freedom from superstition and supernaturalism, would rescue the country from its growing moral dangers. Unitarianism, he claimed, would be just the form of Christianity that would successfully appeal to the judgment of Japan's cultured and educated classes. At a time not much later, this movement toward Unitarianism received important aid from the sympathetic expressions of such prominent educators and publicists as Prof. Toyama, hearer and admirer of our Prof. Brigham of Ann Arbor, Mich., and late president of the Imperial University; Hon. Hiroyuki Kato, a senator, and also president of the Imperial University; and Mr. Masanao Nakamura, a senator and a Chinese scholar of noted attainments. Christianity in its rational forms was also the subject of earnest and commendatory discussion on the part of other influential Japanese scholars and statesmen, such as Count Soyeshima, Prof. Sugiura, Hon. H. Watanabe, and Hon. Kentaro Kaneko.

It was from some of these gentlemen that at length

came directly to the American Unitarian Association the invitation to send representatives to Japan. Mr. Kaneko's memorable interview with the directors of the Association as published in the *Christian Register* in September, 1889, is a significant illustration of the attitude taken, during a large part of the decade then closing, by many prominent Japanese toward rational Christianity. The directors of this Association, after some deliberation, at last answered the appeal favorably and generously. In the year 1887-1888, Mr. Knapp undertook a mission of inquiry to the "Sunrise Empire." He was cordially received by interested friends of rational religion. For more than a year he occupied himself with making known by lecture and correspondence, and in interviews and through the press, the message of Unitarians to the people of Japan. In the spring of 1889 he returned to the United States, rendering a report of his inquiries. In every way his report was favorable. Japan seemed to be ready for, and to be awaiting, "the Unitarian gospel." The Association accepted and approved Mr. Knapp's report. For this reason it was that, in the autumn of the same year, we seven persons, commissioned as a sort of Unitarian embassy to the Far East, had begun our lives anew among the Japanese people.

Since that time ten years have passed, And now, as the last one remaining in office of those Unitarian messengers, I have come home to resign my charge, and to render to those who placed it in my care an account of our service. So far as in us power to do has lain, the great work to which my colleagues and myself were appointed has been done. Why I come back to you alone involves a story of changes in the *personnel* of the mission that need not be told at length. It is enough, for the purpose of this record, to remember that in the winter of 1890-91 Mr. Knapp, because of impaired health, resigned his position, and returned to America. Mr. Hawkes, not long afterward, on account of pressing duties at home, went back to England, and soon resumed ministerial work there. In the spring of 1891, the vacancy caused by Mr. Knapp's resignation was filled by the arrival from the United

States of Rev. W. I. Lawrance. In 1892, Prof. Wigmore, having been invited to an important chair in the Northwestern University, accepted the invitation, and left Japan. In 1893, Prof. Liscomb, by reason of increasing illness, returned to America, and, soon after reaching his home, died. In 1894, Mr. Lawrance, in the midst of a protracted and severe physical prostration, gave up his Japan work, and came back to the United States. Death again came into our little circle in 1896, taking from us Mrs. Droppers. In the winter of 1898, Prof. Droppers, having been elected to the presidency of the University of South Dakota, resigned his Keiogijiku professorship and his office in our Mission, accepting the high place to which he had been called. It has been my fortune to remain in connection with the Japan work from the beginning, and to have had for more than nine years its superintendence. But, like the others who constituted the Unitarian representation in the Far East, I also have now come back to my people and home. A cycle has thus been completed. From the present time a new period in our religious and spiritual history in Japan begins. Unitarianism is no longer a strange thing there, nor is it now directed under alien care. It is to-day a living, growing organism, known throughout the Empire; in large measure already maintained, advanced, and directed as part and product of Japanese thought and life.

Standing to-day at this turning of the ways, one naturally looks back over the record made by the years, and asks, What have the years brought forth? Have the ideals of the applicants for the Unitarian Mission and of its founders and guardians been realized? That is, has Unitarianism been received by, and has it answered the expectations directed to it by the earnest Japanese who invited a mission from it to their fellow-countrymen? And have the faith and endeavors of the Unitarians in America and in Europe, and in direct care of the Mission, met with a satisfying return? What, in a word, has come of the attempt made among the Japanese people for ten years to help them in the way they sought through our Unitarian help?

Before these questions can be answered satisfactorily there is need of a clear understanding of much that is bound up with them. No just answers could be given, for instance, were the Unitarian Mission to be classed along with nearly all the other missions from Christendom. When the American Unitarian Association responded to the Japanese appeal to "Come over and help," the friends and founders of the Mission, it is to be remembered, did not lay upon their representatives the duty of teaching an authoritative and fixed body of religious dogma—a "creed"—in the name of Unitarianism, or of carrying to and of reproducing among the Japanese a traditional system of ecclesiastical organization and government. Far from it. When the Mission was established, those who had it in charge were officially instructed to "express the sympathy of the Unitarians of America for progressive religious movements in Japan, and to give all necessary information to the leaders of religious thought and action in that country." In consequence of this declared aim, the Association's representatives, from the beginning of their service, sought to discover, to encourage, and to co-operate with any religious association or group of persons, or with individuals, irrespective of form of religious sect or personal belief, that might wish to know of the mature and advanced thought in Christendom about man's higher, or spiritual problems or interests. It is true that at the present time there are, and that from a time early in the Mission's history there have been, Japanese churches and associations known distinctively as "Unitarian." There is also much literature published and distributed, labelled and acknowledged as specifically "Unitarian." But it is the fact that no foreign Unitarian was ever present at the organization of a Japanese Unitarian church, or association. It is also the fact that our Mission has no organic connection with any Japanese Unitarian institution; also, that it declines to place upon its publications any authoritative endorsement of their contents.

I repeat a few of the characteristic utterances of some of those to whom have been intrusted the Japan

work. Rev. A. M. Knapp, the Mission's pioneer, declared at the beginning of his work,—“The errand of Unitarianism to Japan is based upon the now familiar idea of the sympathy of religions. With the conviction that we are messengers of distinctive and valuable truths which have not been emphasized, and that, in return, there is much in your faith and life which to our harm we have not emphasized, receive us not as theological propagandists, but as messengers of the new gospel of human brotherhood in the religious life of man.” Rev. H. W. Hawkes, the earnest English volunteer to our work, describes the Unitarian aim in these words ;—“We seek to build broader foundations than creed or sect ; to demonstrate reason in religion, science in theology, and all things in God. This is grander than any denominational triumph.” Rev. W. I. Lawrance, whose devoted and all too brief service in the Mission is well remembered in Tokyo, wrote that “our work in Japan marks a new departure in missions.” We “bear the simple gospel of fellowship, and character. We not only acknowledge with frankness, but accept with gratitude, all that is true and uplifting in the faiths already there. We hold up to them the pure theism and the deep-rooted optimism of Christianity. Our method is based on the sympathy of religions.” Also, that my own declarations in the establishment of the Mission may appear as part of this record, I recall this passage from a published answer to an inquiry made to me by a Buddhist priest : “Unitarianism has not come to Japan to destroy, but to fulfil. Unitarianism is here to set men free, or rather to help the free minds of Japan to set all minds free ; and to hasten the coming in the world, as far as may be, of the sublime empire of love and righteousness, which will at last make of Humanity a true Brotherhood under the care of the infinite and eternal God, our Father.”

But, of course, the Mission's aim and work were not wholly expressed by these universal, emancipating, inclusive and sympathetic declarations. Had I time, I should repeat much else from the published records of our workers, to show their efforts to make known throughout the

Japanese Empire their positive convictions, held as partakers of the Unitarian fellowship, concerning the great problems of religion and ethics. But, speaking for myself, who have had for most of its period the responsible direction of the Mission, I will put into this record an extract from an announcement I made public shortly after the whole care of the work had been transferred to me. "If I were asked," I said, "what Unitarianism distinctively is, I should say it is a movement springing out of Christianity, which seeks to become the representative religious force of the present age. It does not claim to be the only religious movement that works by rational and scientific methods, or accepts for religious use the results of these methods. Roman Catholicism, Orthodox Protestantism, Liberal Christianity, Religious Rationalism, are all, more or less, under the influence of the 'modern spirit.' Unitarianism, however, has submitted itself without reserve to the direction of this 'spirit.' In a course of steady progress it has now reached a position where it is seeking to do for the religious part of man's nature exactly the same kind of work that philosophy is doing for his search for ultimate principles, or that science is doing for his investigation of the phenomena of matter and mind. In other words, the characteristic object of Unitarianism is to promote the knowledge and the practice of pure religion by the aid of the best philosophy and science. And what do Unitarians mean by 'pure religion'? Fundamental in the modern conception of religion there appear the idea of infinite and eternal Being; the consciousness of duty; and a sense of spirituality in man. By 'pure religion' therefore Unitarians mean: (1) worship of God as infinite and eternal Source, Power, Life, Guide, and Ruler of the Universe; (2) following the life exemplified by the world's spiritual teachers, saints, and benefactors, among whom we reverence Jesus Christ as Leader; (3) obedience to moral law, however made known; (4) endeavor to realize a perfect Brotherhood of Mankind; (5) cherishing a hope of immortal life.

"This conception of religion is not set forth as an authorized denominational creed. It is simply an interpre-

tation of the notions that are common among the Unitarians of to-day as the leading subjects of their thought and work. It is by this statement, however, that Unitarianism may and should be approved or condemned. It is with this statement that the Unitarian work now in progress in Japan should be met and measured."

I wrote much more than this then to the Japanese people; but these words, together with what has been repeated from other responsible minds, suffice to show the unique position held by the Unitarian Mission among the other Christian missions in the Mikado's Empire.

This aim having been set for it, the work of our Mission was begun, and has been carried forward through the decade just passed. Systematic and definite shape was at an early date given to the work. We organized the Mission's agencies into the three departments: (1) Church Extension; (2) Publication; (3) Education. These departments were put into operation, and were developed in the following ways. At the first, with the aid of interpreters, we began a series of religious services, and invited attendance upon them from the Japanese. These services were at their beginning held in rooms of tea-houses and in other hired places. An extended hearing welcomed us.

Not long afterward, we bought a small Buddhist school building near Shiba Park; and there, in the spring of 1890, the "First Unitarian Church of Tokyo" came into existence. This Church was formed by the Japanese in answer to their own sense of need, and it was based upon a constitution devised and written entirely by Japanese. A Japanese minister, coming to us from one of the Orthodox churches, was chosen pastor of this church; and we foreign workers became guests in its pulpit. For our own responsible work we continued religious and other conferences and classes in Tokyo and in the larger towns.

Along with these efforts toward "Church Extension" much was done in that first year in the way of the publication and distribution of Unitarian literature. A magazine, named the *Unitarian*, was started in March, 1890. I was its editor; and I announced in its prospectus, after describing the origin and purposes of our Mission, that

"this magazine has been established with the earnest hope that it may aid in advancing the welfare of the people of Japan, by making known to them the best and most practical results of social science in the largest comprehension of the term, as far as it applies to personal, domestic, charitable, educational, industrial, commercial, and art life; that it may emphasize the conclusions of the profoundest ethical research; and that it may help, too, in opening up larger vistas for religious faith and aspiration, without which the human soul is barren and bound, and a nation is withheld from its greatest source of dignity and true power."

Then, for the purposes of "Education," in the autumn of 1890, courses of lectures on religious, ethical, and social-science topics, developing in 1891 into the *Jiyu Shin Gakko*, or "School of Liberal Theology," and later into the *Senshin Gakuin*, or "School for Advanced Learning," were begun. The course of study as prescribed for the school advanced from four series of lectures in 1890,—on: 1. "Unitarian Principles and Beliefs"; 2. "General Outlines of Christian History"; 3. "Some Problems of Conscience"; and 4. "The Ethical Application of Certain Economic Principles,"—delivered to whomever might happen to come to hear them,—into twelve extended studies. These were, in part: 1. "The Philosophy of Religion," pursued historically and psychologically; 2. "Comparative Study of the Great Religions of the World;" 3. "Biblical Criticism and Christian Doctrine;" 4. "History of Christianity;" 5. "History of Rationalism;" 6. "The Religions of Japan;" 7. "Japanese Classical Literature;" 8. "Theory of Ethics;" and 9. "The History of Philosophy." These studies formed the curriculum of an organized seminary, in which, when its three classes were filled, there were between thirty and forty regular and special students, nearly all of whom had been graduates of Japanese higher schools and colleges. The *Senshin Gakuin* has the high distinction of being an institution in which, with unembarrassed intellectual freedom, its faculty and students could seek a true Theology and the fundamental principles of

Morality and of Social Order, to the end that the knowledge thereby gained might become a directing force in life. It was eminently fitting that that institution had been established. It was the best contribution the Unitarian Mission could make, or ever has made, to the thought and life of the Japanese people.

Then, from the time of this completed organization of the Mission, the benevolent purposes of its founders and supporters were steadily carried forward, and, I am glad to be able to record, with increasing confidence, effectiveness, and success. The summary of the ten years of this work is far too long for repetition now. I will recall from it to-day only a few noteworthy facts.

1. For instance, as I have already said, there was a marked decrease, as the years passed, in the number of the Mission's foreign workers. It is to be noted, also, that the financial means with which to do our work steadily became smaller. Of late years our money has not been one-third the amount that was at our disposal during the first half of the decade. But I am happy in showing record that, with one exception,—this exception much to be regretted, however,—there has been at no time any decrease or deterioration in the Mission's operations. Then, if we set aside some experiences of the first two years when, owing to the ignorance and lack of means for knowing them on the part of the Mission's directorate, a few unworthy adventurers among the Japanese were given positions in our departments, there has been a constant accession to the *personnel* of the mission of honorable, able, and devoted Japanese, by whom our great cause has been and is much expanded in influence and worth.

Alongside this fact lies another of notable moment,—a constantly growing understanding and respect throughout Japan for the disinterestedness and sincerity of our aim and work. At first, whatever might have been the desires and beliefs of the men who invited the Unitarian Mission to their country, we were the objects of no little hostility and misrepresentation. Considerable ill-report was started and fostered by some missionaries and by some Budddists con-

cerning Unitarians and Unitarianism. I well remember our regret and solicitude over charges laid at the Unitarian door. Indeed, we had, in our own way, "A Unitarian Controversy" in the Far East. For example, along with much else of its kind, from the side of Orthodox Christianity, a bishop of the highest station declared in a published sermon that Unitarians are not Christians, and that Christians should have no dealings with them. And from the Buddhist side, I remember, it was said in a leading magazine, "Unitarianism is most to be feared, because, while it is near to Buddhism in objecting to Christ's deity, and in its sympathy with the idea of evolution in Humanity, it is still but Christianity colored by science. Already Orthodox Christianity fears it, and now it has begun to encroach upon the Buddhist field. Why cannot Buddhists find some way to stop the Unitarian advance?" For quite a time our attempted ministry was not separated in public opinion from the aggressive propagandism of an ecclesiastical organization and of a domineering creed. Our sympathetic attitude, our desire to co-operate with the religious liberalism of Japan, irrespective of church, creed, or political association, were persistently for a while distorted and abused. But I never lost confidence that time would bring justification and widespread respect. And time has done that. I now can rightfully claim that the years have brought both to our Mission in large measure. It is long since accusations like those of nine and ten years ago have been heard. And some of our pronounced and published opponents, especially of the Orthodox Christian churches, have become our friends and fellow-workers. Among intelligent Buddhists we have very many sincere friends and well-wishers. Large numbers of devoted men now clearly understand us. Many indorse our presentation of faith and our judgments upon matters religious, ethical, and social.

2. Again, the growth in number and value of the appliances for our Mission's work make an interesting story. At the start these appliances were very few, and were empty of visible power. I have told of the purchase of a hall in our first year. That building was poorly located

and small. Besides, we were its unwelcome occupants because it stood within the grounds of a Buddhist temple. At length we were practically forced to sell the place to the temple authorities. We then hired a building more favorably located; but it was of no form or comeliness that either the Japanese people or the other missions from Christendom should respect. At the same time our pretensions to respect and allegiance were of the boldest and highest kinds. We greatly needed a headquarters worthy of our name and claims. It was as early as 1891, consequently, that I started my plea for money to secure for us a fit main station that should be all our own. For a long while our American friends did not see the importance of this addition to the Mission as we in Japan saw it.

At about the same time I began efforts to procure a library for the use of the students of our enlarging College. The library—chiefly through the sympathetic advocacy of a member of the Unitarian women's "National Alliance" who had visited Japan and had seen our growing work—became the care of Branch Alliances in many of the churches. I gratefully remember that the library was soon supplied to us in relatively munificent magnitude.

But all the while the efforts of the Mission were lamentably confined and crippled through our not having a fitting headquarters building. These facts determined it, therefore, that, if possible, this need should be satisfactorily met. The expenditures of the Mission were consequently put under the strictest economy, and our balances were hoarded. From various sources outside the Mission's ordinary income, moneys were slowly gathered and jealously laid by for the sake of the longed-for "Unity Hall." A conflagration in Tokyo in 1892, destroyed a small lecturing station belonging to us, and used especially by our Mr. Lawrance. This disaster was made the occasion for a special appeal to home-friends. At last, home sympathy for our need awoke; and many friends in America, in England, in Japan, and even in the Khasi Hills of India, came to our help. Chief among our helpers was Rev. George Batchelor, then pastor of the "Unitarian Society" in Lowell, Mass. Through his appeals large subscriptions toward our building fund

were gained ; and, finally, in 1893, when I was here, this Association, by direct appropriation, completed the sum required for the erection, of the building. Thereby, the beautiful and commodious *Yuiitsukwan*,—"Unity Hall,"—now the fitting headquarters for the Unitarian work of Japan, was built and suitably furnished. The legal ownership of that property has been—as far as compatible with Japanese law—transferred to the American Unitarian Association. Much of the money that built the hall did not come to us directly through the Association ; but the Association is the proper trustee for the Mission's properties ; and doubtless the Association will hold this valuable possession in trust for Japanese Unitarianism until a fitting time shall come for transfer to its beneficiaries.

The dedication of *Yuiitsukwan* in the spring of 1894 marked a far advance for the Unitarian cause. Indeed, it signalized the most effective act of all done by us during the early history of the Mission. Into that building came the "First Unitarian Church of Tokyo." There the young "Japan Unitarian Association"—at that time hardly more than a name, however—was provided with offices and other needs. There were gathered, also, the other agencies of the Mission, which until then had been working in separated parts of the city. Offices and store-rooms were supplied to the general "Publication Department," and to the vigorous, wide-working "Post Office Mission," whose operations have radically affected all the Christian and much of Buddhist work in Japan.

There, also, editorial rooms and storage were given to the Unitarian magazine. And finally, but of chief importance, there were secured satisfactory lecture-rooms for the use of the *Senshin Gakuin's* thirty and more students and its faculty of seven professors and lectures. In *Yuiitsukwan* also was provided a large fire-proof room for our library, of one thousand and more volumes, in which yet four thousand more volumes can be easily shelved. To-day all these component parts of the Mission, excepting the *Senshin Gakuin*, are protected under the roof of Unity Hall, and are in active operation. The *Senshin Gakuin* to the great regret of many, is for the present quiescent.

This fact is an effect of the financial stringency that two or three years ago embarrassed the home Association. It is my hope that in the near future this school will be again in movement. For, let me here declare as beyond question,—*the greatest misfortune among the few that have befallen the Japan Mission is the necessity that has led to the closing of Senshin Gakuin.* In its brief career that institution gained a memorable place of influence and respect throughout the empire.

3. The reason why, with the decrease of the original membership of the Mission, the activity and effectiveness, of its work were not injured, lies in the fact that, notably, able and energetic Japanese came to us, and occupied the vacated positions. Early in our history, Mr. Jitsunen Saji, well known as coming through Buddhism into our larger faith and life, associated himself with us. His reputation as a speaker and thinker were already national when, for the time at great personal cost, he professed Unitarianism, and began to work with us. Following him were Prof. Hajime Onishi, late dean of *Senshin Gakuin* and now president of the "College of Literature" of the New Imperial University at Kyoto; Prof. Nobuta Kishimoto, graduate of Harvard, and now professor of ethics in the "Imperial Normal School;" Rev. Tomoyoshi Murai, of Andover, now professor of English in the "Foreign Languages School" of Japan; Prof. Isao Abe, of Hartford Seminary, and lately professor in the "Doshisha University;" and Rev. Zennosuke Toyosaki, now professor in the *Kokumin Eiga-kukai*, Tokyo,—all coming to us through Orthodox Christianity. Recently, Rev. Kinza Hirai, a leader among the progressive Buddhists, and now professor in the Imperial Normal School, has taken place with us as one of Japan's most ardent and influential Unitarians. In mentioning these names, I speak only of gentlemen who have been and are in official connection with Unitarian movement. Many other persons of prominence have acknowledged and commended the Unitarian purpose and work. I need not name them unless, probably, Mr. Yoshiwo Ogasawara, who is carrying on at his own expense a work of distinctive social and moral reform, under the

Unitarian name, in a part of the Empire distant from Tokyo.

4. Having now set forth these facts from the Mission's records, we can return to the question asked awhile ago,—How has Unitarianism met the wishes and needs of the Japanese people? To this question I do not hesitate to reply that, all circumstances considered, the American Unitarian Association has never started, and it has never had under its care, any one interest of greater importance or of better return for its support than the Japan Mission. Of course, this is not the place for a repetition at length of the effects that have marked the Mission's career. But there are some generalizing statements about our work that are especially appropriate for record at these present memorable denominational anniversaries.

a. First,—though the fact is not mentioned first because of its priority in degree of worth,—the effect of our Mission upon the general Christian mission work in Japan should be recalled. In this relation, decidedly potent and far-reaching influences have been exercised. Dr. Ritter, the author of the standard "History of Protestant Missions in Japan," wrote in 1890: "The numerous ecclesiastical denominations that are at work in Japan, with their different ceremonies and confessions, which not only separate these denominations from one another, but also their Japanese converts, are a telling demonstration of how necessary it is that their traditional dogmas should be broken through, in order that it may be clearly known what unity in Christ is. In this direction, Unitarianism can be for the missions in Japan quite a wholesome leaven, becoming an emancipating influence among their immediate discipleship, and having already done more than appearances indicate." In remarkable measure, I can say that Dr. Ritter's judgment has been confirmed. Christianity in Japan is not developing in accordance with the Orthodox Christian creeds, even under the Orthodox names. It is a commonplace in popular knowledge that Japanese Christianity is continually becoming more and more rationalistic and liberal. The Unitarian Mission has not made the Orthodox missions an object of attack, or even of direct criticism,

but it could not hide its light. It has been as a city set upon a hill. Of course, the general rationalism of the intellectual life of the West is felt in the Far East through all the channels of intercourse open now throughout the world ; but it should not be forgotten that the Unitarian Mission in Japan has been an exponent, directly present there, in matters of religion and ethics, of the reverent rationalism of Christendom. It has consequently exercised upon Japanese Christianity characteristic influences. Particularly is it true that the methods of Biblical criticism, and the interpretation of scientific facts in the terms of religion, that are distinctive of modern Unitarianism and have marked the operations of our Mission, have spread far and wide among the Japanese Christian ministers, and have profoundly affected their congregations. These important results, it is true, have been only incidental to our work. But they are forceful facts, whose working into the future cannot be prevented. They will, in time, radically transform much that has been done by the missions of Christian Orthodoxy.

b. Then, on the other side, that of the forms of religion traditional in Japan, our Mission has in various ways produced signal effects. I am justified in saying that Japanese Buddhism, for example, has received regenerating influences from us. Widely spreading in Japanese Buddhism at present is a historic consciousness until lately unfelt. The principles of scientific criticism ; of comparative theology and ethics ; of the spiritual philosophy of the West, have been recognized, accepted, and are becoming regulative among many thoughtful and solicitous disciples of Buddha, as something never before known in Buddhism. This fact has been frankly referred, by some Buddhist scholars, directly to Unitarian speakers and to our literature.

c. In 1896, there took place the first "Universal Religious Conference" in Japan. Its sessions were fully described in the *Christian Register* at the time. Shinto, Buddhist, Confucian, and Christian delegates were present, and took part in the deliberations at this important gathering. I, as the superintendent of the Unitarian Mission, was the only

foreigner present. The Conference was brought about naturally through much ill-report as well as good-will. Those who took part in it were all men well known. They were in considerable measure men of influence in some one of the denominations of the four forms of religion prevalent in Japan. Memorably, in that conference, Christianity was recognized and honored by Shinto and Buddhist priests, and by Confucian scholars. Men were present there in friendly fellowship with Christians who, in their own youth, had seen the Christian Cross trampled upon, and who had taken part in public denunciation of Christ. In joining that conference, the Christians themselves had accepted as a truth what most of their foreign teachers had either not taught them or had not known; namely, a real all-Fatherhood of God and a universal Brotherhood of Man. By means of that Conference, followers of the traditional faiths of Japan and of the alien Christianity received a new inspiration. They entered together upon the privileges of a common freedom of mind and heart. That Conference is memorable in Japan's religious history. I trust in your generous judgment as I repeat the words of one of its most prominent participants,—his saying to me: "Had it not been for the Unitarian Mission, this Conference would probably not have taken place. You may regard it as largely your work."

d. But these are not the only satisfactory results that have followed the presence of our Mission in Japan. Unitarianism receives now, as it received ten and fifteen years ago, the high commendations of some of the prominent statesmen, publicists, educators, and economists of the Empire, as the form of religious faith and practice that the people most need. I speak of their judgment, not of their personal allegiance to our or to any kind of religion. Among the Japanese, as among all peoples, praise and practice do not always go together. In Japan, as elsewhere, many causes operate to control the conduct of public men that do not affect persons in private life. Yet it has come to my knowledge that several of the prominent statesmen of Japan have recently been seriously deliberating over the advisability of a personal public profession of

the Unitarian faith and of association with us. And I am glad in this connection to report that not long ago one of them, a party leader, Mr. Saburo Shimada, has become a member of our Tokyo church. In fact, never so much as now has Unitarianism had in Japan such well-grounded expectation of acceptance and support from men high in place and power.

But I must bring this record to a close. I will only say farther that, in resigning the charge so long intrusted to me, I do so happy with the knowledge that, whereas ten years ago my colleagues and I were practically alone, misunderstood, and opposed in the midst of the multitudes of the Mikado's Empire, I have left Japan as one in a strong and active group of Unitarians and friends native in the land; that Unitarianism has now many ardent Japanese advocates and supporters; and that it is in the care of, and is the inspiration of, an organized "Japan Unitarian Association," which will henceforward carry on and extend the work that ten years ago only a small and unknown company of foreigners was willing to do and had begun to do. *Yuiitsukwan*, our "Unity Hall," the sign of the love of many people, in America, in Europe, and in Asia, for our sublime and free faith and hope in religion, and of their friendship for the far-away Japanese, stands in Tokyo an object of Japanese pride and hope. And there, I am confident through Japanese devotion the Unitarian cause will hereafter be sacredly upheld,—the cause of pure religion published and served, as an inscription on the wall above the Hall's platform proclaims,—for the sake of "Truth, Righteousness, and Peace" among the people.

In bidding farewell a few weeks ago to the Unitarians of that far-away land, I said from the platform of Unity Hall: "Let religion, as faith and love toward God and man, be the one encompassing and all-pervading power guiding the words and deeds that shall have place under this roof. As my parting counsel, I can commend to you nothing of such high and lasting worth for everything that shall here bear the name of Unitarianism as the bond of union of the American Unitarians,—that teaching of

Jesus of Nazareth by which "practical religion" is summed up as "love to God and love to man."

Confident, therefore, that sincere efforts will be made to fulfil this highest counsel, I have passed my charge over to the care of the Japanese. I part from my Japanese friends and from my long-held work among them with more regret than I dare attempt to put into words. But it is best for the sake of this service of our faith and love that it should be transferred now to those to whom your Mission carried it. It is time that the Japanese should feel in every way their own responsibility, and should have full opportunity to make perfect their impulse toward self-reliance. And it is my sincere prayer that the Japan Unitarian Association may become the minister of a faith and life that shall spread farther and farther, and more deeply, in the life of that wonderful people of the Far East; until the whole nation shall become conscious of a divine calling, and shall act worthy their birthright, as men among brother-men, and under a clear consciousness of God, as God's children.

IV.

Two years after my return to America, in April 1902, I contributed to *The American Journal of Theology* of the Chicago University, by invitation of its editors, an article in answer to a question proposed by them. The essay was a reply practically comprehensive at the time. As a whole it is still a measurably satisfactory statement. I reproduce it here, asking indulgence for the repetition in it of a few historical notes previously given in the address on Japan's "Religious Problem."

THE PRESENT RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF JAPAN.

It is difficult to give an adequate answer to the question: "What is the present condition of the Japanese people so far as it involves their religious faith and life?"

Such is the movement of affairs in Japan to-day that for a satisfactory reply large knowledge of Japanese history is needed ; also some acquaintance with the psychical characteristics distinctive of the people ; especially must there be an intelligent, sympathetic, justly discriminating judgment used among the effects of many of the alien influences operative in the Empire during the half-century just passed. Fifty years ago a like inquiry could have been easily satisfied. At that time Society had been wrought into a comparatively stable organization. Politically, industrially, socially, religiously, the ways of the fathers were, with but little divergence, the ways of the children. Notably the religious condition of the people as a whole could have been described with approximate exactness. The way for our inquiry may be made clearer if at the outset we recollect somewhat the Japan of the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

From near the beginning of the Seventeenth Century until then, the " Empire of the Rising Sun " had been practically a land shut up. By government edict, " so long as the sun should shine," it had been commanded that no foreigners should enter the country or natives leave it. This enforced seclusion began after a century's portentous intercourse with some commercial and ecclesiastical emissaries sent from the south of Europe. The peril of national ruin under the political-religious aggressions of the foreigners seemed then to the authorities to be a danger they dared not ignore. In 1624, a proclamation of banishment for all strangers, excepting a few Dutchmen at Nagasaki and the Chinese, was issued ; all navigation other than that of coasting was forbidden to the Japanese themselves. Thirteen years later the Christians remaining, of the multitude of converts effected by the labors of the Roman Catholic missionaries of the Sixteenth Century, made desperate by the persecutions which continually beset them, arose in rebellion. They were soon conquered. Before the middle of the Seventeenth Century " this evil sect " from the West had seemingly been crushed out of existence, and the plantings of the foreigners in the country's politics and social life had been eradicated.

The people settled down to following undisturbed the traditions, ways, and institutions of their ancestors, to find in these, thenceforward, the true scope for their life, and to perfect these for the future welfare of the nation.

During the next two hundred years Japan rested under a profound political peace. Socially, the system of the fathers was firmly established and elaborated; religiously, the faiths dominant before the invasion of Christianity were interwrought more and more into a homogeneous body of thought and a cult for the life. In this long seclusion the Japanese people became quiescent under one body of law, of custom, and of religious faith and worship.

This is generalizing broadly. The national seclusion was not absolutely unbroken during the two centuries. Nor were industry and art, philosophy and religious creed, wholly without change except that of development from within. Taking into consideration, however, all the influences from the outer world which may have entered Japan then, allowing for all that may be noted as social and religious progress, the period of the Tokugawa Shōgunate, these notwithstanding, is to be regarded as a time of national quiet, and, for the larger part, of popular unification and establishment under the faiths and customs of the past.

What was especially distinctive of this ancient heritage? A religious principle. Regulative of all generalization concerning Japan, until within the passing generation, should be the fact that the political system of the Empire, the social order of the people, and their intercourse with mankind rest ultimately upon the faith that the Imperial family is of divine descent, and that the person of the Emperor is the earthly representative of the gods who have made them and their home their care. Japanese history emerges from tradition early in the Christian centuries. Before the Sixth Century most of the tribes of southern and central Japan, conquered by invaders from the southwest, had become one nation with their conquerors, all held together by loyalty and reverence for their common ruler as a person of divine ancestry, clothed with the authority of "heaven." The "goddess of the sun" was pre-eminent among

the celestial beings as ancestress of the Imperial family. The "creator" of the islands of Japan—lands central in the universe—was "the father of the sun-goddess." Whatever there was of organic Japan in the sixth Christian century had its bond and motive power in reverence for the reigning Emperor and in worship of his ancestors. Associated with this devotion there was an aboriginal religious cult which had for its objects of worship myriads of persons and of personifications of natural things and phenomena, but this mythology and its ritual were always subordinate to the religion which gathered about the divine Emperor and his ancestry.

At the close of the Sixth Century the Empire underwent its first great historic revolution. From that time civilized Japan dates its existence; the Japan of popularized letters, of written law, of science, of art, of formal and confessional religion. Buddhism, the aggressive missionary religion of the Orient, entering the country in the year 552, soon secured a permanent foothold. Before a hundred years had passed, it had gained the faith of both the Imperial court and the larger part of the populace. But Buddhism did not affect radically or harmfully the fundamental national principle. Shōtoku Taishi, an imperial prince, known as principal founder and promoter of the invading Buddhism, wrote in his "Laws": "To the commands of the Emperor men must be duly obedient. The prince must be looked upon as the heaven and his subjects be regarded as the earth." The native religion, called thenceforward *Shintō*—"the Way of the Gods"—was in large part taken into, and transfigured by, the new faith and worship. The aboriginal pantheon was accepted by the missionaries of the Buddha. Some of the ancient gods of *Shintō* were proclaimed to be but deities known in India and revealed under other names in Japan. The Imperial traditions were made the care of the guardians of the new faith.

Many important political and social changes accompanied this religious revolution. The institutions and methods of China were in large measure imitated by rulers and people. The Imperial administration became oligar-

chic. The Emperors gradually withdrew from active direction of the state. At length the Imperial person was lost to public view in a mysterious seclusion, from which it did not reappear until within the past century,—1868. Yet, even in these changes, the ancient faith and fundamental principle of the nation did not perish or suffer acknowledged harm. The Shōgunate was established in the Twelfth Century. Thereby an Imperial subject became in fact monarch of the Empire. For about six hundred years this practical usurpation of the Emperor's powers continued undisturbed. The families holding the office were different at times, but the office was the same. Even under the Shōgunate, however, no attempt was made to weaken in theory the one divine bond which from time immemorial had held together the political and social structure. The primeval principle remained supreme over the Empire.

Nor did the wide spread of Confucianism about three hundred years ago among the scholars and upper classes injure the ancient Imperial dignity. On the contrary, Confucianism, through its indifference to speculation on theological matters, had no conflict with either institutional Buddhism, or Shintō doctrine and rite. Rather, it strengthened the traditional bond between the invisible Emperor and his realm by means of its own fundamental tenets of unquestioning submission to parents and to rulers. Its disciples did much positively to perpetuate among the common people the ancient principle of their State. So, then, the course of the Japanese people, through all its vicissitudes, had gone steadily forward under faith in the divine descent and authority of the empire's Ruler. Shintō, Buddhism, and Confucianism all gave this faith their support; and when Commodore Perry, fifty years ago, broke down the barriers raised between the Mikado's land and the other countries of the world, they were in full co-operation under the Tokugawa Shōgunate, guiding the moral and religious life of the people. A Japanese, eminent to-day as a teacher of philosophy and Christianity, writing of the time when his country's present era began, says:

My earlier education was almost entirely in the hands of my father and an old Buddhist priest. The priest taught me many Confucian books, being a good Confucian scholar himself. It may sound strange that a Buddhist priest should teach the Confucian writings. But in Japan the religions live on good terms with one another. Our people draw their spiritual nutrition from Shintoism, Buddhism, and Confucianism. These systems seem to forget their discrepancies and to form a sort of religious composite, each supplying the deficiencies of the others. Shintoism furnishes the object of worship; Confucianism offers the rules of life; and Buddhism supplies the way of future salvation. In every household there were visible representations of these three religions: the Confucian books; the "Buddha case" containing the wooden tablets with the Buddhistic names of the deceased ancestors of the family; and the "god-shelf" dedicated to the sacred symbols and representations of Shintō gods. My father who taught me the books of Confucius, who taught me to worship the sun, the moon, and the stars, often took me to the famous Buddhist temples and Shintō shrines of the neighborhood.

This is a fair picture of the religious condition of a Japanese household of fifty years ago. It represents a whole nation as placid and homogeneous under faiths dominated by one principle hallowed by ancient tradition.

Even the one disturbing and portentous force which had its beginnings and rapidly, though quietly, gained power among the student classes during the Tokugawa Shōgunate was generated through devotion to the old faith in the Imperial sanctity and authority. The Tokugawa era was the time when a perfected feudalism as its mode of government had harmonized, or suppressed, the conflicting local ambitions which from the Twelfth to the Seventeenth Century had involved the people in constantly recurring civil wars. The heads of the many clans, composing the empire, the *daimyos*, deprived of means or opportunity for political agitation, gave their interest to other things. Some of them devoted their time and wealth to the encouragement of learning and the arts. Japan's distinctive civilization was at high flood. But the usurping Shōgun had become so great and so evident a ruler that the Emperor in the popular imagination had almost lost reality as a human monarch. It is said that at the beginning of the Tokugawa Shōgunate the common people scarcely knew the names of their Emperors. Within a hundred years however, a Japanese "revival of learning" took place.

Under the patronage of the Prince of Mito, some scholars

having familiarized themselves with the writings of the ancients, compiled a *History of Japan*. The effect of this work was to turn a large part of public attention directly to the fact that the Emperor is the true source of civil authority; and to arouse the feeling that he should be lord, not in theory only, but in act, of his divine domain. This revivification in popular thought of the ancient principle of the State, increasing the more strongly in the absence of distracting influences, grew steadily during the Eighteenth Century. In fact, it is held now that "the real author of the movement which culminated in the revolution of 1868" was the scholarly Prince of Mito and his student followers. The religious effect of the Mito historical movement was the formation of a group of scholars in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century devoted to the study of Shintō as it prevailed in the far past, and to the beginning of an effort to restore a "purified" Shintō to popular service. Naturally, consequent upon the labors of the historians and the "pure Shintoists," the person of the "Son of Heaven" became more a reality in popular thought; and the influence of those who were urging the restoration of the Emperor to active sovereignty became increasingly wider and more powerful. Signs of the coming revolution against the Shōgunate were evident even before the American fleet entered Yedo bay in the summer of 1853.

Looking back over what has been noted, we see that the career of the Japanese people from the earliest times to the middle of the last century, through all the changes which befell it,—first, by the incoming of the religion of the Buddha; then, by the invasion of Chinese civilization; by the transition of the form of government to that of an oligarchy; through the struggles of rival clans, ambitious of the seat of power, for possession of the Emperor's person; through the rise and overthrow of the many Shōguns who were autocrats of the Empire for six centuries; through the dominion over scholarly Japan of the philosophy of Confucius; and finally, in the revival of "pure Shintō"—through all these things we see this people guided by the traditional principle of the descent of their

Sovereign from the gods, clothed with Divine authority as lord spiritual and temporal of the Empire.

But during the past fifty years this condition of the people, comparatively so simple and easy of comprehension, has become extremely complex and difficult of clear description. Commodore Perry's mission resulted in the opening of the secluded nation to free intercourse with the other peoples of the world. The serenely, simply living and thinking Japanese became the objects of the varied and tumultuous thought and life of America and Europe. Stimulated by that, the revived native Imperialism led the nation into open revolt against the Shōgunate, and brought to pass the restoration of the Emperor to actual sovereignty. But more than this: under the intrusion of the agencies of the alien civilization of the West, the unique political, social, and religious order which had been practically perfected in the Tokugawa era was turned into hopeless confusion; even the fundamental principle of the State was subjected to the gravest peril. The present invasion from Europe is very different from that which was repulsed at the opening of the Seventeenth Century. Then faith was arrayed against faith; the "Vicar of Christ" against the "Son of Heaven." In to-day's meeting of the West with the East, modern science has confronted old faith; internationalism has opposed national isolation. Through the barriers which were broken down fifty years ago, the land of Shintō, Buddhist, and Confucian tradition has been entered by demonstrated and progressing knowledge. Inventive mechanics, international commerce, individualistic rationalism in literature, the arts, and ethics, and, of momentous import, the Christian religion, not only in its Roman Catholic, but also in manifold Protestant forms, and much else under the stimulus of rationalism in religion and in philosophy, have entered there, facing with inevitable antagonism the institutions and ideas of that far-eastern civilization; meeting, with no effective defense before it, the ages-old faith of the nation in the Mikado as the "Son of Heaven."

Forty-eight years ago the first treaty, opening the "Land of the Rising Sun" to free intercommunication

with a foreign country, was signed ; thirty-four years ago the "Son of Heaven" was delivered from his thousand years' seclusion in his palace at Kyōto and restored in full visibility to absolute monarchy. Note the sequel.

The return of the Emperor to visible rule had hardly been secured, when an astounding act, professedly of the Sovereign's own initiation and choice, took place. It was nothing less than a popularization of the ancient government. The monarchy was divested of its absolutism. The very champions of the revolution which had been consummated against the Shōgunate, in the name and by virtue of the divine authority of the Emperor, were charged by Imperial mandate to accept for the nation many of the political, industrial, commercial, educational, and other of the aims and methods of the aggressive civilization of the Occident.

The restored Imperial reign was named *Meiji*, "Enlightened Peace." By Imperial authority there was decreed for the Empire a constitution, a parliament, popular suffrage, schools for the teaching and development of the sciences, and visibility for, and approach to, the Imperial person. Yet, as the course of events soon proved, these things could not be done without thereby laying the traditional "divine authority" upon an altar for sacrifice by the very forces thus called into action. With the giving of the Constitution the Emperor forever divested himself of the exercise of absolute power. With the establishment of a parliament the direction of the government naturally became thenceforward a resultant of the conflicts of parties. With popular suffrage and the exercise of full civil and religious liberty assured them by the constitution, a new consciousness of independence and of personal power was awakened among the people. With popular education based upon the world's histories, literatures, philosophies, and the exact sciences, the ages-long revered mythology and the Imperial tradition were exposed to obliteration from the minds of the common people, or, if not that, at least to radical metamorphoses. In its new age Japan has quickly passed under the influences of the whole world's developing life. To this condition the subjects of the ancient

"Empire of the Son of Heaven" have been brought. They are thus witnesses of, and partakers in, the working of forces which may bring ultimate deliverance, but which, for the present, are like some Samson bringing down huge confusion and ruin.

It is impossible for the peoples of the West to appreciate, or to understand fully, Japan's era of *Meiji*. In Europe and America governments and peoples change. But they change chiefly through the methods of evolution. Among us of the West the processes of political, and religious readjustment are as a rule slow and comparatively easy. In Japan a revolution has been made, suddenly, and, for the most part, by means of forces altogether alien. Throughout the nation, consequently, though new aims have been distinctly chosen and definite methods followed, there are yet widespread confusion, constantly recurring mistakes, much tentative effort, perplexing uncertainty, apparent fickleness, impulsive advance and reaction, irrational and absurd attempts to associate old and new, grotesque mixing of things past and present. Especially is this record of the effects of the advance of the new age true of the movements of religious faith and practice. In Religion, probably more than in any other popular interest, these effects appear. New faiths, urged and supported by enthusiastic zeal, ready to attack for the sake of conquest, met by conservatism eager for defense under the instinct of self-preservation, result in a condition of thought and life which is in a high degree difficult of comprehension and of intelligible presentation. In answering an inquiry into the present religious condition of Japan, therefore, we are obliged to deal with both the ancient and the modern faiths operative there as involved in a general confusion, in a complex interaction of many forces which are as yet tentative in their issues. Let us pass in review the main elements in our problem.

1. SHINTŌ.—What has become of this ancient bearer of Japan's religious faith and aim? One of the most powerful movements connected with the overthrow of the Shōgunate and with the Imperial restoration, we remember, had for its object the return of Shintō, purified, to dominion

in the popular mind and its rehabilitation as the religion of the State. To this end, thirty years ago, Buddhism was deprived, by the renewed Imperialism, of government patronage and support. From the year 1871 to 1874 the official forces were employed in confiscating for regenerated uses the old Shintō shrines, together with their sources of revenue, which, in the combination known as *Ryōbu*, had fallen under Buddhist control. In 1872 the "Department of Religion" decreed the restoration of "pure Shintō" to a dominant place as a religious faith and ritual. It issued for the observance of all Japanese this summary of Shintō principles:—

1. Thou shalt honor the gods and love thy country.
2. Thou shalt clearly understand the principle of heaven and the duty of man.
3. Thou shalt revere the Mikado as thy sovereign and obey the will of his court.

For some time this effort to make Shintō regnant as the popular religion was carried forward. But the attempt, as made, failed. As a formal organization for the expression of the religious life of the people it could not be made to take the place which Buddhism had secured. There are many Shintō shrines cared for at the present day. There are now, among the lower classes, two sub-sects of Shintō, called the *Tenri-kyō* and the *Remmon-kyō*, whose gods are those of the ancient pantheon; whose rites are described as grossly superstitious; yet whose service to the poorest and lowest classes of the people is said to be beneficial in various ways. Certain dignified Shintō bodies exist, but as religious factors they have no especial significance. A recent judgment passed upon them in a native periodical is that "they are all in a degenerate state. Much is not to be expected of them." The old ritual has official status as a state ceremonial. It is observed regularly in the Emperor's household. Imperial messengers are dispatched annually to do reverence at such historic shrines as those of Ise. These shrines are also the goals of pilgrimage for hundreds of thousands of the common people. There, reverence is made to the Divine ancestors and their Imperial descendants; and charms and relics are

purchased for treasure at home. It would be a mistake, however, to regard these pilgrims as avowed or exclusive Shintōists. By far the larger number of them are Buddhists by religious profession.

In fact, Shintōism is no longer to be counted among the forms of religion. Within the past three years, by government direction, it has disappeared from the category of religion. It is now to be considered specifically a State ceremonial, maintained as the vehicle of the Imperial tradition. Placed outside the group of acknowledged forms of religion, it will be free from the embarrassments arising from legislative supervision of the religious denominations. Its maintenance henceforward is to be attempted, so it is said, chiefly for its possible political effect. The Imperial tradition needs, now as never before, defense from the dangers which are gathering fact around it. Arinori Mori one of Japan's greatest new-era leaders said, in the early days of the Restoration: "As to the political use of Shintō, the State is quite right in turning it to account in support of the absolute government which exists in Japan." At the present day it is well for those in authority to seek to safeguard as much as possible the Imperial household from the perils which the future may disclose.

Nevertheless, there is a sense in which Shintō still exists. This must be given its value in any valid consideration of the religious condition of the people. Shintō no longer has official recognition as a religion, but its influence remains in the instincts and habits of the people, animating and dominating their lives as Japanese. Shintō more than any other power lies back of that patriotism which is unique in this nation,—the absorbing devotion to Emperor and land, named *Yamato damashii* ("soul of Japan"). It is this form of patriotism which has directed, indeed controlled, the Japanese national life throughout the changes here described. It is patriotism dominant over life. A prominent writer, only within the past year, has said :

Yamato damashii is immortal. All teachers of morality and religion must endeavor to nourish this spirit. This is the very essence of

religion. Whether Christianity flourishes or not, whether Buddhism retains its hold on the nation or not, are matters of little moment so long as the nation is conscious that it has a worthy ideal to worship and to carry into practice.

It is this very *Yamato damashii* which has exposed the Japanese in recent years to much criticism, and to much misunderstanding also. This people can easily be made fanatically patriotic. Their pride in their land and in their own success is excessive. More than the world yet knows, their patriotism has stimulated them in their present assimilation of the agencies and powers of Western civilization. The instinct of self-preservation, rather than love of Occidental thought and life, has supported them in their present change from the old to the new. It is claimed that there is no term for "virtue" in the Japanese language, except one whose meaning is "public spirit." A writer in a prominent magazine has lately assumed that "it is Japan's duty now, in view of the acts of the so-called 'Christian' nations in China in vindication of so-called 'Christian' rights, to stand forth before the world as the champion of humanity." Another writer ranges the rationalist Yukichi Fukuzawa, who died a year ago, alongside the Christian Niishima, the founder of the Doshisha University, as a typical Japanese, with the judgment: "In one thing they were supremely alike—and that one thing was their exalted pride." However much, therefore, the Japanese of the present day have lost their ancient faith in Shintō as their religion, it yet abides throughout the nation, animating the intense patriotism named the "soul of Japan." No estimate of the religious condition which ignores this supreme force can be correct.

2. **BUDDHISM.**—Turning to Buddhism, we enter a domain in which whatever there is of professed religion in Japan finds at present its largest and most real expression. The disestablishment of Buddhism thirty years ago did not make it impotent as the popular religion. It is to-day, more than it has ever been in modern times, the acknowledged faith of the people. For a while, in the early years of the present era, it seemed to be in serious peril of a popular disaffection. Many of its temples fell into disuse

and decay. Its priests suffered greatly from personal poverty. Seemingly the prophecy might have been justified that the faith had lost all real vitality ; that it was falling, never to rise again, however much its adherents might strive to gain a footing for it. But ages-long custom guarded it, and the *Yamato damashii* rallied many to its support. Gradually, especially during the last twenty years, the appeals of the priests, aided by a reactionary nationalism taking place then, aroused a widespread loyalty to the old faith. In place of the Government's financial patronage, increasingly large money contributions were secured in the parish communities. Many of the old temples have been revived. Numerous new temples—two or more of them upon a scale of size and magnificence of decoration equal to any of past centuries—have been erected and dedicated. An intelligent zeal has taken possession of the governing bodies of some of the leading sects. Among statesmen, publicists, and politicians, to say the least, an active, though only formal, support of the faith has appeared. Even so pronounced a modern leader and religious progressionist as Yukichi Fukuzawa, in some respects the most influential single personage among those who have been advancing Japan's "new age," was buried only a year ago with Buddhist rites.

Certainly, it is evident to-day that Buddhism has not succumbed to the blow it received by its disestablishment. Among the signs of continued vitality are these : Many of the leaders of some of the most powerful sects are making energetic endeavors to arouse their followers to engage in missionary propagandism. "An extremely influential association" of the chief sects, called the "Eastern Asia Buddhist Society" has recently been formed for the purpose of "propagating by all means at command the doctrines of the Buddha. Acknowledging that the upper and middle classes have grown skeptical or indifferent to the faith, the new association has determined to seek to influence high and low alike ; to suppress the rivalries of the sects and to unite all in a common mission." Further, the Society makes it a fundamental principle that Buddhism shall be accepted as the religious foundation of

the Orient, satisfying its needs and guiding its development, just as Christianity underlies the social and political life of the peoples of the West. The Association assumes that Buddhism is as characteristic of the East as Christianity is of the West. A central office for this movement has been opened; plans have been made for extensive preaching tours and general missionary work, passing gradually into Korea and China. There is to be, also, a large publication of popular doctrinal and practical religious literature.

Then, to be noticed here, is the proposed work of the new "Imperial Eastern Association." This society has undertaken the translation into Japanese of the Tibet, Mongolian, and Manchurian Buddhist scriptures. This work is of enormous magnitude and will be of immense value in the development and interpretation of Northern Buddhism. In addition to these signs of the revived energy of orthodox Buddhism there are also vigorous movements in progress having for their end a Buddhist reformation. Many Buddhist scholars have set before themselves the task of dealing with modern knowledge and ideals much as the Buddhists of the Seventh and Eighth centuries dealt with the traditions and aims of Shintō. They are seeking to absorb and to metamorphose modern science and philosophy in accordance with Buddhist dogma and practice. There is also a hopeful agitation named "New Buddhism," widespread among young men, especially among the students of the higher Buddhist colleges. It attempts to transform the old faith into what may be styled an optimistic pantheism. It aims, indeed, to bring about co-operation between Buddhism and a rationalized Christianity, and thereby to lead in the religious future of the Empire.

A survey of the condition of Buddhism in Japan thus shows it to be still the popularly acknowledged religion, so far as there is religion in the nation. Among the lower classes and in the rural districts it is still, in large measure, what it was in its days of least questioned supremacy; it is adhered to generally among the middle and upper classes, to say the least, much as Roman Catholicism is held by

like classes in Italy and in France ; it exhibits many signs of endeavor to reform errors which have developed within it ; particularly is it arousing to new efforts to further its extension by means of new missionary propagandism. The movement to reshape it under the ideals of absolute religion may have much prophetic value.

Yet, we may not turn from this part of our review without observing also that opposing the popular faith there is a widely extended skepticism and indifference, constantly increasing among the educated classes. Moreover, although Buddhism is to-day better equipped for the conflict than it was thirty years ago, it has before it an increasing struggle with Christianity, which will be the real test of its vitality. We shall return to this coming crisis later.

3. CONFUCIANISM.—The discipleship of Confucius need not detain us in our review. Confucianism has no longer a place of noticeable importance in the religious development of the Empire. A few of the older scholars make it a favorite study. Its influence remains with some force in both the political and social realms. It aids in sustaining the national virtues—reverence for the Emperor and for parents. It is still evident in the position in which woman remains as man's pronounced inferior, and in the adjustment of certain of the family relationships. But, as a confessed code for the life, it has become a relic, and is a decreasing power. Japan is rapidly emancipating itself from China. Confucianism has already, in the main, but a historical interest.

4. CHRISTIANITY.—We can, therefore, pass directly from Buddhism to a consideration of Christianity. We approach here a novel region in Japanese history, but one, to us observers in the Christian West, of immediate and profound interest. Christianity is, by inheritance, our own form of religion. The Japanese generally look upon it as the faith which the people of the West are seeking to impose upon them to the exclusion of whatever faiths they have received from their own past. Let us, in our look at Christianity in the Mikado's land, observe just what its reception and career there have been, whatever may be

our own wishes, prejudices, or interest. No real gain either for truth or for the promotion of our cause can be made otherwise. We shall attempt to give impartial witness. We must then to begin with admit that, as a factor in the present religious condition of Japan, Christianity, accepted as organized in churches and in professedly Christian institutions, shows but small results. In a population of forty-seven millions, approximately one hundred and twenty thousand confessed believers in Christianity—these chiefly among the middle and lower classes—do not constitute a very considerable group. (*These figures are for the year 1902. They would have to be much increased at the present date, 1914.*) The forty and more millions of Buddhists by birth and education might well afford to ignore the hundred and twenty thousand acknowledged Christians, three-fifths of whom are adherents of the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches, were it not for other considerations than those of number and station. But Christianity is the form of religion prevailing among those peoples whose intrusion brought the political order of the Empire to ruin fifty years ago;—in contact with whom New Japan, in almost all its characteristics, has come into being and has been taking shape. For reasons connected with this fact, the place which the religion from the West holds among the people of Japan is of extraordinary importance and value.

It is to be remembered that Christianity, as organized, has been the *bête noire* of the Japanese government and people ever since its tragic expulsion from their land in 1637 until within very recent years. For some time, even after the "Restoration of 1868," all Japanese were forbidden by Imperial edict, and at the risk of severest punishment, to profess the faith of this "corrupt sect." Throughout the country denunciation of Christianity, posted on the official bulletin boards, was familiar to every reader. Even in Tōkyō, the capital city, in 1868, the following law was to be seen in many public places: "The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given." These anti-Christian edicts

were not removed until in the year 1873. Thus powerful was the memory of what was believed to be the political peril of the attempt made by the Roman Catholic missionaries to conquer the land in the Seventeenth Century. Now, this legal antagonism has ceased. There is a constitutional guarantee for freedom for all in all forms of religious belief. Legally, to-day Christianity may have free course among all the Mikado's subjects. As early in the present era as 1859, the Christian missionaries re-entered Japan. They were but few then. When the public ban against the faith was removed a decade later, many appeared. Now, there are hundreds of foreign preachers of the Western faith in its varying forms—Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Protestant, and Rationalistic—living in many parts of the country, offering to guide the confused people along the ways in which the Christians believe present and eternal welfare may be reached.

(a). *Roman Catholicism*.—The work of the Church of Rome is again zealously carried forward. It no longer arouses the antagonism or fear excited by it three hundred years ago. Not only is it at the present time better understood by the Government, but it is seen to be only one among more than a score of missions bearing the Christian name, and differing from them in many ways in its aims and methods. Besides, the Imperial government is conscious now of possessing self-preservative power. Roman Catholicism does not occupy much of present public attention, nor does it show promise of any great share in the national future. Its following is drawn mainly from among the poorer and obscure classes. Its work is chiefly in medical and primary charities and in education. In these beneficences it has accomplished an immense good. Its foreign representatives are nearly all from France, and they seem to be content to confine their labors to practical well-doing for the needy. Wisely, they do not attempt to take part in matters of public polity, nor is their influence felt in things which affect generally the development of Society. Almost half of the professed Christians of the Empire are members of the Church of Rome.

(b). *Orthodox Greek Catholicism*.—A Russian bishop has

residence in Japan and superintendends a mission of the Greek Catholic church. It is said that this mission has to-day (1902) about twenty-five thousand native adherents. This following is for the most part in the Northern provinces. As with the Roman Catholic, so with the Greek Catholic Church: discipleship is for the largest part from among the lower classes. The Japanese, generally, think that both these churches demand from their members supreme allegiance to two foreign potentates—Pope and Tsar. This opinion is almost an insurmountable obstacle to a very wide or reliable acceptance of the doctrines they teach. The common people are devoted to their own Emperor, and they instinctively resent whatever looks like betrayal or disloyalty. The general impression exists that Christianity in its Roman and Greek forms is destructive of true patriotism in a Japanese. The representatives of the Greek Church support various excellent philanthropic agencies. Seemingly, however, the sphere of this mission will always be confined within narrow limits. It will continue without much bearing upon the larger interests of the people.

(c). *Protestantism*.—There are more than a score of Protestant, or Evangelical Christian missions in Japan. More than six hundred representatives, men and women, from America and Europe are laboring for their success. About a million dollars annually is spent in carrying on the work of these missions. At the present time (1902) about forty thousand Japanese are joined in membership with the Evangelical churches. It is in the issue of the labors of the Protestant missions, if anywhere, that the future, among the Japanese, of Christianity believed in as a supernatural revelation of the one religion necessary for the welfare of the human race lies.

The history of the vicissitudes attendant upon the career of Protestantism in the Far East is deeply interesting. It follows closely the variable, perplexing, and distracting moods through which the people have been passing during their new era. From the time that the anti-Christian edicts were removed (1873) until into the middle of the decade of the eighties, the course of Evangelical Christian-

ity was constantly onward. It showed annually an increased popular acceptance. Among the middle, and somewhat in the upper, classes it found able and earnest adherents. There were times, then, when prominent public men were even disposed to advocate the adoption of Christianity by the State. The country was possessed by a pro-foreign enthusiasm. It went so far as to alarm the leaders of the Government over the safety of the fundamental principles of the State. In 1885, by Imperial rescript, the people were reminded of their distinctive faiths and duties. They were recalled to the preservation and observance of their national virtues—loyalty and filial piety.

Among the most marked effects of the nationalistic reaction following the issue of the rescript was a gradual withdrawal of the growing popular favor shown towards Christianity. About the year 1888, the culmination of the increasing advance of Christianity seems to have been reached. Since that time, although the progress of Evangelical Christianity has not ceased, the rate of movement has diminished to such a degree that in recent years many mission workers have been much discouraged. At the present day this retardation of evangelization has not been overcome. In some of the missions hardly any evidence of forward movement appears; in others the progress is very slow; in all, the rate of advance is less than it was thirteen years ago. This fact, let it be noted, is true of Christianity only as organized in denominations, or churches. Christianity as embodied in extra-Church philanthropies and humane agencies has not been affected by this reaction. More than ever, these helpful social agencies have been recently finding recognition and following. It is ecclesiastical Christianity in whose way the serious obstacles have appeared.

But there are causes hindering Christian mission progress other than the revived nationalism of the last decade. Chief among these is the increasing acquaintance of the educated Japanese with Occidental rationalism, skepticism, and religious indifferentism. The exact sciences and the speculative philosophies of Europe and America have become familiar to the student and

official classes. All the influences which militate against the progress of Evangelical Christianity in the West are as intelligibly present in Japan as in this country. They are even more accentuated there than here.

Then, within organized Christianity itself, the denominational associations of the numerous missions have recently had not a little to do with checking the growth of the churches. In Japanese Christian literature during the past year there has been much reference to the divided Christianity as a serious obstacle to Christian progress among the people generally. Some of the missionaries acknowledge the difficulty. Some Japanese Christians have been attempting to signalize the opening of the Twentieth Century by making special efforts to minimize the evils of their inheritance of sectarian denominationalism. They have sought the utilization for Christian propagandism of the faiths and methods of the international "Evangelical Alliance." This endeavor is recorded here merely as a sign of the times; it has not yet had much promise of success. At a recent missionary conference there was an effort made to get all the missions to combine in the founding of an unsectarian Christian university. The effort failed; and some Japanese critics claim that this failure is but another indication of the general "harm done to Christianity by the perpetuation of Western sectarian distinctions in Eastern lands." Another native Christian, calling attention to the fact that certain Christian institutions of learning once vigorous and prominent are now "in a languishing state," has declared that "a great united movement is all that is required to save the situation, but this cannot be effected" because of "the powerlessness of the Protestant sects to co-operate to such end." Yet other reasons are given by the Japanese Christians to account for the retardation of the Christian advance. Some observers say that skepticism and indifference are spreading through their churches. One prominent writer has lately said:

As regards the worship of God, Japanese Christians are lacking. The spirit of worship has grown less and less, much to our sorrow. The chief reason of this is that many Christians do not attach any special value to worship for its own sake.

And still other reasons are given for the retardation that has befallen the progress of Christianity, but we need not repeat them. The main fact is clear and must be considered. Nevertheless, there never was a time probably when Christianity as one of the world's great religions; as the religion of the mighty nations of the West; as a theme for study in its relations to the needs of the empire, occupied so much of literature generally, or was so much a topic for public discussion, as to-day. The Christian religion, there is reason to judge, is not a lost, or even a losing cause in Japan, whatever may be its present slower movement.

5. SUBSTITUTES FOR RELIGION.—Attempts to find substitutes for Religion constitute one of the most interesting of the factors in the present Japanese religious situation. A large part of the educated classes is to be regarded as indifferent to religion in any form. At the same time, very few of the earnest leaders of thought and affairs are content to let the nation drift, or to continue without some cohering bond which is an equivalent of religion. In a lately published work on ethics the author assumes that religion is not either a fact or a need in the nation's life. He answers the question, "How is it that Japan manages to get on without a religion, or rather, what in Japanese education takes the place of religion?" with the assertion that the "soul of Japan," *Yamato damashii*, supplies the need. From that source has come a code of ethics amply satisfying all individual and social want. Its elements are "loyalty to superiors and friends, chivalry, unselfishness, indifference to worldly gains of all kinds, ardent devotion to persons and causes, truthfulness in speech, and a keen sense of shame." Both question and answer represent a large measure of fact, for, speaking generally, it must be acknowledged that the Japanese have not ever been, in any high sense of the word, a religious people. They have never had what the peoples of the West know as "soul-consciousness"—a sense of spiritual ideals and a personal apprehension of, and aspiration toward, the infinite and eternal Being we name "God." Shintō never taught them that. Both Buddhism and Confucianism

ignore it. It is not surprising, therefore, that, under the skepticism toward the ancient faiths induced by the new knowledge, some of the leaders of thought should seek such substitutes for religion as the national ethics. But there are other prominent writers who, though themselves religious skeptics, are not satisfied with relegating the people to ethics for their future guidance. It is especially noticeable now that numbers of the most learned and respected thinkers declare that without religion in some satisfying form the national future is endangered. A prominent professor of philosophy in the chief Imperial university not long ago gave it as his judgment that "the present educational system of the Empire, empty as it is of all religion, is thereby seriously defective." He demands for the young the influence of religion, "intensely ethical and spiritual, free from all kinds of dogmatism and superstitions." A well-known author last year published a book under the title *The Ethics and Religions of the Day*. His chief plea is that "the ethics of the country, in order to be effective, must be based upon religion." Count Okuma, one of the greatest and most frankly speaking of the leaders of the country, has written in the Japanese *Twentieth Century* magazine that

The old recognized moral guides of the nation, Buddhist and Shintō priests and Chinese scholars, have entirely lost their hold on society, and their successors have not yet appeared. Those in authority must take some steps to purify society, or the nation will suffer from the neglect a few decades hence.

Then, there is this warning from another leader occupying a high political and social level, a former minister of justice. He says:

The moral code of the old *samurai* has been abandoned, and men have come to think that any conduct which is not illegal is allowable. The remedy for this evil lies in bringing education and religion, especially the latter, to bear on the thoughts and lives of the people.

Yet another writer in a prominent journal has been pleading with the Government to open its eyes and to recognize the importance of religion as a factor in bringing about a social renovation. There is "no remedy for existing moral abuses but religion," he pleads. The *Philosophical Magazine*, in a recent issue,

notes that "three leaders of thought are now advocating theories of reconstruction for religion." And Dr. Tomizu claims that there is no religion in Japan suitable to the real wants of the nation. "Confucianism," he says, "is defective in that it neglects to teach man his duties as a citizen. Buddhism is pessimistic. It failed in India, as it must fail here. Shintō does not possess the characteristics of a religion. Christianity is logically defective, and not to be relied upon." Apparently not a few of Japan's leaders are sensible of a great need for the people's higher life which only a satisfying religion can supply.

Before leaving this part of our review we shall find much that will be instructive in glancing at the results of an attempt made not long ago, by sixteen representative teachers and guides of public opinion, to gain some exact knowledge of the religious condition of the students in the higher institutions of learning. More than forty-five hundred circulars of inquiry were sent to the students of the universities and the colleges. The results of the venture were unsatisfactory in many ways, yet some significant inferences may be drawn from them. The questions asked were these :

(1) Do you believe in religion? Are you at liberty to believe in it if you wish? (2) Have you any desire for religion? (3) Have you at any time believed in religion? If so, and you have relinquished that belief, state your reasons for this course. (4) If you believe in no religion, what do you depend on for regulating your daily conduct? Do you dislike religion? If so, why? (5) If you do not believe in religion yourself, do you recognize its necessity for others? If so, on what ground?

The replies returned to these questions were from only about one-fifth of the young men addressed. This fact indicates either that the committee had but little influence over the young men, or that the subject of the questions is of but little interest to them. Nevertheless, the answers that were received—nearly a thousand in all—may be taken in general as signs of existing facts. No answers came from the Nobles' School. As the students in this school are more or less closely connected with the government and the Imperial House, the silence is natural. We learn that not quite half of the young men who sent

answers had been subject to any home religious influence. Only fifteen per cent. of the answerers had been affected by religion at school. These had been students at mission schools. About one-third of all those who replied had been drawn to religion through the reading of the biographies of great men in whom religion had been an active force. The Japanese are notably hero-worshippers. Among those who declared themselves non-religionists about three hundred had been made antagonistic toward religion through home and college influences. Many objected to religion on account of its superstitions. Some had been led into opposition to Christianity because they had been taught that Christianity is antagonistic to State interests. Some others had been affected by scientific teachings and by immorality in the lives of religious professors. In all, of the nine hundred and fifty-two students who answered the questions, five hundred and fifty-five confessed that they do not believe in religion. Among the religious believers two hundred and thirty-one are Buddhists, eighteen are Shintoists, twenty-four are Confucianists. There are sixty-eight Christians, but most of these claimed to be free-thinkers, or rationalistic Christians. Among the non-religionists one hundred and thirty-four declared that they have no desire for religion. Two hundred and thirty-seven expressed desire for possession of religious belief, but find intellectual difficulties in their way. In reference to ethics the interesting fact appears that by far the larger number of the students incline to subjective standards; that is, to the control of conduct by one's own conscience. Comparatively few of them are ready to accept for their guidance objective ethics, such as written codes or the creeds of the religions. Among those accepting objective ethics, most of them placed Confucianism first, then Buddhism, and last Christianity. The *Philosophical Magazine*, from whose detailed report this summary is drawn, observes

that the facts stated are very significant and show that some efforts are required to present religion to students in a more acceptable form than it has hitherto assumed.

It is claimed by the promoters of the investigation that

the answers elicited represent prevailing opinion among the students throughout the country.

Interpretative of the facts here given is the assertion of a contemporary Christian periodical that

It must not be forgotten that a very large number of young men have come under the influence of foreign skeptical philosophers like Mill and Spencer, or they have imbibed the religious notions of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann, or are tinctured with the pessimism of Nietzsche and his school. The new German Kantists have followers in this country. The one characteristic of all these schools of thought is a skeptical attitude toward what usually goes by the name of religion.

* * * * *

We may now bring our attempt to answer the inquiry heading this article to a close. So far, what is said does not offer much that is especially encouraging to those who are solicitous for the religious progress of the people of Japan. But we need not leave our theme without turning attention to certain other facts which are really signs of promise, of changes for the better, in the situation. One of the most widely read and discerning of the Japanese periodicals, *Taiyo*, declared in its "New Year" issue of 1901 that, though it has

no faith in the future of Buddhism, and that stagnation marks the movement of Christianity, there is likely to be a revival of faith. Materialism reached its height in the nineteenth century, and there is bound to be a reaction against it and in favor of religion; not the religion of creeds resting upon mere authority, but upon faith whose support lies in the reason.

Apparently the Japanese must first live through, and considerably beyond, their present distracting attempts at political, social, and religious readjustments. They are irrevocably committed to acceptance of the dominating forces of the civilization of the West. They are rapidly becoming co-workers with all other peoples in the world's general development. They have a specific national genius; but this will increasingly act with and be acted upon by the "world spirit." Their destiny is henceforward one with our own. The present condition of the people is naturally one of great complexity, confusion, and uncertainty. The breaking up of their ancient civil and social order; the continuous inflow in the past four dec-

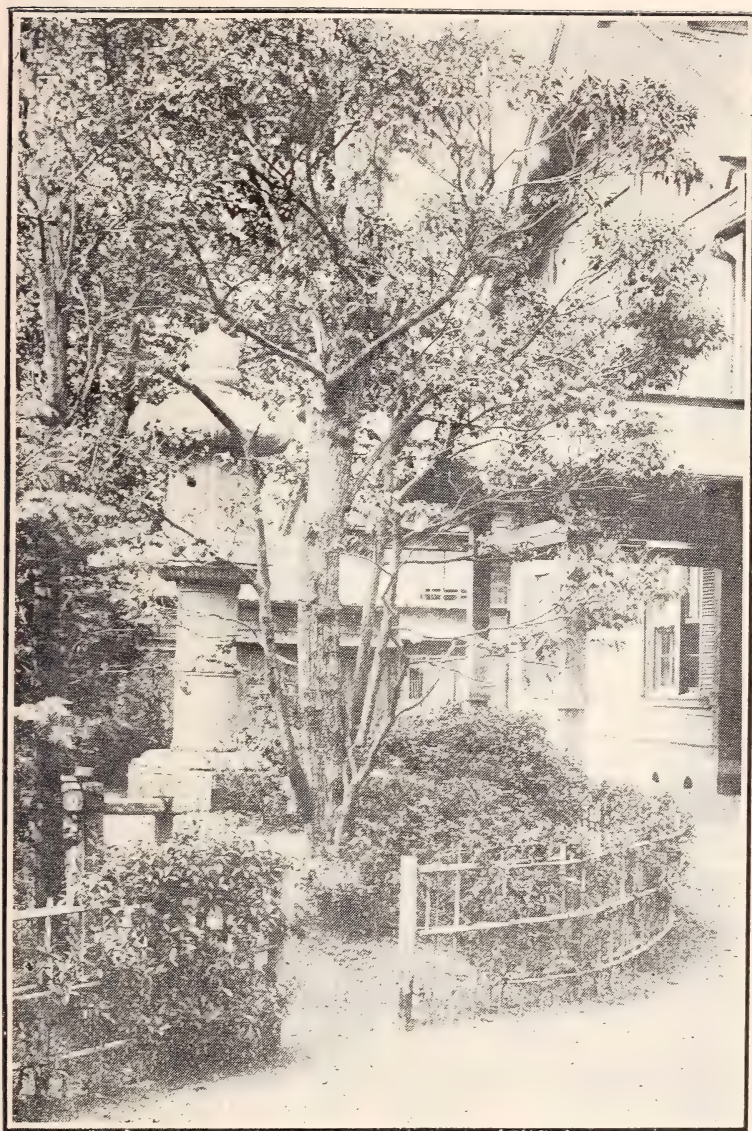
ades of the thought and life of the vast alien humanity of the world ; the effects of their persisting racial instincts and habits—all these forces, interacting under an intense impulse toward self-preservation, could not for the time being have a different result. But there is well-grounded hope that in the future, not very far distant, order will appear in the chaos and means of safety against present dangers be found. Particularly in reference to Christianity it is to be said that, although the missions have not won a large following for their faiths, as organized in the various sects, the Christian philanthropic agencies, such as are devoted to the reformation of criminals, the care of the sick, the idiotic, the insane, and the poor ; to the promotion of public hygiene and sanitation, and to the alleviation of the evils of war, are fully as high in the favor of Society and of the State as are the mechanical, commercial, and educational appliances of European civilization. Also it is to be said of the Christian missionaries that their general excellence in mental culture, and, more than that, their personal good character, the purity of their home life, and their consecration to the cause they uphold, have done much in stimulating the leaders representative of the native and inherited forms of religion to show like excellences, and have prepared the way among the people for a larger welcome to the doctrines they preach and the life of which they teach.

The history of modern Christian mission work in Japan is worthy of high praise. The work has been faithfully done, and it has made a permanent impress for good upon the nation. Now that the old hostility of the State has entirely disappeared, and all Japanese are legally free to accept Christian discipleship, the future of the missions depends solely on the ability of the missionaries to persuade their hearers of the truth of their gospel. The immediate and most urgent task seems to be the awakening of the "soul of Japan" to a true religious consciousness. A letter from the leader of one of the chief Evangelical missions, received by the present writer, indorses and emphasizes this judgment. "A theistic consciousness," according to this letter, is the most im-

perative, and the fundamental need ; a knowledge of the divine ideals which have for ages shone before the larger humanity—the God-idea and a sense of personal dignity as an immortal soul. Let these ideals enter and transfigure the “soul of Japan,” and the greatest possible initiatory service of the Christian missions would be done. Herein lies hope, and in this way, probably, the true progress will be found. Many missionaries are seeing in this gain the way of deliverance. An intelligent theism would open the way to the doctrine of the “Fatherhood of God” and the “Brotherhood of Man,” and thereby into the paths leading to the many sanctuaries of the religion of Jesus Christ.

There is hope that the effort now chosen by some of the more prominent Christian missions to win the nation to a true theism will begin the permanent solution of the problem of religion for the far East.

The greater conflict of Buddhism with Christianity is yet to come. Evidently Buddhism shows rapid renewal of strength. The appeal of the “Great Buddhist Union” made a year ago to the Christians of the world concerning the methods of the propagandism of Christianity in China, and the later charge made by the abbot of Japan’s greatest temple that Christians “do not understand his faith,” indicate that the conflict will in the end center about the fundamental principles from which the two forms of religion draw vitality. If, then, Christianity, voicing man’s faith in the eternal Fatherhood of God, showing forth the universal Brotherhood of Mankind, and supporting hope in eternal life for each human soul, is placed over against Buddhism, telling of man’s despair before “the evil of conscious existence,” searching for an “enlightenment” by which eternal unconsciousness for each human mind is gained, it is hardly to be doubted, though the followers of both the Christ and the Buddha show their faiths daily in justice, mercy, love, and piety, that the cause of the Christian will triumph. Christian faith, sustained by man’s enlarging knowledge, we may be confident, will ultimately bear the victory in “the Mikado’s land.”



CLAY MACCAULEY MEMORIAL Tōrō, TOKYO, 1905
See "ILLUSTRATIONS" ante.

V.

SPECIAL LECTURES ON JAPAN :

AMERICA, 1900-1905

Although my absence from Japan extended through several years I remained in continuous connection with friends I had made there. Also, to the extent of my ability and opportunity, I sought to be a kind of "go-between" between the peoples of Japan and of the United States during Japan's critical international relations then. I was on the lecture platform often ; and the themes I had for my lectures were almost wholly related to Japan and its interests. I had prepared *a special series of lectures*, from which I chose those which best met the wishes of my auditors. These were—

1. *Scenic Japan* : " *The Land of the Japanese.*"
2. *Mythologic Japan* : " *The Way of the Gods.*"
3. *Buddhistic Japan* : " *The Path of the Soul to Emancipation.*"
4. *Feudal Japan* : " *The Way of the Samurai.*"
5. *Modern Japan* : " *The Dawning of a New Enlightenment.*"
6. *Japanese Literature.*

I lectured much, also, during Japan's war with Russia on "*Japan : the Standard Bearer of Civilization in the Far East.*"

In the autumn of 1905 I made a return visit to Japan, spending the winter with friends there ; renewing somewhat my association with the Mission's work.

VI.

PRESENT STATUS OF THE JAPAN MISSION

In 1909, the American Unitarian Association resumed direct relationship with its Japan Mission; and I was commissioned by the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., president of the Association, to become again "the friendly counsellor and helper of our Japanese friends." In a report which I made for the information of home supporters of the Mission, not long after I had again become resident in Tokyo, I wrote:—

I.

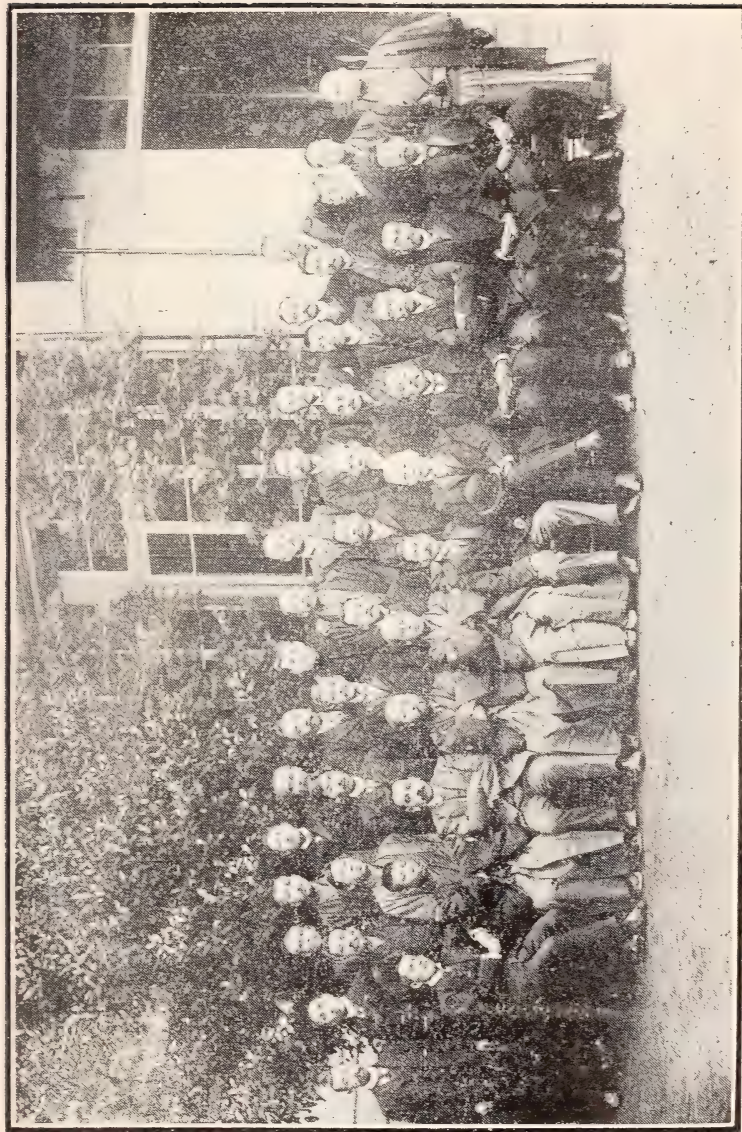
The special purpose of this resumed activity is a closer co-operation with the Japanese Unitarians who are seeking to carry farther forward their plans for a more definite and extended organic service to their country. At present, consequently, the Japan Unitarian Mission is hopefully at work with a reorganized local church in Tokyo; with various specific denominational agencies establishing elsewhere in the country; and it is also seeking beyond denominational limits to aid rational liberalism wherever our help may be desired among the organizations bearing either Buddhist, Christian or other religious names. In these efforts, so we believe, the large purpose of our Mission is on the best way to its fulfilment.

The eighth annual issue of "The Christian Movement in Japan" published in 1910, contains the following pertinent items which have a fitting place in this record:—

"The Tokyo Unitarian Church" has formulated and adopted a constitution whose preamble embodies a "Declaration of Principles" by which its faith and work are henceforth to be regulated. In substance these principles are:—

"1. Belief in the religious nature of man, and the conviction that this nature can be developed and fulfilled under the guidance of the reason and the spirit divinely innate in man.

2. Belief, in accordance with the teaching of Jesus



GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVE UNITARIANS IN JAPAN, 1910
See "ILLUSTRATIONS" ante.

Christ, that through faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man we gain the best means with which to promote the happiness of mankind and the peace of the world.

3. Desire to meet the followers of other religions in the spirit of fellowship, believing that in these religions, also, truth is given.

This church is a local organization, but its members are seeking to develop it as a type among liberal Christian churches, and so to enable it to be a pioneer among many like it, yet to come. It sustains regular Sunday services for worship, praise and instruction in spiritual things; it is building up a Sunday school for both adults and children; and it has made plans for an increasing self-support and for considerable charitable work, and for the literary and social culture of its members and associates."

There are, throughout the Empire, many thousands of persons who have professed sympathy with the Unitarians, of whom the names of about eight hundred were not long ago enrolled on the books of the Tokyo Society.

The next proposed step is the organization of a Japan Unitarian Association that shall be national in character. Several persons who are prominent in various educational, literary and business relationships have agreed to take part in the formation of such an organization.

Our magazine, the *Rikugo Zasshi* (Cosmos), the oldest Christian magazine in Japan, and always one of the most honored and most quoted of Japanese religious periodicals, is edited and published at Unity Hall. Our Post Office Mission and the general Publication Department for Unitarian, or Liberal Christian literature, are in immediate connection with the American Mission, in charge of competent officers and workers. Unity Hall is not only the headquarters of the varied interests of both the Tokyo Church and the American Unitarian Association Mission, but it is becoming also a place where various related charitable, social service and educational societies of this part of Tokyo have opportunity for holding special sessions. The New Buddhists, who are Buddhist Theists, and who are in many ways sympathetically related with Unitarian-

ism, use our Hall once each month for their well-attended meetings, and other associations, intended for social helpfulness, receive from time to time, our hospitality.

As to the outlook for the Unitarian work in Japan there is little need that much should be attempted in this record. There is nothing in our way that is not also in the way of every kind of religious effort in Japan. Indeed, there is less to oppose us than is found confronting any other form of Christianity. It may be justly claimed that if Liberal Christianity is not to find a successful acceptance among the people, then the whole Christian movement will in time come to naught. Christianity in Japan will inevitably be a liberal, rational, natural Christianity if the Japanese people are ever to become Christian at all.

The gospel for which Jesus lived and died ; the inspiration and consecration that came from his faith in God and service to man ; the simple, natural, practical Christianity "summed up in love to God and love to Man," which is the ideal and aim professed for our Japan Mission, is sure to become the distinctive mark of Japanese Christianity if ever that name is to abide. And I am confident that the name will abide. In fact, I believe that "the crucial experiment" which the honored president of our National Conference finds in our Unitarian Mission is really a forerunner and prototype of the rationalized Christianity that as time goes on will become more and more self-reliant as "Japanese Christianity," and be the source of immeasurable spiritual power and blessedness to this people.

II.

Three years later, (1913), "The Christian Movement in Japan" contained this information concerning the Mission's growth and work.

The Unitarian Mission, known now to the Japanese under the name *To-itsu Kirisuto-Kyo Kodokwai*, has just closed the most prosperous and useful year in its history. Its activities have been directed under four chief departments—

1. *Church Extension*
2. *Education*
3. *Social Service*
4. *Publication.*

Under "Church Extension," the Mission has been in co-operation with the Tokyo Unitarian Church in Mita, Shiba, where regular meetings for worship every Sunday and thirty-three special meetings, altogether having an attendance of nearly 13,000 persons, have been held. The church membership in March 1912 was sixty-two; it is now one hundred and sixty-two. In the Sunday School are one hundred and fifty children with eight teachers; the children being mostly from the families of working people and small shopkeepers in the neighbourhood of Unity Hall. A Bible class of nearly twenty young men, conducted by the Rev. Kato, is held every Sunday morning before the church services. A Unity Club of thirty members, young men and women, has regular monthly and special meetings for social and literary purposes. Devotional meetings for the church members and friends take place every Thursday evening under the guidance of the minister of the Church, Rev. S. Uchigasaki.

In the department of "Education," classes numbering twenty-eight young men, under the direction of Professors Minami and Okada have met on Tuesdays and Fridays since October last, until March, especially for the study of the works of Eucken and Bergson. The young men have had the pleasure of hearing directly by letter from these leaders of modern religious and philosophic thought. There was also a Summer School in July last, attended by students in classes averaging fifty each for the six days of the sessions. Eleven lecturers, specialists in ethics, philosophy, and religion, and prominent in various religious and educational institutions, volunteered their services for the week, and took for their themes some of the specifically timely topics of their departments. A similar course of lectures is proposed for the coming summer.

Throughout the year the department of "Social Service" has been active in various important directions. It has supported, since October last, a "Bureau of Legal Advice"

giving free legal counsel to persons needing it and who are unable to employ attorneys. Thirty-seven complex legal entanglements have been satisfactorily solved by this agency. Popular lecture meetings have been held semi-monthly, having audiences numbering upwards of four hundred, composed chiefly of the working people of the Shiba district.

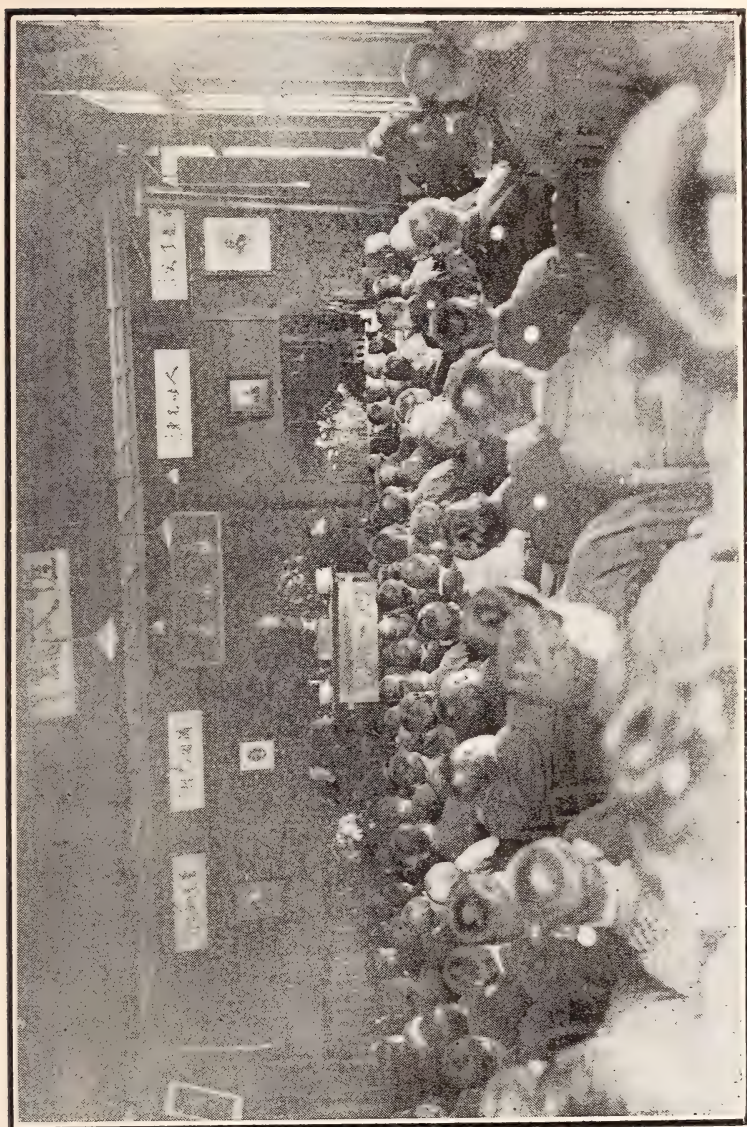
Out of these meetings the "Friendly Society," a constitutional organization, consisting of five hundred and thirty members, (at this writing 3000), has developed, under the presidency of Mr. B. Suzuki, the secretary of the Japan Unitarian Association. The Association has for its object mutual helpfulness and the promotion of knowledge, character, and the art of life as citizens. The Society publishes monthly the *Yu-ai Shimpō*, 1200 copies, (now 2700), to advance its purposes. The lecturers before the Society have been well known men of Japan, in literature, law, politics, medicine and the various sciences.

The "Publication Department" has been occupied chiefly with the care of the *Rikugo Zasshi*, the oldest and now one of the most important and most widely circulated of the Christian magazines of the Empire. The issue of the magazine has increased from 1000 copies a year ago to 1800, and is widely circulated, not only in Japan, but in Hawaii, China and among Japanese in America and in Europe.

In addition to these mere notes, we can report the beginning of negotiations for a location in North Tokyo on which to erect a new Unitarian Hall, to which the general activities of the Japan Unitarian Association will be transferred, leaving the present Unity Hall free for specific social settlement and educational work in the thickly settled manufacturing districts of the southern part of the city.

III.

The latest published information (official) about the Mission is to be found in "The Christian Movement in Japan," appearing as these pages go to the printer. The notes here following, properly find place in these "Records."



INTERIOR OF UNITY HALL, 1911

"The work of the *To-itsu Kirisuto-kyo Kodokwai* has been carried on during the past year without change in its form of organization, but with a notably large increase," especially in its departments of "Social Service" and of "Publication."

"The Church membership is now two hundred and eight, an increase of forty-six." The Sunday School, the Sunday Club, and the Devotional Meetings under Mr. Uchigasaki's devoted care all show encouraging increase in size and interest.

Twenty-one "special meetings," six of them for "the specific propagation of Liberal Christianity" and three having "particular reference to interests of women" all largely attended, have been held. Also ten mass meetings, concerned with such objects of general popular interest as 'Constitutional Administration,' 'Social Purity,' 'Interdenominational Fellowship,' have attracted wide attention."

University Extension lectures under Prof. Minami's care on Bergson's "Creative Evolution," and the "Gospel from the View-point of Comparative Religion" have been given semi-weekly.

Eleven popular lecture meetings largely attended have been held and the "Bureau of Free Legal Advice" has dealt with seventy-seven cases.

"Six labor strikes were prevented or settled during the winter; fifty law cases decided, and more than a hundred sick men cared for by the Friendly Society."

In the "Study of Conditions Among Industrial Men of Tokyo," by Rev. J. Merle Davis, of the Tokyo "Young Men's Christian Association," and embodied in "The Christian Movement," 1914, is this note about the "Friendly Society" which I transfer to these records, correcting only the membership statement from "five thousand" to thirty-five hundred.

"First among secular organizations for moral and social uplift of Tokyo's industrial classes, may be mentioned 'The Laborer's Friendly Society,' which under the able leadership of Mr. B. Suzuki, a graduate of the Law De-

partment of the Imperial University, is affiliated in a general way with the Japan Unitarian Association.

In its aims and organization the Friendly Society reminds one of the early Trade Unions of the West. Its purpose is to befriend the working man; to stand for his rights in society and before the law; to create a public sentiment in his favor; to elevate his life hygienically, intellectually and morally, and to make him a more useful member of society.

The Society has branches in three wards of Tokyo, and in Muroran, Oyama, Shidzuoka and other cities, enrolling a membership of over thirty-five hundred. These members pay a monthly fee of twenty *sen*, which includes all members of the family in its privileges and entitles the individual to the Society's bi-weekly paper, to the monthly lecture in Unity Hall, which is also the headquarters of the organization; and to the privileges accruing from its various departments.

This department plan is an elaborate one, covering nearly every phase of the workman's life, except religion. The Legal Advice Department gives free legal consultation and assistance to the members; the attention of a skilled physician, together with pamphlets on hygiene and health, is provided by the Department of Medicine and Hygiene; while Departments of Savings, Insurance, Employment, Entertainment, Lectures, Publications, Domestic Economy and Education, including a Night School, reveal the very wide scope of the welfare work attempted. That this friendly Society is meeting a tremendous need among the working class, is shown by the fact that although only one year and a half old, within the last six months its membership has increased from 2,200 to over 3,500, and is still growing by leaps and bounds."

These excerpts from recent reports probably give enough information about the Unitarian Mission in Japan to meet the needs of the specific purpose of these "Memories." But I may note, as we pass on, the wide-reaching influence in favor of our Mission's aims following the recent



OFFICERS OF JAPAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION WITH REV. F. G. PEABODY, D.D.,
A.U.A. DELEGATE TO JAPAN, 1913

See "ILLUSTRATIONS" *ante*.

visits of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Professor Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Rev. J. T. Sunderland, D.D., and Rev. Bradley Gilman.

Also, I add this just published comment by the secretary of the "Department of Foreign Relations" of the "American Unitarian Association," Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D.D.,—

"Established some twenty-five years ago at the urgent invitation of eminent native thinkers and scholars of that country who felt that our form of Christianity was best suited to the spiritual and moral needs of their reconstituted civilization, the Unitarian Mission in Tokyo has had an interesting history. Never did it fulfil a more useful function to modern Japanese religion and life than at the present day."

VII.

Not directly connected with the service to the Japanese to which the Unitarians were invited, but as a venture which in an important sense may be considered a genuine service, notwithstanding, is an address which I delivered in Tokyo, April 27th, 1890, at the "Twelfth Annual Meeting" of the Society of scholars and business men, named the *Kojunsha*. It was afterwards translated into the Japanese language; and it has been widely circulated. Its value to-day, so far as it is an interpretation of Japan's new era and is a warning concerning the dangers which threaten the people, is apparently not less than when it was first spoken, now twenty-five years ago.

JAPAN'S PRESENT DANGERS AND NEED.

Japan's present era is evidently to be the most eventful and important period in the history of the Empire. It is an era of transformations which affect the very sources of the national life.

Just now, especially noticeable are the effects of the

gracious act with which his Majesty the Emperor has marked his return to an unembarrassed sovereignty. He has made a free gift to the nation of a Constitution. He has invited a large part of the people to share with him the direction of national affairs. Constitutional law is hereafter to be the controlling force of the Empire. A Parliament representing the popular will is to give shape to that law. In fact, Japan has been entrusted by its Sovereign with the beginnings of popular government, which in time will doubtless become more direct and complete.

In the next place, the present era is distinguished by the transition of the Empire from a state of seclusion to one of international intercourse. It has been found to be undesirable to keep the people out of the great movement of modern times, by which all the people of the world are being drawn into vital intercommunication. All around the earth, mankind are beginning a general interchange of of natural and industrial products, and entering upon an age of social reciprocity. Scarcely a generation has passed since Japan was but little more than a name beyond its own borders, and since the other peoples of the world were but like a dream to Japan. Now, Japan is everywhere known and well known. In your ports where, less than a half century ago, a foreign flag was never seen, now, ships from the farthest shores come and go daily, laden with cargoes for Japan, and with wealth from your fields and factories for other countries. The most distant markets hold your food products, your fabrics and objects of art; while everywhere in your own markets, machinery, food, fabrics, and other products of foreign labor and invention may be seen.

But the transformation following the newly opened international intercourse is not only commercial. Your social life is changing too. A social interchange of momentous import is going on. The Japanese student and tourist is a familiar figure in Europe and America, while here, visitors and scholars from the opposite side of the globe are in daily contact with you in business, in schools, in your homes and in your government offices.

Your manners and customs, your architecture, your literature, your art all show marks of change ; in some directions they have been almost revolutionized. Evidently Japan has lowered the barriers which so long separated it from the rest of mankind and is becoming a member of the household of nations.

A third of this notable series of transformations is the result of Japan's recent transition from a nonscientific mood to that of science. This change is vitally involved in the social transformation just mentioned, but it is of sufficient importance to receive separate attention. Europe and America have been almost created anew during the past few centuries by having been aroused to a scientific investigation of nature and of life. During the centuries of Japan's isolation, the peoples of the West completed their struggle out of the ignorance and superstition of the Middle Ages. When Japan re-entered intercourse with the West it found Europe and America enjoying marvellous results from their free science. Mechanical invention had made distance of no moment ; it had immeasurably increased human power ; it had added enormously to wealth, happiness, and national dignity. The new spirit of rational inquiry had done away with mere tradition and dogma in the knowledge of nature ; in the treatment of disease ; in the methods of education ; in the whole round of merely inherited thought and ways of life. The new spirit had started human society forward in all its relations, personal and social, and religious and political as well. Its motive force was new knowledge and farther progress constantly. Lord Macaulay well characterized the Baconian philosophy, which is typical of the modern scientific mood generally, when he wrote,—“It is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained it, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day and will be its starting point to-morrow.”

Japan in re-entering international communication came suddenly into contact with the full energy and effects of this modern spirit. The nation was subjected to it ; and in a generation has been speeding over the space which it had

taken the West five hundred years to traverse. To-day Japan is making an unparalleled swift transition from its own past under the sway of the spirit of science and reason. Steamships, railways, electric telegraphs and telephones, power presses, scores of other kinds of labor saving machines, and innumerable quantities of the products of free invention are here ; an army and navy with the modern appliances of scientific engineering, equipment, discipline, and strategy, are here ; modern astronomy, meteorology, chemistry, medicine, geology, botany, and the whole host of natural sciences are here ; scientific education extending from the kindergarten to the University is here ; the philosophy of science, its rationalism, its utilitarianism, its many forms of naturalistic speculation are here, too.

Moreover, the force of Japan's religious traditions has either grown very weak, or has wholly ceased over increasing numbers. The same intellectual restlessness which characterizes the Western peoples, the same eager desire to make constant progress from the gains of to-day to the possible gains of to-morrow are active here. The scientific mood is upon Japan as upon America and Europe ; and under its power the traditional past is disappearing, while the people are impelled to enter the future as discoverers setting out over a land unknown, to find a new home and fortunes.

No earnest and intelligent citizen of this Empire, or friend of the Japanese people can look upon these facts without solicitude. What will the forces, thus so suddenly and powerfully set in operation, bring forth ? I cannot doubt, knowing what I do of the course of human history, that popular government, that widening international intercourse, will, in the long run, produce the highest prosperity and happiness. I cannot doubt that, in order to reach these ends, the most efficient means is found in a true knowledge and use of nature and its forces, and in a practical science of man. The greatest attainments mankind have made, have been made in these modern times of free, rational thought and natural, utilitarian science. These conclusions I cannot doubt.

But at the same time I cannot doubt too, that these

grand factors in human progress are accompanied by very grave responsibilities and by the most serious dangers ; by dangers which, if they are not guarded against, can bring to ruin the fairest structures that free thought and science may rear. And I am persuaded that if there ever was a people, whose character and circumstances made caution, prudence, comprehensive and conservative intelligence necessary in using these tremendous forces of progress, it is the people of Japan. I have long been convinced that this judgment is well founded. So, when the invitation came to me to speak at your annual meeting, my immediate impulse was to emphasize this judgment here and to add some thoughts concerning the special dangers and duties which the advance of your present era brings into view. It may appear obtrusive for one who is a comparative stranger to speak in this way. This is a topic which may be thought to be peculiarly your own. But I believe you will indulge me by reason of the strong personal interest I have in Japan ; also on account of your intimate relation now to our common humanity in whose welfare we are all involved. Moreover, the culminating thought of my address has a universal as well as a local bearing.

I assume that human nature is in all men essentially the same ; that, with the same impulses and conditions, all men will practically think and act alike. I assume, too, that cause and effect are uniformly connected in mental as well as in physical relations. The light of what has happened in human society may be taken as a safe guidance to what will happen where the same forces are at work. The Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Jews, the Romans the French, the Germans, the English, the Puritans, all formed, or are forming, great States. Some of these peoples are now but names in history. They were human beings. Their privileges, their dangers, their duties, were much alike. Their fortunes, their fates are only clear signs of the rise or fall, the grandeur or ruin of all who follow in their paths and do their deeds. So then with the light of man's experience to show us our way, let us go farther on.

What of Japan's present political transformation ? Had I time I would show in relation to this question how every

form of Government carries with it its special privileges, dangers, and duties. But we must reach our goal more quickly.

Let us suppose, then, that we have to deal with a State which has erected for itself an Absolute Monarchy. The monarch, we assume, rules his realm with a true reverence for the sanction, or the faith, by which absolute power has been placed in his hands. Undoubtedly under such government Society may reach a high degree of peace and prosperity. But, the histories of the monarchies of the world show that, wherever order and happiness have been maintained and advanced under them, the people have always been controlled by an unquestioning loyalty to their ordained ruler. The prosperity of the monarchy requires thorough obedience, showing itself in the devotion of the subject's time and person, if need be, to the Sovereign. The one uncompromising and comprehensive duty of the monarch's subject must be loyalty. Self-assertion or personal independence should be the last thing he should attempt if the State is to be preserved. He should find his well being in his ruler's will. He should freely yield of his wealth for his Sovereign's needs. He should be ready to give even his life for his lord.

But let it come to pass that the monarchy be changed in any way so that civil power is distributed to the People. Then, radically different factors enter the working of the Government. The moment a monarchy expresses itself in a Constitution and accepts a Legislature composed of citizens representative of and chosen by popular suffrage ; by these facts the individual citizen takes on a different character from that of the passive subject. The citizen himself becomes a law-maker and an executive of the law. The stability and progress of the State now depend not only upon each citizen's loyalty to the supreme authority which he himself helps to establish, but also upon his wise intelligence, upon his moderation, tolerance and self constraining patriotism. John Stuart Mill, the distinguished English economist, speaking of popular government said : "The worth of a State is, in the long run, the worth of the individuals composing it." No truer sentence was



GUESTS OF HONOR AND THEIR HOSTS AT THE PRESS LUNCHEON, TOKYO, JUNE, 1914
See "ILLUSTRATIONS" ante.

ever uttered. In a Popular Government the individual citizen becomes continually more and more important; the final law of the State is in the end the result of the expressions of individual wills. This result, however, of necessity is brought about by wise, generous concessions, compromises and faithfully kept agreements among individual citizens.

Through this mutual give and take, agencies which are essential to the conduct of any Popular Government, parties, are created. But, as only one party can direct a State at one time, it is evident that in the contest for supremacy which must take place among political parties there can be no safety for the State unless all citizens agree that majorities shall rule. In a self-regulating government, majority-law under the Constitution must be supreme. If such a government is to exist at all, no citizen or party should ever dare to resist by violence or to destroy this fundamental principle. You see, therefore, how much that is new and of the most important character is laid upon the individual citizen where a government passes from a Monarchy into the care of the People.

Now, Japan as we all know, is undergoing a transition from an Imperial Feudalism to a Representative Constitutionalism under its Emperor. A new type of citizenship is therefore imperative, if the Emperor's gracious act is to meet with the success it is intended it should have. The intelligent, self-respecting, prudent, conservative, law-abiding and tolerant citizen is demanded for the service of the new order of affairs in the State. Popular elections are soon to occur; lines are to be drawn through the present political chaos, shaping closely defined party organizations; parliamentary debate and popular legislation will before long be daily occurrences. Japanese Society, which has been comparatively stable, is now to become mobile under the will of the people. It is not only to be largely reorganized, but is to undergo repeated reorganizations. The political, commercial, and social stations of citizens are to be liable to unexpected changes. Critical experiments are to be tried,

with great and novel problems in finance, commerce, industry, education, art, and social affairs generally. Now, clearly, the future peace and prosperity of the Nation is to depend upon the intelligence, wisdom, caution and loyal forbearance with one another, dominant among the people. May the citizens of Japan realize fully what the new order of their State means, and become worthy of the high privileges now made possible to them !

But with the political change the transition of the nation from its past isolation to a world-wide intercourse is also hastening forward. A whole cycle of new commercial and social relations is being entered. With this, many new perils and duties are appearing. Under the former order of things Japan's trade and industry were practically confined within its own borders. Its social habits, and customs; its literature and art were almost wholly adapted to its own and to no other's needs. Its commerce was not only very limited, but it was comparatively free from the fever of competition. Invention was extremely slow ; industries being fifty years ago very like what they were a thousand years ago. There was none of the restless struggle for wealth and place characteristic of to-day. From century to century a placid, equable industry and commerce were carried on. Science was small and unprogressive. Literature ranged within very narrow limits. The nation's unique art moved along a path of high, but of little varying excellence. Now, however, the mighty, complex, and never settled commercial, industrial, scientific, literary, and art movements of the outside world have come upon this land as an invading host. The former circumscribed and simple organization of Japanese Society has been brought into contact with these revolutionary forces. The unmeasured ambition of Western commerce, the West's enormous industrial operations, its competitions, its ideals of massive wealth, its stupendous financial schemings, and the like, have all come here, arousing this people from the old, uneventful quiet. These new forces, I believe, can here, as elsewhere, open ways to great prosperity. Your natural resources, your geographical

position, your pioneer work in this part of the world justify the belief.

But how many perils beset Japan with the new opportunities! Wholesome ambition may easily become an unscrupulous greed under the novel excitement. Honesty may easily be supplanted by cunning and fraud. Trust and honor, the very foundations of permanent commercial prosperity, are laid bare to undermining forces that can bring down the whole fabric in ruin. Commerce is to a large extent carried on under competition. This principle is legitimate and apparently necessary. But how excessive it has become under the stress of modern life! It tends to enslave and to impoverish the weak and the inefficient and to intensify social inequalities in every direction. Desire for wealth is characteristic of the civilized man. But how much it has become a mere greed for gain to day! It is the stimulus back of the intense speculation which marks the commercial life of the West. Through this passion the very safety of Society is often imperilled. It does not hesitate to grasp at the absolute control of great interests; it seeks to monopolize industries; it gathers under its power even the food and fabrics of nations; establishes autocratic ownerships called "corners," enhancing prices artificially beyond the abilities of the people to pay, and engendering dangerous discontent among the poor. The same greed of money is back of the criminal schemes so characteristic of to-day, which under the name of stock-companies, are used only to filch hard earnings from investors to fill the purses of the unscrupulous speculators. In truth, I see many great perils before Japan in its rapid appropriation of the ways of Western commerce.

In Europe and America, already many of the gravest dangers are abroad through the working of the forces I have just mentioned. So far, they have been held in check by a strong social conservatism, but they threaten great calamities for the future. They will certainly work harm here if rashly allowed to control Japan's new life. Financial crises and crashes are common experiences in the West, but they are largely neutralized or

remedied by the enormous productivity of new countries like America and the colonies of the European States.

Here, in an old country whose productiveness has almost reached its maximum, there are no such ways of safety. Japan might easily impoverish itself and helplessly impoverish itself, through a precipitate struggle for great wealth, that is, by letting great monopolies fasten themselves upon its sources of production, and by inordinate and credulous speculative investments by masses of the people. Again, Western Society, by its excessive competition, speculations, and greed, has engendered tremendous forces which threaten the whole social fabric there. Troublesome labor questions, strikes, riots, an unprecedented growth of socialistic and communistic theories and organizations now confront society in Europe and America in portentous forms. It is said that Europe is trembling over a social volcano which may burst forth with deadly violence at any time. Japan must needs move very cautiously with these tremendous forces of Western commercial and social progress or it may rue the day it began to make them its own.

Nor is the transition that Japan is making into the scientific, rationalistic mood of the West any less free from dangers or from corresponding duties than its political and commercial transformations. The scientific mood is one of the greatest forces of human progress. Knowledge is true power. Ignorance is the source of a large part of human weakness and misfortune. Superstition is followed by a train of evils and miseries. But even the scientific mood can lead to error. And it is true that not everything called science is true knowledge. The scientific man may be too hasty in drawing his conclusions or have too limited an observation. The scientific mood in its reaction from old faiths, from traditions, from what it finds to be superstitious and irrational, may go to opposite extremes as little justified by truth as the old faith. The French Revolution of a century ago is a fearful example of what I mean. Then, the people in their hatred of all the old authority that held Society together, enthroned what they called "Reason" as their god-

ness and did the most irrational things thinkable. Having overthrown the old, intolerable civil order, they overthrew with it the old moral sanctions and turned France into a very hell of violence, rapine, and murder. This extreme unbalanced revolt from superstition no sane man can look upon except with horror. Such awful crimes can be committed in the name of Reason! Reason and Science are of inestimable value to human progress and can be of the highest service to Japan, but it should be clearly understood that they are valuable only as far as they really disclose the truth.

It is an interesting yet natural fact that the beginnings of every period of rationalistic thought have been characterized by disbelief in, and rejection of the teachings of traditional and organized Religion. In the majority of cases this has been done in behalf of a larger and more reasonable faith. But in modern times the scientific mood is directed in large part by either a professed atheism, or by the theory that the human mind can know nothing of the objects of religious faith. These two attitudes of thought appear in the works of many of the scientists of the day. I do not wonder that the Japanese who have been influenced by modern science have inclined to the speculations of modern atheists and agnostics. These speculations have come in naturally with their recently opened study of Western physical science and invention. But I am profoundly convinced that atheism and agnosticism are the result of only an extreme of one-sided knowledge.

Furthermore, I believe, that they are fraught with the most serious dangers, not to Japan only, but also, and especially, to Europe and America. It would be a great mistake were the people of Japan to accept these speculations as the best products of even the rational thought of the West. The highest philosophy of the West is neither atheistic, nor even agnostic. Should these negative speculations become dominant in the philosophy and popular mood of this Empire, I believe that its present political, commercial, and social transformations would be deprived of their greatest possible safeguard, and that the national life would be exposed, with but feeble protection, to the dangers of which I have been speaking.

This thought brings us to the goal to which the whole course of this argument has been tending. I have spoken of Japan's movement into popular government ; into world-wide international intercourse ; into the ways of modern industry, commerce, social culture, and science. I have spoken of the benefits likely to accompany these changes, of the dangers which beset them, and of the duties to which they summon your citizens. Without faithful observance of these duties, as we have seen, the dangers are greatly to be feared and the benefits likely to be lost.

The events of the present era therefore bring the Japanese people, first of all, face to face with Duty. Loyalty to the Constitution ; intelligence and forbearance among partisans, and reverence for the wills of majorities are essential political duties. Justice, honor, caution, conservative progress and the like are imperative in order to gain safe commercial and industrial welfare. In accepting the scientific spirit the people must be, above all, lovers and servants of the truth. Duty, that is obedience to moral law, is the guarantee and only guarantee for Japan's safe progress in the new life it has entered.

But what is Moral Law ? It is, as the question puts it, "law." Whence derived ? Suppose we admit that it comes from the operation of mere use or convenience ; that it is more useful to be just than unjust, honest than treacherous, obedient than rebellious. What quality in human nature or elsewhere is there, however, that makes one line of conduct useful or convenient and another line of conduct harmful or undesirable ? It may be answered that human nature and all nature are so constituted that certain things are helpful to us and others injurious. If we were to continue with this kind of argument we should be brought at last to the radical truth that there is, through an invariable sequence of cause and effect, a fixed dependence of prosperity or adversity upon some things and acts rather than upon others ; that what is essentially a Moral Order lies in the nature of things. If, then, we may go on to say that morality therefore lies in the very substance of the Universe, what line divides our thought from the meaning essential in religious faith, that the Moral Order of the Uni-

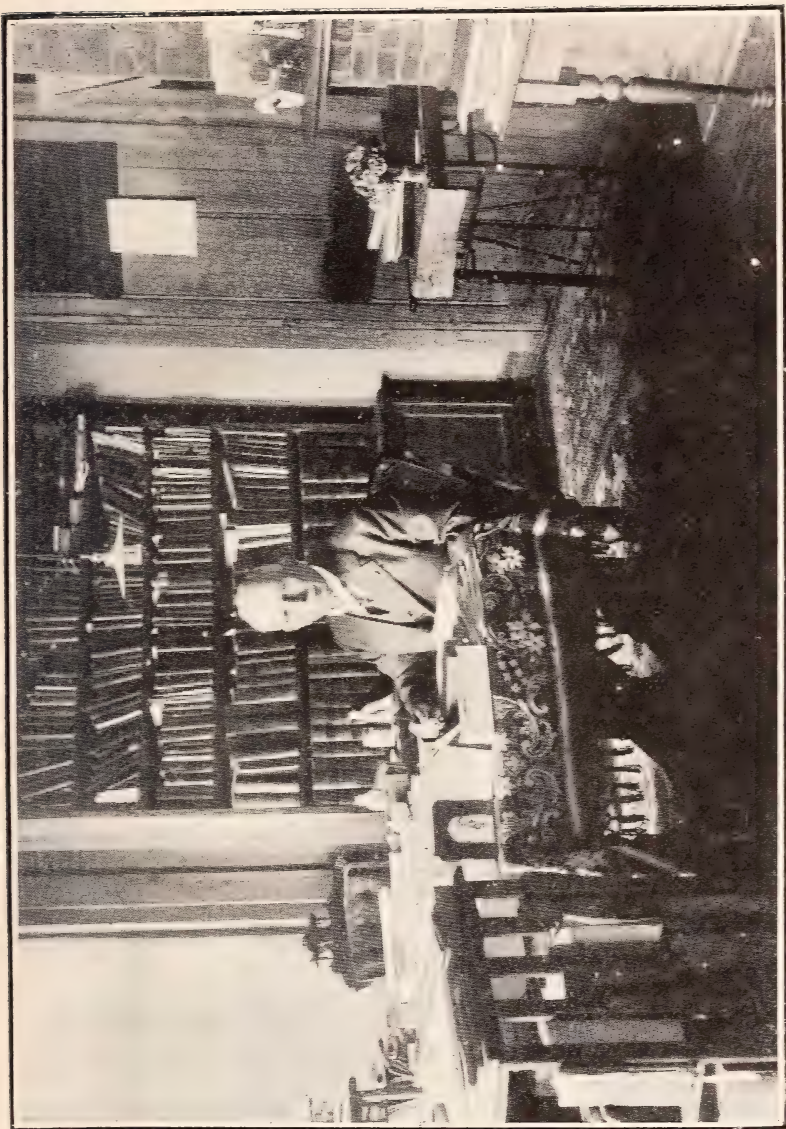
verse is there because it is the expression of the Morality of the infinite and eternal Being in whom and of whom the universe exists? Any real morality, intuitive or scientific implies, I think, the existence of all that is essential to a vital belief in God, that is to say, to Religion. To me, true Ethics and Religion are as inseparable as stream and fountain.

My culminating thought is, therefore, that if Japan would go along its present path in safety and ascend by it to greater heights of prosperity and happiness, its people should accept not only the exact sight of guiding science but should see how Science itself moves under the light of the eternal Sun. My plea is really for an appreciation of the worth and need to this nation of all that is fundamental in that which is named Religion. Do not misunderstand the word Religion. By it I do not mean anything that savors of superstition. I mean by it simply that supreme sense of the soul which is conscious of infinite and eternal Being as Creator, Guide, and Immanent Power and Life in the atom and in the star, in the feeblest stir of sensation and in the grandest thought. I sympathize deeply with those earnest minds of this nation who feel that the safety of their beloved Empire lies in the reign here of true morality. I welcome the efforts of those who are trying to found for Japan a science of morality. I profoundly believe, however, that unless the morality so sought has for its sanction an Eternal Right and Wrong their efforts will in the end come to naught. The high, pure souls who are seeking to establish a moral science without religious sanction I am sure cannot so impress their judgments upon common minds that they will bear the stress of "the wild turmoil of modern thought." The common mind cannot understand and feel the pure purport of high ideals. The sublime theism of the philosopher necessarily tends to be a crude and even a superstitious belief in ordinary minds. So the high utilitarianism of the atheistic or agnostic moralist tends to be crude and coarse selfishness among common men. Which state is preferable for the masses of mankind, a religious faith which, though tending to become crude and superstitious,

does wield a mighty authority, or a utilitarian ethics which the ignorant and selfish mind easily ignores? Better for mankind that it be "suckled in a creed outworn" than given over to what may be the sway of selfish license.

Dr. F. E. Abbot, a thinker of high repute in America, lately wrote, "Theological Agnostics will soon be succeeded by Ethical Agnostics; the doubt or disbelief of God will soon be followed by doubt or disbelief of the Moral Law itself. Moral beings could not be moral beings if morality were not a universal law above them,—nay, the all-pervading law of the Universe itself. It stands written in the nature of things that, amidst the fury of contending passions, the moral ideal itself shall go to the wall, unless it drink omnipotence from the Divine Idea."

To a recognition of the Divine Idea, then, I summon you and the people of this Empire. Let this become clear to the vision of the people, establishing and sanctioning the virtues which lie at the source of civil order; assuring the worth of justice, honor, and truth among men in their social relations; giving real force to the ethical instinct which now saves the world from destructive passion; and I am confident that the way Japan has taken can lead only upward and onward to a happier, more prosperous, and useful place for the Empire in the great household of nations. History shows that so long as high, serious, devout moral purpose has ruled men, their careers have been only a succession of triumphant advances. Only with the absence or failure of this purpose has human progress faltered or ceased. It is as true to-day as it was in the times of the ancients that—"Righteousness exalteth a nation." But Righteousness exists among men just because it issues from One whose Will is actuated by an Eternal Right.



WITH THE JAPAN MISSION, 1914

IV
MEMORIALS
OF
THE CIVIL WAR
1859-1865

I saw, across the stormy sky,
A white-crowned eagle westward fly;
A blinding flash and cloud-shot sound;—
He lay faint, fluttering, on the ground.

The forest swayed with wind and rain,
And rising torrents swept the main;
The tempest passed, a brightening west
Shone calmly on the lowering east.

The forest rocked itself to sleep,
The torrents surged on toward the deep,
A rainbow crowned the quiet day:
But near my feet the eagle lay,

With helpless talons, prostrate crest,
With outstretched wings and drabbled breast,
A monarch of celestial birth,
From heaven stricken down to earth.

And yet not lifeless. Soon his eyes
From death to life began to rise.
Then, struggling over bush and slough,
He grasped an oak tree's sturdy bough.

'Mid gnarled bough, with branch combined,
Through poisonous vines and twigs entwined,
Up, up he forced his way, to where
The topmost summit pierced the air.

Then, in the sunshine clear and warm,
Released from earth, saved from the storm,
His mighty pinions wide he spread,
And on a heavenward spiral sped.

"FREEDOM IN AMERICA,"

Rochester, New York, 1869.

PART FOUR

MEMORIALS

OF

THE CIVIL WAR

In the second chapter of the First Part of these "Memories" I gave, in outline, my experience as an enlisted soldier ; and I enumerated other relationships that I had to the armies of the American Union during the struggle between the States of the South and the North. Directly connected with this Civil War are various papers which I have at times published in the years since then. Besides, as giving rather interesting information about some unusual personal experiences, I have still many letters which were written from the army and were preserved by my parents. Some of these papers and letters will be welcome, I believe, to my friends.

I.

For instance, I know of an episode in the preparations which John Brown made for his attack on Harper's Ferry in 1859 that has some historical value.

At the time of "the Raid," like every one else in the neighborhood, I was wildly excited over the fact that John Brown had been using my native town as the place for his immediate arrangements for the attack. I had seen

the old man, in the summer of 1859 during his stay in Chambersburg, as "Isaac Smith"; and I remember vividly, yet, the crowd and the tumult in Carlisle, soon after I had entered Dickinson College when two of Brown's men were brought into town; they having been captured in their flight, on the mountains near by. They were being taken south, to Virginia.

A few years ago I wrote the following article, commemorative of my boyhood's recollection of this incident happening in connection with the famous "Harper's Ferry Raid."

AN APPEAL TO JOHN BROWN.

One of this year's notable anniversaries, 1909, is the semi-centennial of John Brown's raid upon Harper's Ferry, Virginia. This event calls to mind an interesting bit of unwritten history. Making it public may set right some widespread misjudgments; besides, it will confirm, yet more, the fact of Brown's almost complete personal isolation during his momentous venture.

In the summer of 1859, the town of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, like the other border-towns of the time, was deeply interested in the portentous political struggle then going on among the American States over Negro slavery. In appearance, Chambersburg held anything but an abolition population. Indeed, it is certain that an acknowledged white abolitionist there would have received no social favor; and that, as an antislavery agitator, he would have found the attitude of the community not at all to his liking. There was, consequently, no popular sympathy ready to welcome the announcement, made about the middle of August, by handbills coming from some unknown source, that on Saturday, the 20th, Frederick Douglass would speak in the Public Hall. Naturally, a widespread curiosity was aroused to hear the notorious black orator, and on the advertised evening the hall was crowded.

Very little in the way of a newspaper record of the event remains. In 1864, the town was destroyed by Confederate cavalry. Almost without sufficient warning to allow the people to escape, most of the town was swept away by an awful incendiary conflagration. Of course, the files of the newspapers published there were burned. However, in after years, an editor of one of the papers, *The Franklin Repository*, succeeded by searching in many directions in partially making good the loss of some of the more recent issues. A large part of the numbers for 1859 was fortunately replaced.

Not long ago the present writer was in Chambersburg and had the privilege of looking over these old papers. Luckily the issue for August 24th, 1859, was among them, and there, in its local columns, were two characteristic notes on the Douglass address. The *Repository* was the leading Republican paper of southern Pennsylvania, prospering exceptionally well under the proprietorship of Hon. A. K. McClure, afterwards one of the directing minds for Pennsylvania in the Civil War, and later one of our country's oldest and most respected journalists. The first of these notes, under the heading, "The Other Douglass" was :

"On Saturday evening last, the town hall was very well filled to listen to Douglass, not Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, but a no less distinguished man, the notorious Frederick Douglass of New York state, the Negro orator and editor of an abolition newspaper in the western part of the Empire State.

"His theme was the wrongs of his race. He handled his subject in a style which would have been creditable to many, very many of our white orators. He is, without doubt, an extraordinary man. He is highly eloquent, has unlimited command of his voice, which breathes forth, betimes the sweetest accents, and again swells to stentorian volume—and his gestures are graceful; on the whole we do not hesitate about pronouncing him a first class speaker. We can easily excuse him—a black man—for advocating the doctrine of immediate and unconditional emancipation; but, if such a thing were practicable, it would be altogether

inexpedient. If slavery was to become rooted out, and the black remain among the whites, we honestly believe a war of extermination would soon be the result. The history of the 'Red Man' is sufficient to prove, beyond cavil, that two distinct races cannot dwell as equals, in harmony, upon the same soil. If slavery is to be abolished, we must, at the same time, provide for the colonization of the Negroes."

Having disposed of the orator and his plea with this genial toleration for the one and mild antagonism for the other, the editor in the next column turned the event into a diverting lash with which to scourge his party's opponents. The exigencies of local politics, the opportunity to pluck political safety from this evident danger, the good chance to turn away from the Republicans a probable hue and cry, stirred him to write under the startling heading, "High Treason ;"—

"The Nigger Democracy, in rage at their loss of influence and power in the South, are beginning to turn their backs upon their former friends and allies. Last Saturday night, their leader, Fred Douglass, the notorious Negro orator, delivered a flaming address to his friends and admirers, in the public hall. We noticed one of the editors of the *Valley Spirit*" (an organ of the Democrats), "sitting in a front seat,—evidently as the 'right supporter' of the sable speaker. What is democracy coming to? They have brought this man here for political effect. Are they now about to don the garb of abolitionism? If they are after this game, why not pursue it openly? How did it happen that the principal editor of the *Spirit* (who lives in Washington), and this woolly-headed son of Africa, both dropped so suddenly and unexpectedly into our midst about the same time?"

These entertaining comments on the event and the man constitute all there is of record now concerning that mysterious visit of Frederick Douglass to Chambersburg fifty years ago.

There happened, however, to be among the hearers of the address a small boy of the town who listened intently, captivated by the marvelous eloquence of the speaker. And near him, faintly remembered now, sat an impressive

man who had come with the crowd, and who went away with it, unnoticed and unknown.

The boy wondered much over the Colored man's masterful oratory, yet, as the years passed, he retained of what he had heard but little more than a pertinent story, told with much seeming gusto. In substance the story ran: "You think it strange, do you, that I am here making this plea? Well, you won't when you hear about a certain tribe of monkeys that live in Africa. When one of those beasts is caught in a trap and the others find out that they can't set him free, they just hang around, as near as they can get, and howl. That is what I am doing. Plenty of my own kind are tight in a terrible trap over yonder border. Well, here I am."

With that night, and with as little notice of his going as of his coming, Douglass disappeared from the town.

The impassive old man who had listened to Douglass remained in Chambersburg for a short time, gradually making the acquaintance of a few of its citizens, as "Isaac Smith," inquiring of them about some purchasable large tract of land which he might buy for the use of a farming colony that he was organizing. Mr. "Smith" aroused no special curiosity. At length he was no longer seen in "Lawyers' Row," and his piles of bulky boxes, containing his "farm implements" had been moved elsewhere. No one took further thought about him.

But, on Oct. 17th, Chambersburg,—not Chambersburg only but all communities of the United States,—were astounded at hearing newsboys cry papers announcing:—"Great excitement! An armed band of Abolitionists are reported as having full possession of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry."

The rest of the story is well known. "Isaac Smith" was "John Brown of Osawatimie." His raid became a fatal disaster; and his "farm colonists" as revolutionists, met with tragic defeat. John Brown's body soon began to "moulder in the grave," and his "soul" to start on its fateful, yet glorious "marching on."

Twenty years afterwards, the boy auditor of Douglass

at Chambersburg had become the minister of "All Souls Church" in Washington City. During his ministry, Frederick Douglass, then honored by the United States Government with an important office in the District of Columbia, was a regular attendant at the services of this church.

At one of the social gatherings of the parish, the minister, recently installed in office, puzzled Mr. Douglass by the comment, "There are some very curious turns in life. One of them is the fact that I am your minister." "Why?" queried Mr. Douglass. "I happen to remember," was the answer, "that before the war, in 1859, when I was only a schoolboy, I was one of your listeners at an anti-slavery meeting which you held in a small Pennsylvania town, Chambersburg." "Oh, is that so?" "Yes!" rejoined the minister, "I sat on the front row of the seats, directly before you. I was curious to see the Colored abolitionist that everybody talked about. I did think you were a wonderful orator. But, of course, my boy brain did not follow you very closely. In fact, the only thing you said that stuck in my memory was a story which made everyone laugh, and applaud. It was about yourself and a tribe of African monkeys." The recollection of this story greatly amused Mr. Douglass. And it started him to talking freely. In the further conversation he made known the following interesting and in some respects, very valuable bit of ante-civil war history.

"That lecturing in Chambersburg," he said in effect, "was only a shallow pretence. The real reason for my being there was something much more important. I wanted to get at John Brown before it was too late;—that is, I wished, if possible, to prevent him from going to Harper's Ferry. Some of us who knew of what he was about to do, not only felt sure that his attempt would fail, but we feared greatly that it would do serious harm to the whole anti-slavery movement. My lecture was a mere blind. If you had seen me the next morning, you would have seen me walking along the creek towards Kennedy's Mill,—I think that was the name of the mill. Not far from the town, an old man, whose slouched hat hung

down over his face, was sitting on the bank of the creek, fishing. I took a seat near him, and we had a long talk. That man was John Brown. In the end, I found that I could not budge him from his going on with his plans. I was miserably troubled when I left him, and, as soon as possible I got away from that part of the country. Well, it wasn't long after that, that the terrible end came."

Evidently, then, so this story teaches, Frederick Douglass takes part in the great struggle for the abolition of slavery in this country as a conservative, when he was confronted by the prospect of the awful revolution attempted by John Brown. Evidently, too, he did his best to turn Brown from his chosen course, when, to judge by the impulses that commonly sway men, he ought to have encouraged even his forlorn hope.

Also, this story makes it clear that John Brown was, in a profound sense of the words, the self-appointed champion of an anti-slavery revolution by force of arms; that he acted almost alone, and certainly acted without the endorsement or support of the political party which was then leading the anti-slavery agitation.

And further, the story shows that Chambersburg at the time of Douglass' visit was, contrary to common repute, in no way, by intention, a friendly shelter for abolitionists. Probably there was not one citizen of the place to whom John Brown was known during his stay there in the summer of 1859, or who would have stood by him in carrying forward his purpose.

The great fact is that John Brown must take his place in history as a knight of liberty, daring forth almost alone; finding his justification wholly in the fulfilled issue of events.

John Brown is now a transfigured hero. But he would have been branded forever as a traitorous criminal had not the after fate of the nation given him a martyr's coronation.

II.

MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS :

AN INCIDENT OF INTEREST

I have spoken of the engrossing interest I felt in the events immediately preceding the great struggle between the American Slave and Free States. Not long after I entered Dickinson College, I became acquainted with some of the younger of the officers of the national cavalry then stationed at "The Barracks" located just outside the town ; one of them, a lieutenant, becoming my friend. In command there, in the spring of 1861, was Major George H. Thomas of Virginia.

Directly after my father had cancelled the enlistment I had made at the time Fort Sumter had been attacked and I had been taken to Chambersburg, I heard that a squadron of cavalry from Carlisle, on its way to protect Harper's Ferry, had encamped in a grove just north of the town. I hurried out to the grove to see who were there. I found my friend, Lieutenant Arnold ; I remained with him for the rest of the afternoon. As the lieutenant and I lay on the ground talking ; near by, on a camp-chair sat Major Thomas, wholly silent, and seemingly much depressed. I ventured to ask the lieutenant, "What is the matter with the Major?" His reply was that, the day before, the cavalry had been suddenly ordered to make this march ; and that the Major was much troubled over what he ought to do ;—stay with the army ? or go to the help of his seceding State ?

"That's what he is thinking about," answered the lieutenant.

The next morning I saw the cavalry on its way, to

Harper's Ferry. Major Thomas was riding at the head of the column.

The great question had been answered.

Soon afterwards the major was made a colonel, and had begun the famous career now so well known as that of one of the most successful of the commanders of the armies of the Union.

III.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AS TOLD IN MY LETTERS FROM THE ARMY.

During that summer of 1861, as I have already said, I was at home. I spent much of those months in the general military hospital which had been located in Chambersburg.

Through the next winter I was at Princeton, going, for the mid-winter vacation, to my parents who were for the time in Washington City. While there I was often at the hospitals doing a little something for our disabled soldiers.

In the next mid-summer, as already noted, I gained, at last, my dearest wish of those days;—entrance into the army of the Union as an enlisted soldier.

My letters, written during the eventful year following, have, probably, very little in them of general historic importance. But they are of considerable value personally. They give descriptions, commonplace enough, of the daily life of a very youthful soldier, which are, however, excellent personal mementoes and character-exhibits.

Most noticeable in them, I find an evident effort, recurring many times, to make light of what was happening,

in order that my mother might not give way to the forebodings about me which constantly distressed her. Chiefly because of a nervous illness, my mother could never become reconciled to the fact that her only child was in the army, exposed to its hardships and its perils.

My enlistment began on August 6th, 1862. Four days later, from "Camp Curtin" in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, I wrote;—

"I am at last in camp as one of "ye bold sojer boys." I am well and highly pleased with my odd situation.

At the depot, as acting orderly, I formed the company; and at their head, marched up town—and out to camp. I shall be the regular "orderly" if the men do not think me too young.

I detailed a guard; went for tents; got them; and I really felt ashamed of myself to see those poor fellows laden with tents, and poles, and pins, etc. I was not carrying anything at all, but was only marching along side.—I can not tell you of the fun of the evening:—two men dressed as an elephant; the tossing of men in blankets; singing and having a good time generally.

I begin to believe that soldiers are really the happiest, most careless men alive. Capt. Doeblers' men last night marched to our quarters and gave us three cheers and a "tiger." The moon shone brightly and everything seemed glad. It is useless, I tell you, to mourn over our hard lot; for a jollier set of fellows than we are can not be found.

I trust that I am going in God's name and strength. I am happy as the day is long. *I am happy*,—and why should you be sad? When you cry we laugh, and when you laugh we laugh too. God will guide us and do as He will. Trust in Him. Good bye.

My love to all friends, and to yourselves. God bless you."

With this message to my parents, I began my year of "soldiering."

The next six weeks were full of rapidly succeeding changes. In the organization of my company, as "Company D., 126th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers," I was appointed Third Sergeant. Our first encampment, after leaving Harrisbury for the front, was with the "Reserve Army of Defense," south of Washington City, not far beyond the "Arlington House," Virginia.

My second promotion then occurred in my being detailed by Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis, at the time commanding the "Reserve Army," to become a non-commissioned officer on his staff in the impending reorganization of the army for what is known as the "Maryland Campaign." I was appointed "Ordnance Sergeant for the Second Division of the Ninth Army Corps,"—General Sturgis commanding the Division.

The next letter, of those now in my possession, was written from "near Sharpsburg," Maryland on "September 18th," the day after the battle of Antietam. It reads—

"I have seen very hard service since I last wrote, but am now safely through it. I can not write the hundredth part of all I have experienced.

I was sent to Washington after ammunition when I last wrote you. Well! after hard trials I managed to catch up with General Sturgis at Middletown, by traveling night and day."

I interrupt the transcribing of this letter to insert here a paper which I prepared for a meeting of the "Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion," some years afterwards. It tells the story of that adventure with the ammunition which, with the "hard trials" of which I wrote, I carried from Washington to the advancing army.

IV.

A BIG LOAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS

A STORY OF THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN, 1862

Sergeant Mack had hardly passed his nineteenth year when the big load was put upon his shoulders. He was unprepared for the burden. But he was in superb health ; also, he was by temperament sanguine ; and, upon occasion, could be recklessly insistent in carrying out his purposes. He had left his College that he might join the army of the Union ; and he had taken into his country's service the enthusiastic self-assurance, and the fearlessness of dignitaries which is common among college boys. His enlistment was made in 1862, under the stimulus of the great crisis that had then befallen the cause of the Union. Appointed to a sergeancy in his company, he had shouldered some petty responsibilities in the march of his regiment towards the front.

Just then General Pope's disastrous defeats were taking place ; and Sergeant Mack has seen the chaotic retreats of the Army of Virginia into the fortifications surrounding the Capital City. After some days of service there a bit of good fortune fell to him. He was detailed for extra duty at the headquarters of the Reserve Army of Defense at Alexandria, Virginia.

As September opened, Gen. McClellan was reinvested with military authority, and had begun the reorganization of General Pope's broken forces in connection with his own Army of the Peninsula. He created three Grand Divisions, which were to extend from the Potomac river into Central Maryland, advancing to give battle to Lee's invaders coming from the west. Gen. Sturgis, Sergeant Mack's commander, was transferred, in the new order of things, to service in the field with the Right Grand Division. So quickly and effectively had Gen. McClellan's plans been put into operation, that by the 9th of September the reorganized army was practically in the positions chosen for it, and was ready for the movements that were then begun. But, while ready for the march, much yet re-

mained to be done to make the army formidable. The General Quartermaster's Department, for example, had been overtaxed in the reorganization of the disordered forces; and it labored under most confusing disadvantages. Then, the supplies of arms, and particularly of small ammunition, were dangerously insufficient. So serious was the lack of ammunition in Gen. Sturgis's new command, the Second Division of the Ninth Corps, that it was decided not to wait for the Headquarter's Ordnance Train, which was to follow the advancing army.

Gen. Sturgis undertook a personal venture to get what his Division needed. On September 9th, consequently, when he had received the orders which started the forward movement of the army, he sent for Sergeant Mack and in substance said to the boy:—

“Sergeant, I have appointed you Ordnance Sergeant of this Division. Take the headquarters teams. Go to Washington at once. Capt. Rawolle will give you your orders. Get back as soon as you can.”

In this way it was that Sergeant Mack received an important promotion, and was initiated into the happenings which make up my story.

That night the new Ordnance Sergeant with his emergency expedition was well on the way back to Washington City. The boy had been ordered to undertake a critical service which would far better have been imposed upon an experienced man. But he had accepted his burden willingly, and even with confidence. Gen. Sturgis had sought to provide for the undertaking every means needed for its success. He had transferred his headquarters baggage and equipment to ordinary mule-teams, giving to Sergeant Mack the four picked teams of horses that had been chosen for the special use of the Commander and his staff. The wagons were exceptionally capacious and were strongly built. Each of them was drawn by four powerful horses that had not yet been subjected to severe labor. As far as resources were at command, the little train could hardly have been much bettered for its work.

Sergeant Mack personally was not very well equip-

ped to act as an independent leader of such an expedition. Under the extraordinary stress of events then, he had to go without a good deal that might have made his service easier. For instance, he could not be provided with a proper uniform for his office, or a horse to ride. Horses were few and the demand for those few, for other uses, was imperative. The sergeant, however, cared little for these privations. He had started upon his errand with "a heart for any fate." He was possessed by the conviction that everything must and would give way before his effort to get that ammunition, and that no time should be lost in making his return to his Corps. He knew that, excepting the cartridges carried on the persons of the men of his Division, there was then no ammunition available for them in a possible battle. It mattered little to him, therefore, that his way must be made either on foot or inside the wagons. As it happened, most of the fifteen miles of the return to the city he was a wagon passenger. Speed was imperative and the wagons were empty. Consequently, the ten miles, traversed before the halt for the night was made, were far more comfortable for his horse-riding drivers than for himself. Two or more hours of involuntary jolting, falling, rolling and holding on to anything that could be laid hold of, would not have left the boy more wearied than he was when he ordered camp for the night.

Early the next morning Sergeant Mack's wagons were far within the city; and not much later were stopped before the buildings of the Department of War.

The college student, volunteer soldier knew nothing then of official routine or of the vexing delays of red-tape. Eager and confident he left his wagons and ran into the War Office. But the impetuous youth pushed at once against a mass of obstacles. Scores of other persons were already there, each evidently intent upon doing what he had in mind. He soon found, also, that the officials were much busied with affairs that were not his. Yet, insistent inquiry at length took him to the room where he must go for a hearing. No one there, however, seemed willing to give him attention. Nevertheless, his self-assurance for

a while supported him bravely. He made many attempts to open a way for his business. But, as he saw many precious minutes passing in vain, his assurance and courage weakened. Of course, he was nothing more in others' eyes than a very young, and much soiled-looking, non-commissioned officer. How far he would have succumbed to the obstacles he met it is hard to tell. At this critical moment, however, he recognized at a desk somewhat distant, an acquaintance of years before,—a school-mate. Thoughtless, except that he might complete his purpose, he shouted to his old mate across the room. Bold youth, he was ! But as good luck served him, he found immediately an effective friend. It was not long before the special call sent from the Ninth Corps had received a hearing. The hour had hardly passed before Sergeant Mack had secured fully empowered requisitions upon the arsenal authorities for the supplies asked for. Grateful and much elated he hastened from the Ordnance Office to make his next venture, the procuring of orders from the General Quartermaster for forage for his horses and rations for the drivers.

But as he went out of the building he met with a shock that almost stunned him. There were his wagons. But where were the drivers ? Not one of these was in sight ; and the sixteen horses, all tangled in their harness, were heading many ways across the street.

Now it was characteristic of Sergeant Mack, however easily he might be disheartened by petty hindrances, to begin to grow resolute when obstacles tended towards their worst. In the face of this calamity, consequently, after the initial effects of the shock had passed, he was strangely stimulated. He became reckless. A desperate mood came over him. At once he set himself to work in a sort of fury. It was not long before he had straightened out all the teams, and had hitched the leading horses to tree-boxes bordering the F Street side-walk. Driven then to practical foolhardihood ; wholly careless of consequences, the sergeant rushed into the General Quartermaster's offices. He was no longer the patient, deferential applicant who had hesitatingly tried to get to the Chief of Ordnance.

Door-guards, interrupting clerks, indifferent officials were no longer barriers to him. With heedless audacity he assumed possession of authority back of what he did. He went directly into the Quartermaster General's private office. His cap was off but he showed no other sign of reverence as he stepped to the front of the general's desk and said, without further preface, "Are you General Myers?"

The general looked up quickly, but the sergeant hastily continued, "Gen. Sturgis has sent me for ammunition, and I have these requisitions for forage."

"Young man," interrupted the general "do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Yes," returned the sergeant, "you are General Myers. I have four wagons outside. My drivers have deserted. I am alone, and I must get back to the army at once. I must have some drivers and forage, and I want you to help me."

Something,—either the miserable facts, or the boy's manner—appealed strongly to the grim man of routine and discipline. He did not rebuke the intense pleader. Of course, a gross breach in the discipline of the service had been made; yet, possibly, the very excess of wrong that the boy had done was his protection and help. At any rate, the immediate result of Sergeant Mack's devil-may-care sally into the Quartermaster General's office was all that he could have asked for.

Years afterwards, when this incident was recalled to Gen. Myers by the transgressor himself, the general remarked, "My impulse was to put you under arrest, but I saw that you did not know what you were doing."

Sergeant Mack hurried back to his wagons encouraged by having received full directions and ample authority for putting things to rights.

But, first, he must get drivers. So, unhitching one of the saddle horses and buckling the harness over neck and haunches he rode at a wild gallop to the "Contraband" Camp in the city's suburbs. He made short work there of selecting four drivers from a clamorous crowd of negro refugees. The formalities of release and enlistment were soon closed; the "darkeys'" bundles were soon packed

and shouldered ; and at mid-day the sergeant, followed by his motley squad of black recruits, was on his way back to the waiting wagons.

The wagons had not been disturbed.

The new drivers took hold of their work intelligently and in time they proved to be as worthy as the white deserters had been worthless. With one exception they happened to be members of the same family. Old Tom was about five feet in height, squat-bodied, husky of voice but very alert in movement. The sergeant made him master of the little train. Joe, his son, was nearly six feet tall, exceptionally powerful in body ; with an intelligent face, always ready, as the coming days showed, with laughter, stories, and with song. Jim, the driver of the third wagon, was much like his cousin Joe : not so large, nor so self-reliant, perhaps, nor quite so exuberant of mood. But Sam, from a Virginia plantation near the home of the other three, proved to be much their inferior in various ways. He was a slow moving, yet rather irritable fellow ; willing enough to serve, but not quick of perception or skilful in doing his work.

With the deserted wagons well manned, Sergeant Mack's confidence was renewed. He was all eagerness, then, for the next moves.

Without delay he obtained some bags of oats at a Government warehouse for his horses, and some rations for the drivers. By three o'clock his little train had entered the grounds of the great Seventh Street Arsenal. The sergeant was determined, if possible, to have his wagons loaded and off on their journey before the day should close. He was not dismayed even when he saw the hundred and more teams of the General Ammunition Train waiting, lined around the arsenal grounds and along the different magazines, receiving the stores which they were to carry with the utmost despatch to the front. Sergeant Mack knew how urgent the business of those wagons was, but he had urgent business for his wagons, too. So, still reckless of consequences, he again assumed a perilous hazard. He learned just where the special supplies he wanted were to be had, and then, peremptorily ordered the drivers of the wagons

stationed there to haul aside and give him place. Not one man questioned his authority, so imperious was his voice and his flourish of papers so commanding.

Existing notes do not tell just how much ammunition was packed into the wagons, but the sergeant remembers that his requisitions were so large that each of the wagons was much overloaded. However, those splendid horses seemed to be capable of bearing the strain of almost any load that the wagons could carry.

Before sunset, Sergeant Mack's train was far out on North Seventh Street moving heavily, though steadily, on its return to the army; its weary "commander" lying on some bags of oats in the front wagon,—very much wearied but highly elated over the day's successes. No halt was ordered until midnight.

Three hours after midnight the start for another day's march was made. By sunrise the camping grounds, that had been left Tuesday evening, were reached. But the fields there were empty and drear. Only a short halt was allowed. The sergeant was determined that, if possible by forced marching he could do it, he would overtake the Ninth Corps that day. Unfortunately, however, in leaving the old grounds he began a series of mistakes—by no fault of his own—that almost ended in disastrous failure for him. At the farm-house near which Gen. Sturgis had had his head-quarters, he received a message left for him, saying, that the Second Division "had taken the road towards Clarksburg." Following that road Sergeant Mack, with each mile, was not nearing but really separating himself from the army corps he was seeking. An hour for rest and food was spent at noon. Further inquiries gave him no more definite information. He could not know that important changes in the movements of the Ninth Corps had been ordered that day. There was nothing, under the circumstances, for him to do but to keep on as he was going. His main direction, he was convinced, must be right.

Thursday night came. Still there was no reliable information about the troops he was seeking. But the sergeant had no inclination to stop with the night-fall.

The road was fairly good, and the horses, apparently, but little fatigued. The sky was clear ; illumined by brilliant starlight.

More and more alone with the advancing night, those four laboring wagons, moved steadily on over the undulating road ; their leader expectant that the next morning would surely bring an end to his wanderings. The drivers passed the night hours cheering their horses ; singing, the while, quaint plantation melodies and interchanging rude, fun-makings.

At about ten o'clock an excited shout from Sam, of the hindmost wagon, brought the train to a stop.

" Say, Marse Sergeant," Sam cried, running forward, " de tail-board ob my wagon is broke, and I'm a loosin' all my boxes."

Sure enough ;—two thousand rounds of the precious ammunition had just fallen from Sam's wagon and were lying in the deep dust of the road. But where was the tail-board of the wagon ? And say ! where were three more of the priceless boxes ?

Nearly an eighth of a mile back on the road, one of the cases was found unbroken ; and a little beyond that were the other two boxes and the tail-board which, evidently, had given way there under heavy pressure and the rough going. Lucky it was that the break had been found so soon. The accident, however, brought about another midnight halt, with oats and grass for the horses, and "hardtack," (biscuits), with coffee for sergeant and men.

Before Friday morning dawned the wagons were again on the move and had reached Clarksburg, more than half the way to Frederick City, a main objective for the army ; Sergeant Mack still seeking vainly among persons he met for reliable information of the position of the Ninth Corps. By this time, if he was not exactly "a lost leader," he was certainly astray, even though wandering in a direction that, in the main, was right. In fact, Gen. Sturgis, that very morning was near New Market only about twelve miles to the north, on the highway between Baltimore and Frederick.

Again, unable to know the facts, and also not know-

ing just what else to do, Sergeant Mack could only keep on as he was going, convinced that, somehow, he was nearing his goal. But a new obstacle arose then. The condition of the superb animals that were hauling the overloaded wagons began to make the commander of our train anxious. They had already lost much of their sleek look, and were showing some signs of distress. They had been on the move, without real rest, since Tuesday evening, bearing all the while much more of a strain than should ever have been imposed upon them.

The most promising thing to do, as advised by some officers whom the sergeant met at Clarksburg, seemed to be for him to go directly on to Frederick City where he would be on the national highway, and most likely to find the needed guidance. With renewed hope the sergeant took up his march again, early Friday morning. Not far to the west of Clarksburg, however, as ill fortune had it, the little train was once more led astray. It went too far westward among the cross ways there; and the afternoon was not far advanced before Sergeant Mack found himself, with his over-heavy wagons and over-wearied horses, wandering among the rough, hilly roads that pass through the forests around the mountain mass that lies to the south of Frederick.

Then, some excessively exhausting hardships began. They were very near Sergeant Mack's complete undoing. Better beasts never worked than those sixteen horses struggling that Friday among the steep hills and depths of Mount Sugar-Loaf. Old Tom distinguished himself as a master in his craft. His son and his nephew, too, were almost his equals. But forebodings gradually, yet inevitably, gathered about Sam, the one who had been unfortunate all along the journeyings. Sam did not know how to urge, or to spare his horses aright; nor could he make them feel his sympathy, or his mastery. Soon after nightfall, it was, that the disaster threatening, and dreaded all day, came. No halt was intended before midnight. If possible, Frederick City must be reached by day-break. The road to Hyattstown unfortunately had been missed, but the sergeant had been told that if he kept on as he was

going, he could get to the direct road for Frederick near Urbana. At that time he was approaching a long, steep hill, up which a narrow way led through a dense forest. Tom, Joe and Jim, with much skill, cheered their fagged horses to attempt the difficult drag. At last they succeeded in passing over the hill's crest. But not so was it with Sam. During the climb no one could give attention to any other of the workers. The sergeant was ahead, groping in the gloom for rocks and logs; passing back word to Tom of what to do. For some time he had heard Sam's wild yells and the lashings of his whip; and again and again he had shouted back commands to the man to stop. But in vain. The other drivers were making slow headway; and, at length, they passed safely over the bend of the hill's ridge. Then the sergeant rushed down the road to the luckless rear team. He found Sam's horses hopelessly stalled. One of the great leaders, almost in a state of collapse, stood streaming with perspiration, breathing painfully and trembling as if about to fall.

"Indeed, Marse Sergeant," whimpered the unlucky Sam, as Sergeant Mack ran to him, "dey can't do it, no how."

"Chuck the wheels, you fool!" yelled the sergeant, himself dragging the branch of a fallen tree under a wheel.

Close after him came old Tom, on the run—

"You fool nigger, what you been a doin?" he screamed, seizing the straining wheel horses and swinging them across the road.

A most wretched disaster it seemed to be! To the sergeant, grown desperate, it could hardly have appeared worse. Yet he was far from despair. The wheels of the wagon were soon blocked. Then, Tom's leaders were brought; and with their help, under the lurid light of extemporized torches, the crippled team was again started, and the wagon slowly drawn over the hill's crest. Not far beyond that, by a small mountain stream at the road side, the wagons were camped for the remainder of the night.

The next few hours were more than dreary for the sleepless boy who had been charged with this vitally important service. The big load on his young shoulders had become

almost too heavy for him to bear. For three days and nights he had ridden much in Tom's jolting wagon; he had walked many miles too; and at times he had been astride one of the driver's horses. Moreover, all the way he had had but little sleep, and but insufficient and poor food. Now, with this break-down on a remote mountain road, where his all-momentous trust was in danger of failure, and himself of making a record of incompetence, his experiences began to be intolerable. At last he decided that, if at day-break the outlook were no better, he would destroy enough of the ammunition to let him move; and he would drag his way to the front with what remnant he might be able to save. But at dawn, the unfortunate big bay leader appeared much rested. Sergeant Mack took heart again and made ready to move on.

It was a sorry spectacle—those wagons on their way down that lone mountain road that Saturday morning. Old Tom had taken charge of Sam's horses, and was leading the train.

About an hour later, it so happened that the extremity into which the expedition had fallen became good fortune's opportunity. The horses were moving very slowly; the crippled bay was doing little more than a walk in loose, sagging harness. The sergeant was seriously deliberating over taking his one desperate chance for safety.

Just then, there came in sight a two-horse-drawn wagon, approaching rapidly from the west. The wagon was brought to a stop in front of Tom's team which about filled the narrow roadway. The wagon's driver was evidently a sutler. He and the sergeant, of course, passed greetings for the day. No sooner were they passed, however, than came the flashing of an inspiring thought into the sergeant's troubled brain.

"So! here," it sang, "is your good angel. Here, your deliverance has come." Action immediately followed the inspiration—

"See here," began Sergeant Mack, "I want you to help me. One of my teams has broken down."

"Sorry! but can't do it," replied the sutler, "I'm in a hurry."

* "How far is it to the Frederick pike?" returned the sergeant.

"About eight miles."

"Well, I want you to carry some of this ammunition to the pike."

"Can't do it," answered the sutler.

"Oh yes! you can," continued the sergeant.

"No!"

"Oh! yes! Now," persisted Sergeant Mack, "you might as well do as I want you to."

The sutler shook his head obstinately. But the sergeant went on, voicing his necessity,—

"You see, I've got to get this ammunition to the front. Now, load up ten of these boxes, and go with us to the pike. I will give you ten dollars, if you do. If you won't, then, well—you'll have to go any way; and you'll get nothing."

Five against one left no place for argument. It was an arbitrary hold up. It looked very like high-way robbery. Yet Sergeant Mack acted without compunction, and would have done even worse if need had been.

Presto, then! Scores of precious bundles, boxes, cans, and bags were unloaded from the sutler's wagon; piled up in the thick undergrowth at the road side; and ten thousand rounds of ammunition from the disabled wagon were put into their place.

Jubilate! Safety had come. And as the re-enforced train made another start the elated sergeant was ready to sing,—*"Bress de Lord! I'm out ob de wilderness."*

About three hours later, the much imperilled expedition was free from the wretched labyrinth of the mountain roads, among which for twenty-four hours it had been wandering. Near New Market, on the hard, smooth national high-way; at last among friendly and intelligent guides, the hour struck for Sergeant Mack's success.

Seldom does one have more triumphant pleasure than that which swept through the feelings of the leader of this hard-faring emergency train when its young "commander" heard his wagon's wheels grind on the solid limestone bed of the Baltimore turn-pike. There, he soon learned that, only

the day before, the Ninth Corps had passed forward ; it was then, probably only a few miles ahead, just beyond Frederick City.

The sutler was soon paid his hire and freed from duress. Old Tom had to pay out the money, as Sergeant Mack had gone on his expedition without so much as a cent in his pockets. Whether or not the sutler, on his return to the forest slope of Mount Sugar-Loaf, found the precious goods that had been put in hiding in the undergrowth there, deponent does not know.

The smooth high-way brought a mighty access of strength to the rescued train. Its progress was very slow and its halts were many, yet, movement was possible.

But soon it was clear that no time was to be lost. A battle would surely take place within the next few days. All rumors agreed in that belief.

Late that Saturday night, the sergeant brought his wagons to a halt beside the Monocacy River, on the east border of Frederick City. There the horses and men were fed, and there they slept until towards the dawn of that fateful Sunday, September 14th. Very early that morning the jaded beasts, urged to fresh exertions, dragged their great loads through Frederick City, and out over the road towards South Mountain. Already, there, the advances of the forces of McClellan and Lee had begun their historic struggle.

It was just after ten o'clock that morning when Sergeant Mack's eventful expedition came to an end. It entered the camp of Gen. Sturgis's Division. The sergeant ordered a halt : he reported at Headquarters his return with all requisitions filled and ready for delivery.

As it happened, he had achieved, in spite of the many obstacles and perils he had met, a signal success. *He had brought to the advancing army its first reserve ammunition.* Indeed, he was almost a day ahead of the coming of the General Headquarters Ordnance Train. And, to crown all, he then received from the Corps Commander, Gen. Reno, his personal thanks, given just before the general left camp for that day's mountain-side battle where, towards evening, he was killed in action.

In after years, Sergeant Mack has often looked back and marvelled over the hardships of those four days and nights, when, as a mere boy, he was burdened with a load much too big for him. He was directly responsible to no authority beyond his own for every move he made as he wandered, in large part blindly, in an unknown land, in search of the Army Corps that, with two days start, was moving away from him in devious paths. He has ever been profoundly grateful for the fortunate ending of his venture; regretting only, and often with some self-accusation, the practical ruin of those sixteen of the noblest animals that were ever sacrificed in the cause of human welfare. Those sixteen horses actually seemed to accept the cruel service demanded of them. They labored those five nights and four days, never once unwilling, or resistant; with insufficient food and rest; dragging over roads, in places about impassable, burdens that were almost doubly large for their ordinary work. They literally gave their lives that the defenders of the Union might not meet their enemy without the reserve ammunition for their weapons that would be necessary to carry the struggle through. I offer here this tribute to those dumb beasts.

With this tribute, the story of the load laid upon young Sergeant Mack, in the Maryland Campaign of 1862, may end.

V.

SOLDIER LETTERS CONTINUED.

The letter from "near Sharpsburg, Sept. 18th" which I interrupted to give place to the story just told, continues,—

"That day we had the hard battle of Middletown Heights, " (South Mountain)." What a terrible time! Our forces drove the rebels from hill to hill over the high mountain. What numbers of rebel dead were piled along the road as we came over the road the next day. Piles two and three deep, and with all kinds of wounds. I saw over forty of our men buried in one trench.

Well, we came over; pursued the rebels, and have caught them here near the Antietam Creek. They are between the Antietam and the Potomac and can not get out, I think.

Oh! what a hard battle yesterday. I could see it all in the morning, plainly,—men killed by shot and shell. It was horrible.”—“Our Division took the bridge over the Antietam Creek on the left.”

“Do come and see me here. I am so near home and can not get there.”

After the battle of Antietam our army lay in camp for several weeks in Pleasant Valley, Maryland, not far from Harper's Ferry. The letters I wrote at that time, before the one dated October 21st, are missing from my collection.

I was quite ill for a while during that period. I received the care of that finely endowed volunteer nurse, of much fame in after years, Miss Helen Gilson.

In May, 1868, I published a tribute to Miss Gilson, “In Memoriam.” I repeat it here not only as giving another phase of my soldier experience, but as cherishing further a treasured remembrance of that rare woman.

MRS. HELEN GILSON OSGOOD.

“Sweet Miss Gilson” was the name by which she was known in the army. How well I remember her. We first met in Pleasant Valley, Md., October, 1862, soon after the battle of Antietam. She was then giving the wealth of her mind and heart to the sick and wounded soldiers, in an old, cheerless log barn we tried to call a hospital.

What a beautiful minister of goodness she was. There, on that hard threshing-floor she could be seen constantly; often sitting beside the sick, speaking those words of comfort, smiling those sisterly smiles, reading those “words of life,” singing those songs of home, country and heaven, which gave to her the name “Sweet Miss Gilson.” We all loved her. I am sure she made home dearer, life purer

and heaven nearer to every one of us. When, as it happened so often, some spirit was about to be released from his bonds, she always took a place beside the dying one and received the farewell message. Then, with her pale, uplifted face, always beautiful, but never so beautiful as when it lay back looking into the world to which she has herself now gone, she bore the departing soul by the power of faith to its rest. They were no false tears she shed. They were no false words she spoke. Never seemed touch more gentle than hers. Never seemed steps so light. It was brightness at her coming and sadness at her going.

She was brave as she was loving. I have seen her sit unmoved and silent in the midst of a severe cannonade while soldiers were fleeing for refuge. I have seen her almost alone in a contraband camp and hospital. In the midst of ignorance, ill-suited to her, vice that must have been repugnant, and squalor in all its repulsiveness, she moved, an angel of mercy, loving and loved. She gave in all her ministrations health to the diseased, comfort, inspiration to the dying, strength to the timid, knowledge to the ignorant, and to the depraved the beauty of purity. She had a rare power over the soldier's heart. It acknowledged her sway always. With us, her life was hidden from the world—it lay a constant sacrifice before every needy patriot "friend." Rich were we who received its blessings.

Permit me, though a stranger to Mrs. Osgood's friends, to send them these affectionate remembrances of Miss Gilson. To me, her earthly life seemed to be but a type of the heavenly."

The letter of October 21st, to which I have just referred, was written evidently under a stress of feeling not infrequent during that year, caused chiefly by the natural solicitude expressed in the letters that came from my home. I was, certainly, devoted without reservation to the cause for which I had volunteered as a soldier; and moreover, I was for the most part upborne by a wave of strong religious emotion. I wrote,—

"I expect we will move from here in a couple of days into Virginia. We will there, perhaps, again meet the army of this horrid rebellion. Know that I am going to do my duty, at the sacrifice of every tie that binds me to earth. The love of my parents, nor the terror of battle shall keep me from it. And you must be content.

God rules everywhere, and I shall 'not be afraid of the arrow that flieth by day, nor of the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' - - - It would make me feel a thousand times better if you would encourage me to fight manfully for my perishing country ; it would nerve me to do noble duty.

Give me into the hands of our Master, and be proud that you have done so. No longer grieve. If fall I must, what is that? The cause is a just and glorious one. I do not reproach you. Far from it. But it would make me feel prouder of you, if you would forget self in the endeavor to save the land that has protected and cherished us. Do you not really think that the extreme peril in which our beloved land is now placed demands every sacrifice? Do not but think kindly of what I have said ; and commend yourselves and me to God's care."

I do not remember just what induced this protesting outburst, but it must have been feeling caused by my mother's constant dread. I did not realize how frail she was physically ; also, in my impetuous boyhood, I either did not value the mother love at its real depth, or I put on a certain bravado because I feared that her affection might weaken me. The latter alternative, as several other letters indicate, was probably the fact.

Shortly after this October letter was written, our army was advancing cautiously beyond the Potomac, making another "On to Richmond" move. By this time I had a larger train. I was in charge of thirty-six wagons, carrying ammunition supplies for about ten thousand men. The weather was indescribably beautiful at the beginning of

the march. For a while, it was for me more like a pleasure tour than a journey fraught with the worst kinds of possible disaster. My sleeping place, when preparation for camp was not convenient, was in one of the wagons, on straw spread over a load of boxed musket cartridges. The mules of each wagon were, at night, usually hitched around the wagons, at the wheels. A letter written at the time has in it this note.

“A mule pulled my vest out of the wagon the other night and, before I discovered it, ate it half up. Consequently I have none. A warm vest, buttoned up to the neck, would make me more comfortable these cold nights.

I have a tent of my own, now; altogether quite a comfortable place,—a little cold, however, o’ nights.”

Shortly afterwards came a weather change.

“We marched in a driving snow storm,” I wrote, “and a hard trip we had of it. Since then we have been on the go all the time; fighting once at Amissville. We have moved at times nearly the whole night long. Everything has been so confused that I am scarcely conscious of the lapse of time. From day to day, and night to night the hours are but as moments. Yet the time, since I enlisted, seems almost as long as a year; not because it has been wearisome but because so many events are crowded into a short space of time to a mind that has heretofore been unaccustomed to many changes.”

A letter, written November 18th, tells of what I still remember as a most startling surprise coming one lovely, quiet morning. Our train had left a delightful camp in a pine grove at White Sulphur Springs, for the day’s march.—

“As we arrived at the foot of a long hill,” I wrote “a cavalry company which had been on picket came galloping in and past us over the hill. The captain rode up to me, shouting,—

‘Where is your artillery? You will be shelled in less than twenty minutes.’

‘I can’t help it,’ I answered. ‘The batteries have moved forward with the troops, and we are unprotected.’

Then off he galloped. As he did so, I saw horsemen and a battery of four guns appear on a hill about five hundred yards away. I commenced to tremble, for I knew that in a moment their shells would be bursting around us. Who would be the first hit. That was a fearful moment.

Then, a white puff; an instant of terror; then an explosion, two or three hundred feet short. Another shot. That one went singing over my head and far to the front. Another and another,—and then they opened terribly. Their object was, evidently, to destroy the poor ammunition train which was endeavoring excitedly to make its escape.

After about fifteen minutes Durell’s Battery came up and opened on the rebels. It did tolerable execution, but did not divert the “reb” fire from us. We got it almost all; and I stood in the midst of it, and saw the teams get safely by.

We lost two wagons, and had two teamsters wounded. One ball went through the back of one of the wagons,—out at the side;—broke three spokes from a wheel, and wounded a mule, the driver and another man.

Lieut. McIlvaine of Reading, was killed not more than a hundred feet from me. His body was half cut off by a solid shot, and his left arm blown off. Another battery-man had his right arm shot off; and another man was wounded slightly.

I was not touched. A power higher than human protected me.

Wonderful to tell; I was very cool after the first shot or two were fired. And though they whizzed and shrieked and exploded all around me, yet I felt just as secure as I ever did. For, *really*, I was then in no more danger than I am now. My life is in God’s hands, and I am willing to let it rest there.

Oh! how crazy the colored teamsters got. I had to laugh even on that terrible field.”

The letter contains a diagram which I drew of the field on which this little action took place ; an action as real for the scope it had as that of a great battle, and as momentous for the few persons who were engaged in it. The path which I passed over from the rear to the middle of the train, drawn as across the base of a triangle, was one on which I had to be openly exposed to the center of the firing of the Confederate battery. That center lay, at a distance of about four hundred yards, across the bare crest of a hill. Midway, on my ride, a shell, bursting not more than fifty feet at the front, practically palzied my horse. He stood, rigid but trembling violently for almost a minute, when another shell, exploding close behind us, fortunately shocked him into a run which carried me to the middle wagons.

* * * * *

“ You may rest assured ” continued my letter “ that the thing was very exciting ; but I felt a little proud, even on the field, that I could look at it rather coolly and calmly. The excitement, strange to say, was rather exhilarating than otherwise, and I liked it as long as I was in it. As soon as I was out of it I felt lonely. But, since it is past, I would rather no similar scene should return,—at least for some time.”

* * * * *

“ We are on the right of Burnside’s grand concentrated army.

We like out new commander, but he marches very fast and far. His soul is in the work, and you can look for great things soon.”

On the back of the letter is pencilled,—“ Mailed Nov. 26th, in front of Fredericksburg. A battle is imminent ! ”

This action at White Sulphur Springs was in fact more serious than even the report I made of it would indicate ; but I will say again, in explanation of almost all these letters, that my chief anxiety during this soldier period

was concerning my mother's welfare. I was only a boy ; and as an impulsive boy, naturally, I was not sufficiently tactful or prudent in what I wrote, notwithstanding my solicitude. Still, I was always more or less conscious of the fact that my mother suffered from myriad imaginings about me ; indeed, that she was abnormally impelled to think of the worst of the happenings possible among any unfavorable circumstances.

A rather serious accident befell me soon after our arrival in front of Fredericksburg ; but I wrote to my parents,—

“I have just been very much amused at the letter written to you by Captain Rawolle stating that I had been severely hurt by a fall from my horse. I am afraid that it may frighten mother very much, and so I drop you this hasty line.

On Friday last, I was riding quite fast in order to warm up my horse, when he slipped and fell. I rolled off very ludicrously onto the ground ; was muddled considerably, and I had my ankle pretty well sprained. An ambulance was sent for me, and I was carried to the Ambulance Corps, where I was excellently treated.

Don't fear for me ; I will be as lively as ever before the week is gone ”

I did not falsify in these statements, but I did not make known the real danger, or the inconvenience of the injury. My knee never fully recovered from the effects of the tumble.

Another letter not untruthful, but suppressing the truth in a measure, was written, “Dec. 6th, 1862,” “In front of Fredericksburg, Virginia.”

“Though the storm beats and dashes around me, I care not for its fury, for I am now just as snugly ensconced in my little “A” tent as I could be in a carpeted room at home. I write on a very nice table taken from the ruins

at White Sulphur Springs. I sit on an excellent camp stool found on the road. Under my feet is nice hay. Beside me is my bed with three blankets on six solid inches of hay. My clothes, just washed, but not yet dry, lie in a corner, neatly piled up; my valise, well filled, lies open just on my left; and, altogether, I am as well fixed as almost any infantry officer you could find.

I have plenty of comforts, because I have just eaten a hearty fill of splendid bean soup. To crown all, I have a full suit of rubber, with which to cover myself should I feel inclined to venture forth in this storm of sleet and rain. How greatly have I been blest!"

* * * * *

"Truly, *four* months have to-day passed away since my enlistment, and I still live on earth. God is good. And though we rejoice that I am still with you, yet, should God have seen fit to bring about 'my rest with the immortal throng,' this ought, also, to have been a cause for rejoicing instead of mourning. Let Him rule. He will do all things well."

* * * * *

"There is no promise, yet, of a battle; but let it come speedily if it will benefit our miserable country. * * *

My ankle is now almost well, and I can travel about my duties as briskly as there is any need."

This letter was written only five days before the disastrous assault upon Fredericksburg was begun. We all understood that the attack would soon take place, and this fact shaped much that was written in the letter just copied.

There was no conscious "pietistic cant" in any of my letters, when I spoke about death, or about my religious assurance. I am confident that I felt concerning these things, then, just as I wrote of them.

Curiously, I have no letters now in which any reference is made to the extraordinary repulse which followed the assault that our army made, beginning Dec. 10th, 1862,

on the Confederate forces at Fredericksburg. From Falmouth Heights I witnessed the whole of the action during the first two days. The bombardment on the 11th was terribly sublime.

On Dec. 13th, and 14th, I was at the front of our line with my Division, delivering much needed ammunition.

On the 12th, I was for some hours among the ruins of the town, waiting with wagons loaded with cannon cartridges and shells. These wagons were several times greatly endangered by the enemy's fire:—one shell exploding directly above the cover of one of the wagons, very close to me as I sat on my horse alongside. I was compelled, once, to threaten, with my revolver, one of the drivers of these exposed wagons while we were on the way to our appointed position.

I much regret that I have nothing that was written at the time, which I can quote, descriptive of those awful, and yet magnificent, days of battle.

But I remember one happening, clearly, which I wish to put on record here. In the very darkest hours after the decisive repulse from Marye's Heights; when some of us were struggling up the steep road on the north bank of the Rappahannock river, at about two o'clock in the morning of the fourth day; I saw an officer riding from group to group of those who were bearing wounded men. And I heard him earnestly ordering the bearers to take especial care of their burdens.

That officer was Gen. Burnside, solicitous for the comfort of his men even in the hour of his crushing defeat. I saw our army's Commander distinctly, by the light of a fire burning at the road side.

My next letter was written on New Year's Day. If

one were to judge of our situation at Fredericksburg, from the letter I wrote in so short a time as on that fortnight date after the awful assault upon Marye's Heights, one would never even guess at the disastrous facts which had just occurred. I wrote,—

A "Happy, very Happy New Year" to you. The corporal of my guard is just now busy boiling bean soup for our supper; and I have retired to my tent; and squatted down on my bed; and have taken up my pencil to send you my New Year greetings.

We are having our usual lazy routine of duties to go through, and hardly recognize the day as the first of a new year. We are happy, healthy and fat; and we enter 1863 with every bright prospect that army life can afford.

You, I have no doubt, are happy, and are thinking of your boy who has 'gone for a soldier.' You have your turkey, and cranberry sauce, and mince pie; and I have my crackers, salt pork and bean soup, with sutler lobster and apple snits; everything prepared as best my cookery can. With this I am happy.

Happy and contented! What better lot could befall me? With these blessings I step over the threshold of the New Year.

And if I be spared to greet the coming of another year, may I be permitted to greet it with you at *Home*. Oh! 'Home, sweet Home'! only those who are deprived of its blessings can appreciate it.—Though I enjoy almost more than any other private soldier the pleasures (if there be any) of the soldier life, yet there is 'an aching void,' the army 'never can fill.' - - - "There are promises of a move."

A month later appears the next letter. It reads:—

"Imagine yourselves, my dear parents for once 'in the spirit,' and visit me in my little wedge tent at the "Ammunition Train of the 2nd Div. 9th A. C.," about 8 a.m. on this 31st day of January, 1863. See me snugly ensconced in my little bed under a goodly pile of warm blankets, busily pondering upon the important subject of how I shall 'kill

Time ' for the next twelve hours, or, at least, till I again grow sleepy. This I am doing because my superior officer is absent, '*on business*' of course, in Washington, and I am acting on the good old maxim, 'When the Cat is away the naughty mice *will* play.' Shall I go to the banks of the Rappahannock and visit the tottering old town of Falmouth, or shall I go to see my comrades of the 126th? As I have not seen the boys for some time, I am not long in deciding. 'Hurrah!' for a trip to the 126th.

No sooner said than done. Quickly the blankets are thrown off, and I am on my feet with my head near the tent roof, industriously engaged in making my toilet.

Don't be frightened at the thought of my bounding into your presence *en dishabille*. A soldier when retiring for the night has only to doff his hat, blouse and boots, and then is ready. I am soon prepared for the outer world; and into it I go, sniffing the bracing air of winter which stirs my sluggish blood into a quick current, making me truly feel as a 'Lord of Creation!' Ah! vain conceit!

But to return to the subject. You notice me prepare my breakfast which, by the way, is not composed of army rations. It is procured by dint of 'greenbacks' from the sutler. It is liver, *ponhass*, fresh bread, butter, blackberries and coffee, with sugar and condensed milk. Quite a meal!

I am now ready for a start. My horse is saddled; the sun is shining brightly overhead; and the ground is beautifully muddy underneath. Keep close to me and watch my inmost thoughts so that you can appreciate the scenes through which we will pass."

* * * * *

The letter, however, was closed with this start for a visit to the home regiment. What became of me for the rest of the day, I have now no means of knowing.

Before the next letter which I have was written, a very important change of official station for me took place.

Under date, "February 23rd, 1863," not at the "Ninth Corps Ammunition Train," but at "Head Quarters, Co D., 126th P.V." I wrote to my parents;—



SECOND LIEUTENANT, CO. D., 126TH REGIMENT,
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, 1862-63

"To-day I received your letter addressed to me as "Lieutenant," and a few moments afterward I received my lieutenant's commission.

I will try to bear my maiden honor with becoming modesty. I have no doubt it will cause some dissatisfaction among the men who have so long and faithfully served in the company; but I trust my conduct will fully remove any objections they may have towards me. God make me a true Christian, and soldier of Jesus, as well as a patriot and soldier of the United States.

I am glad to hear that mother is hugely glad of my promotion. I am glad that her mind is once made easy,—for I will have many comforts now I never have had before.

Forgiving my faults, remember me as your affectionate son,—ever."

A week later, March 1st, I answered some questions sent from home

"As to how the promotion was received in the company, I would say that though at first my appointment caused some heartburnings among a few it never inconvenienced me in the least; and, I think that now I have won the hearts of nearly all the men under me. I shall always treat them with that kindness and respect which they deserve; and, by doing my duty in danger and out of it, compel their respect. I want to bear an unblemished Christian character before them, and thereby do good to their souls."- - -

"I am well, except for a little soreness about the throat. Last Wednesday our pickets were driven in by Stuart's cavalry. We were called to arms and were marched out quickly, with no blankets to protect us at night. Off we went through slush and mud about six miles, and there we were thrown outside the picket line in order of battle. We were commanded to make no fires whatever.

There we were all night. Being an officer I had the privilege of going to the rear at times, to the Grand Reserve, where I enjoyed their fires, while the poor boys were out all night in the rain and snow.

Next morning we went to the rear and built fires. We were relieved at noon of the next day, and marched back to camp in about eight inches of slush and mud.

Yesterday I had forty men building a corduroy road and bridges through a swamp.- - -

Two more months, and then for home, if God preserves my life. Our union will be a blessed, happy one. If not, then rest content.

I wish that papa would come to see us. He can have comfortable quarters and good meals. Our dinner to-day was fried chicken, quince-butter, apple-butter, butter, soft white bread, and coffee. Our breakfast was fresh herring, etc.

Come and refill our mess-chest with good things and enjoy them with us. We may move if it clears off, and so you had better come soon."

One the 30th of March I wrote,—

"I received your last letter when on picket enclosing one from General Sturgis. I need not assure you that I have been greatly relieved to know that I am held in so great esteem, as I appear to be, by the general.

Night before last we were on picket, and I was on the line of sentinels. It rained at a terrific rate. We had no shelter except houses of pine boughs; and it was better to stand outside, than in, them. They were just as a sieve. But thanks to your kindness, with my new poncho, I kept completely dry all the time, except my feet."

The following letter gives an account, in my hastily written, crude, boyish way of telling the story, of one of the most pathetic bits of experience I have ever known.

"How you ought to thank God for the comforts you enjoy at home. You are surrounded by plenty and see no want. But these poor souls who live in Virginia, have a desolate time indeed.

The day we arrived on the line of out-post sentinels, a young girl, in a house just outside the line, died.

The case was a sad one, indeed. The lady of the house was a widow, and she has no assistance but from her son about fifteen years old; and from a young girl, a stranger, about seventeen or eighteen. None of the family are permitted to move away from the house, for they are just on the line. No one is permitted to visit them. They can not go away to buy anything; and all they live on is corn meal and pork, and what little things are given to them by the guards around the house. Her whole family is sick, and she has no medical attendance but what little the surgeon of the pickets occasionally gives.

Yesterday morning we buried that girl. A plain pine coffin, with a great deal of trouble, had been made. It was taken by Lieutenant Fletcher and four of Company A; Captain Walker, Lieutenant Bonsall and myself, and two girls ending the procession, followed it. After walking a short distance we arrived at the grave dug by Clugston and some others. There the coffin was put into the ground, and, without a hymn or prayer, the ground was shoveled in by hands used to death. It was a sad sight. God help those poor Virginians."

A fortnight later, April 11th, as usual I tried to say something comforting, if not cheerful, to my mother.

"I was never in better health and spirits than I am now. My soul is buoyed up with the love of the Redeemer, and I feel perfectly unconcerned as to any circumstances which may happen to me; and the only regret I have is that you do not share my feelings."

* * * * *

"My boots have run their course. On our last picket excursion one of them burst open along the back; the other opened itself along half the length of its toe. The new sutler, however, helped me out of my trouble on our return to camp." - - -

"The roads are now good, and, were Hooker so disposed, we could move as easily now as ever. He did commence to move about a week ago, but operations elsewhere prevented him. And now, if Charleston falls,—as God

grant it may,—you may look for a speedy move from here. A crushing blow then struck by us, will fatally end this terrible, infernal Rebellion. Some of us may fall, but who it will be I do not know. If I am stricken I am content; and so you must be.”

Events evidently were hastening towards the great consummation which took place in the battle of Chancellorsville three weeks later.

I wrote, on April 19th, that, “the weather is very pleasant and the promise of a move soon is great. A number think we will start off in the morning.

We are sending off all our superfluous baggage; we will march with eight days rations. The wagons will not follow for the present. Where we are going we do not know; but this we know, that we will be very likely to see some hard service.

Commit me and yourselves to God’s Hands, and trust Him for what disposition He may choose to make of us.”

The next letter that I sent home, dated April 26th, happens to have been written only the day before we broke camp for our disastrous advance southward, to our defeat at Chancellorsville,—the battle which was so momentous for me.

This letter, like all others written during that eventful winter, was pervaded by much religious sentiment:—it had an exceptional amount of religious self-consciousness in it. It was, doubtless, especially affected by the certainty that a fierce struggle would soon come to pass between our army and the one confronting us across the Rappahannock River. These facts are necessary, in order to interpret aright what I said to those who were dearest to me:—

“I have received your last two letters, and am gratified to learn that God is still keeping you with so many blessings. But I was considerably taken aback by your need-

less solicitude for my welfare. Think you that I am still of that weak composition in character that I was when I entered the army. Oh! no. Its hardships and trials have changed me into far sterner material than you think me to be made of. - - -

We have not moved; yet we are momentarily expecting the order to advance. The move will be likely to take place within the next three days.

From all I hear, you are making yourselves miserable with surmises and reports which finally prove to be false. Lieutenant Platt says he has received a letter in which it is stated that mother is mourning much for me.

Now, is this right? It does no good, and it only makes me feel bad to hear it. Read the enclosed poem and take its true sentiment to yourselves. Yield me to my country and my God. We *may* meet the enemy before we get home. But all will be right, no matter what may happen. And 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' - - -

I have just returned from a very happy meeting over at Stoneman Station, under the charge of that noble organization the Christian Commission. I addressed the meeting on 'Christian Consistency.' There were about three hundred soldiers present.

Last Sabbath evening I spoke to a similarly large audience on 'The Promises of Christ.' The Commission's influence is spreading rapidly through the army. May God bless it.

I am perfectly well and am enjoying myself hugely. If I am spared I will soon have the delight of meeting you at home. God grant that we may. Yet not our will, but His."

The story of what happened soon afterwards for me, on the march of our army from Falmouth to the Rappahannock River; on the battle-field at Chancellorsville and afterwards; also at my return to the home and parents,—is embodied in the following monograph, read in two parts to the Commanderies, in Minnesota and in Massachusetts, of

the "Loyal Legion of the United States," in 188—, and published in full, in 1904, by the "Soldiers and Sailors Historical Society of Rhode Island."

VI.

THROUGH CHANCELLORSVILLE INTO AND OUT OF LIBBY PRISON: HOME AGAIN.

I.

FROM THE BATTLEFIELD AT CHANCELLORSVILLE INTO LIBBY PRISON.

NOTE.—Chancellorsville, Virginia, U.S.A., a large brick hotel, once kept by a Mr. Chancellor, was the site of severe sanguinary conflicts between the American Federal Army of the Potomac under General Hooker, and the Confederates under General Lee. On the 29th April, 1863, the Federal army crossed the Rappahannock: on 2d May, General "Stonewall" Jackson furiously attacked and routed the right wing, but was mortally wounded by his own party firing on him by mistake. General Stuart took his command, and after a severe conflict on 3d and 4th May, with great loss to both parties, the Federals were compelled to recross the Rappahannock. The struggle was compared to that at Hougement during the battle of Waterloo. Jackson died 10th May. Hooker's loss was 17,000 (16,845) men, of whom 5,000 were made prisoners. Lee's loss was about 13,000 (12,764), of whom 3,000 were prisoners. The result of this battle has always been an enigma to military critics. Hooker's army was composed of the best of material, was well-equipped and full of spirit, and numbered 120,000, while Lee's force was 62,000. Hooker succeeded in turning Lee's position, and in forcing him out of his fortified camp into the open field, where a complete victory for the national forces seemed so easy of attainment as to be well-nigh certain. That it was not won, was due simply to bad management.—*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, 17th Ed. 1886.

IN answer to your invitation I offer some personal recollections of this historic event,—the battle of Chancellorsville,—together with a recital of some experiences immediately following it. Competent critics long ago passed judgment upon the battle and laid the responsibility for the defeat of the Union army upon those who should bear it. I have, consequently, nothing to say of the conflict as a whole. My purpose now is simply to recall some

experiences in the battle, eventful for me, which, although of no great historical value, were somewhat unique. They may, moreover, be of more than merely personal interest.

I have learned that the culmination of the disastrous conflict came on the morning of May 3d, between eight and ten o'clock. General Doubleday, in his graphic history of the engagement, speaks of a part of those critical hours in these words: "The struggle increased in violence. The rebels were determined to break through the lines and our men equally determined not to give way. Well might De Trobriand style it 'a mad and desperate battle!' Again and again Rodes's and Hill's divisions renewed the attempt and were temporarily successful, and again was the bleeding remnant of their forces flung back in disorder." The momentous event for me occurred during that temporary success of Generals Rodes and Hill.

A few words about what happened previous to this occurrence may have place here. I was a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment; in General Humphreys' division, (Third) of the Fifth Corps. This division had had hard marching and arduous work for its share ever since it had broken camp, Monday, April 27th. We had made a long, rapid detour towards our objective point, by way of Kelly's and Ely's fords in the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. At Kelly's Ford we were detailed as the rear guard of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps. Our work was to take up pontoon bridges from streams swollen by heavy rains, and to move at night and by forced marches. In a journal kept at the time is this record of April 30th: "A terrible march; my feet are very sore and are blistered. Had to cut open my boots." In the history of the campaign, it appears that it was not the original intention of General Hooker, our commander, to use us for fighting. Our term of enlistment would expire in a short time. He apparently had decided to make a sort of factotum of our division in his preparations for the conflict. In doing this duty, Friday became a day for us which I shall never forget. Already we had been greatly fatigued by our night marchings and hard work. On that day

there came a grand climax. We made a "quick time" reconnoissance to Banks's Ford, nearly five miles away, on the Confederate right. Reaching that point we were suddenly "bout faced" and sent back at a "double quick" pace to our starting place. It seemed at times in that movement that human endurance could last no longer. Upon our return, fierce skirmishing on our center at Slocum's Corps, of which we had had some tokens, was not at all cheering under the circumstances. At length, however, our tribulations seemed to have ceased.

Before nightfall we were in position on the extreme left, on a high bluff, in a beautiful wood; our own left resting on the river bank, covering an important line of communication, the United States Ford of the Rappahannock. Then, we concluded that the army was finally in position and our division assigned to a place wholly free from danger. Nothing of the enemy could be seen or heard at our front. We threw up entrenchments and began to take time at our ease. We were delightfully comfortable that first of May evening, tired though we were. We could hear distant skirmishing. We were nearly three miles away from the point of Confederate resistance to Hooker's advance, and were on impregnable heights. Over our pipes we talked of the day's events. There was, item first, our commander's boast in "General Order No. 47," which had been read to us that morning, to the effect that we had "completely surrounded the rebels," and that they would "either have to fly ingloriously or come out from their breastworks where destruction was certain," and that "the operations of the Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth corps were a series of splendid achievements." This was flattering and reassuring. Also, we had considerable amusement over some encouraging incidents which befell us in our swift reconnoissance on the river-road to Banks's Ford. We had passed through a Confederate camp, apparently hastily deserted because of our approach. Tents had been left standing, fires burning, clothing, food and utensils scattered about on the ground, two caissons broken down and left lying in the road, and ammunition upset to become our spoil, by men too much in a hurry to gather it up. I am saying only

what we thought. The supposition that our coming had set the Southerners to going made us jubilant. In this good mood at length we fell into well-earned sleep on the soft leaves under great trees, that bright and perfect May-Day night.

Just a word, in passing, about the kind of country in which the Chancellorsville fight took place. Very little of that region was open space. For the most part it was heavily wooded; the woods densely undergrown, and almost impassable. The two famous "Plank Roads" and a turnpike were the only continuous clear stretches through the wilderness, excepting two or three quite obscure and primitive woodways. Add to these features a few houses with small open spaces about them, some low heights, several wide marshes and small streams, and you picture the topography in general of that district. These peculiarities made the disposition and movement of troops exceedingly difficult. And to these characteristics, in large part, may be attributed the success of "Stonewall" Jackson's decisive descent upon our extreme right, on Saturday evening.

But to continue the personal narrative;—Friday night we passed in almost unbroken sleep. We awoke that fateful Saturday well rested, confident that, before the day should close, our center and right would break the enemy's opposition to Hooker's advance and give a clear road for our long desired movement toward the Confederate capital. Saturday was quiet on the left. We lay lazily about, doing nothing. The fighting at the center was continuous through most of the day. The sound of the musketry firing and cannonading rose and fell like that of a distant thunder-storm. At times the sound seemed like the booming and dash of a wave-beaten shore, carried to the ear on the gusts of a fitful wind. Nothing eventful took place for us except the mild excitement aroused at our seeing a small battery of our own forces drag into position at our left. We ate, slept, smoked our pipes and talked.

Towards evening an accidental shot by one of our pickets rallied us "to arms," but we soon broke ranks. We did not know that the great genius of the Southern armies,

"Stonewall" Jackson, was just then executing one of his boldest and most masterly movements,—the movement so fraught with doom to Hooker's army. He had taken 26,000 men, cut himself free from General Lee, and, by an obscure road, was speeding towards the listless and unguarded Eleventh Corps, on our farthest right. We heard a violent outburst of battle towards sun-down, but we did not know then that Jackson's forces, like a mighty torrent had swept down on the right, which, almost like sand, had been trailed out into the wilderness and left there without barrier outposts, and unprepared for such an onset. This decisive event of the battle, it was, that brought about the disaster which the next morning befell us of Humphreys' division, so comfortable then in our ease and safety on the left. It is said, so ill-guarded was the extreme right of our army, that Jackson's attack upon it was almost a complete surprise; that the fierce rush of the Southerners came in almost simultaneously with the retreat of our pickets. The result was that Jackson fairly put the Eleventh Corps to rout and left it for the rest of the battle *hors de combat*. Though ignorant of its purport, I heard the crash of the far-off conflict. It was midnight before I fell asleep.

The next morning, Sunday, we were awakened at day-break by a heavy, irregular tramping at our rear. Rising and looking around, I saw, moving along among the trees, a very broken and most demoralized trail of soldiers. Instantly I felt what it meant. Our time had come. We must go into action. We soon learned that this was the remnant of the Eleventh Corps; and that it had been sent to occupy our safe place. Our division was at once all in bustle and preparation. Coffee and "hard-tack" were soon swallowed. With the risen sun our regiments were speeding at a "double-quick" pace towards the right, where desperate fighting had already been renewed. In a short time we were under cannon-fire. Near Chancellorsville hotel we were halted. The three miles run had been a severe beginning for the day. We remained where we had been halted under fire, for nearly an hour. Then, in column, we moved on past the famous house, past the forty guns which had been massed in the open space be-

yond the house, and towards the woods where, at the right, a sharp, crashing whirr of musketry rose above all the other dreadful sounds which filled the air. The horrors of battle began to appear. In our path were many who had met with wounds and death in the regiments which had preceded us. We made a short halt where these dead and wounded were lying. This was a most trying ordeal. Had the stop continued long it might have been demoralizing. With nothing to do; with mutilation and death visible at our feet; and with peril to ourselves increasing, large drafts were made upon moral resources.

Fortunately the halt was but for a few moments. Then, by the right flank we advanced in line of battle. What an advance! Leaving the open field we entered the wilderness. Our progress was for the most part a mere scramble; over logs, through dense underbrush, briers, and in swamp-mud. We were scratched and bruised, and our clothing was torn. But we pushed on for about a hundred yards into the thicket. In somewhat thinner woods we were halted, and, when in line, lay down and began to load and fire at will. It was an ugly give and take. We could not see the enemy, but the whizz and ting of their bullets showed that they were not far away. How long this aimless firing continued. I do not know. But, as the excitement grew, many of the men rose to their feet, fired and remained standing to load and fire.

A bit of experience just then proves how much support numbers may be to each in a common danger. One of my men in his haste had shot away his ramrod. He held up the musket to show me what he had done. Without thinking I started to the rear, where, at a short distance, I knew lay a musket. No sooner had I left touching distance of my company when an irresistible sense of loneliness and dread seized me. Each step away made the sensation more acute. Somehow, however, I got the ramrod of the dead man's musket, and went back to the line on the run. With the return to the firing line came assurance and courage. I never felt more alone or helpless than in those few moments of separation from my comrades. The air seem-

ed full of hissing, shrieking demons ; and I expected that each next moment would bring death.

The fight went on. So continuous and direct was the firing that the underbrush at our front was cut down at about waist-height. Gradually, one after another of the men ceased firing. Ammunition was becoming exhausted. We sent for supplies. None were to be had. Something had gone wrong. The men began to feel it.

Then, as the firing slackened I saw a foreboding disorder on our right. A feeling of suspense and of doubt seemed to thrill along the line. About that time I felt a blow on my right side as though I had been struck by a heavy hammer. A glancing ball had hit me.

The disorder, changing into tumult, came nearer and nearer. At last, it swept in upon the company next to mine, and then it struck my company's right. Rising in successive ranks from the ground, the men, with questioning looks at one another, started, at first slowly, and then rapidly, backward. It was not a panic. It was a necessary retreat of almost helpless men from a coming danger which they felt themselves powerless to resist.

They were good soldiers. They had led in the farthest charge made by the Union forces up Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg in the preceding December. I have read that that charge was characterized by the Confederate general Ransom as "a last desperate and maddened attack." But what can men, without ammunition, and seeing the line of which they form part steadily breaking away from before some oncoming force, do? The flow of a wave backward on a curving beach does not more steadily sweep broken on its way than did the retreat of our battle-line from right to left that Sunday morning. The enemy, discovering that our ammunition was exhausted, had "charged" us, striking our extreme right, much as one line of the letter V meets the other.

What then happened a letter written not long afterwards tells in these words : " Soon I found myself alone. I saw that I must run or be killed. I started to run, but

after a few steps my sword scabbard tripped me and threw me down on my face. Up again, I tried to break through the bushes ; I fell again, and was so exhausted that I could go no farther. I crawled alongside one of our wounded, and in a moment the rebels were on me." I remember well that poor fellow, at whose side I was ; his body torn open by a shell. Seeing me he had begged for water. I was about to give him my canteen, when, looking up, I discovered the rebels rapidly coming through the brush.

Those moments are now like the memory of some dreadful dream. Instinctively I started to rise. But, as I rose, I saw one of the oncoming skirmishers take a sudden interest in me. He jerked his musket from charge to direct aim. I was his mark. Perhaps some of you understand just what it is to look into a loaded gun, its hammer up and the trigger under the finger of a man who would just as soon pull as not. Under the circumstance, naturally, I remained just where I was, half risen. For several seconds I looked into the muzzle of that advancing musket. As in a mist, I saw many moving men, and heard the noise of their rush. But my brain were concentrated on that one advancing figure. He came upon me swifter than my speech of him now. When within a few paces distance, down came his musket to a charge, and with the bayonet at my breast the man yelled, " You ——— of a ———, give me that sword."

While he was speaking the charging line came up and passed. Two regiments deep, it was. Afterwards I learned that the Sixth and Fifth Alabama regiments were at our immediate front. My captor, a big tawny-bearded fellow, seeing that I was but a boy, changed his manner at once when I gave him my sword. As I did not rise he asked me if I was hurt. " I don't know," I replied, and added, " Get me out of this as quick as you can." I remembered suddenly that just beyond where our line had entered the tangle, in the open space, were batteries consisting of about forty guns, planted in crescent and bearing on the woods. Our men, I thought, would fall back to those batteries and rally there. I was sure,

too, that as soon as the rebels should appear at the edge of the woods something would happen. I had no desire to be killed by the shrapnel, canister, shell or anything else shot from our own guns. Consequently, I urged retreat into the enemy's works as quickly as possible, and in a direction I pointed out. My new acquaintance from Alabama agreed with me. He put a strong arm under my shoulders, and, half carrying me, started for the rear.

I cannot tell how far we had gone—perhaps it was a hundred yards—when the expected something happened. It seemed as though a hurricane had all at once burst out of a clear sky upon that forest. We had just reached a breastwork behind which there was a deep hole. With the first crash among the trees, we fell into that. For about ten minutes a roaring torrent of iron plunged through the air over us. At once we were almost covered by fallen tree branches. The noise was horrible. Gradually the devastating stream ceased. As it slackened, back came the Southern crowd, pell-mell, all in disorder; really “a bleeding remnant,” as General Doubleday wrote of it; and back with the retreating mass we two scrambled towards the further rear. Soon, the Confederates halted under the commanding shouts of their officers, and I was hurried on farther to where at length we met General Rodes, to whom I surrendered, and by whom I was sent still farther backwards.

Our way then lay over one of the “Plank Roads,” so much spoken of in connection with the Chancellorsville fight. On this road the struggle of the day and night before had been severest. Our own and the Confederate dead by the score lay side by side there. Twice, batteries plunged past us, the hoofs of the horses, and the caissons' wheels, crushing and mutilating the dead bodies of friend and foe. Along the roadside, were gathered hundreds of the wounded of both armies, their only shelter from the blazing sun being blankets stretched over them, held in place by the closed hammers of muskets; the muskets reversed and stuck upright into the ground by their bayonets. It was a sickening march. Confederate reserves passed us, hurrying to the front at

"double-quick time;" supplies of ammunition were being carried forward. Farther on, we reached what, I was told, had been the first line of the "Yankee" breastworks. At that point was a house, filled with, and surrounded by, wounded and dying of the hapless Eleventh Corps. Many evidences of a fearful struggle were visible there. Leaving these we soon entered the original Confederate position. I was there delivered over to an officer, and became one more in a large crowd of our own men, chiefly of the Eleventh Corps, already gathered there. I was freed from the morning's horror. I threw myself down upon the ground physically exhausted; a discouraged, miserable prisoner of war.

At this place let me acknowledge that from the Southern soldiers who had anything to do with us on the battlefield we received nothing but kind treatment. As far as I could learn, much had been done for our wounded. A number of our own surgeons had been left within the Confederate lines, who, with the Confederate surgeons, were giving their services to the injured of both armies.

After a short rest, I began to observe my new situation and surroundings. One of the things most to attract attention was the generally miserable appearance of the soldiers of Jackson's Corps. Dirt and tatters seemed to be universal in their clothing, and a used-up, emaciated look in their physique. They were really what one would call "a hard-looking crowd." Nor could one style them "wearers of the gray." Dusty brown rather were they from their rusty slouched hats, sandy beards, sallow skins, butternut coats and trousers down to their mud-stained shoes. I thought them emaciated, I said, but perhaps I would better say that they were lank and lean. Certainly they had shown remarkable endurance, and they were yet able to do exhausting and desperate work. I suppose the facts were, that already the Confederacy was beginning to suffer from poverty in its commissariat, and that, accustomed to the round, well-fed look of the soldiers of the North, I could not judge correctly of men who had become chiefly sinew and bone by doing such work as "Stonewall" Jackson exacted of them. Nevertheless, as we soon

found out, the Confederate commissariat was neither well filled nor luxurious. One of our guards gave me a small piece of his "hard-tack" for luncheon, and said that they were all on short rations. We officers, as it proved, were unfortunate in having put our haversacks on pack-mules that morning before going into action. Consequently, we had become, in every sense of the word dependents on our captors' bounty. How generous that was, the record of the next few days will show.

Towards noon the prisoners were formed into a sort of column,—the members of the numerous Northern regiments ranging side by side as chance ordered,—and were started off southward on a road towards Spottsylvania Court House. We were guarded by a South Carolina regiment. By the way we marched, it was about fifteen miles to the Court House, which, at nightfall we reached. We were driven into the Court House enclosure, where we spent the night on the grass under the shelter of overspreading trees. As I lay there, looking up at the quiet stars and sky, I realized for the first time what the events of the day meant. I was a prisoner, and doomed to—I could not tell what. I dreaded the revelations of the future, but worse than that all else I suffered from the thought of the suspense of the father and mother at home, who would not know what had become of the boy they had expected so soon to see. At length I fell into sleep with a miserable depression of brain and heart.

Early the next morning we were on the road. No food had we had with which to start the day. Already some of us had begun to feel the effects of our unusual fast. That Monday's march was silent and dreary. We saw but few people, and passed but few houses. No signs of war appeared. Our column must have seemed more like a doleful band of condemned criminals than a body of honorably defeated soldiers. Most of us were in a sorry condition from bruises and wounds received in that scramble in the wilderness. The clothing of some was so torn that arms, legs and even backs and chests were laid bare.

Only these incidents of that day are left in memory. During one of our halts, near a good-looking house, a

woman gave to the major commanding our guard a small Confederate flag, which, to please her, he flaunted over us as he rode by, with the declaration that now we should "have to march under that." This was the first real insult offered us. At another place, a little woman came running down a path from her house to the roadside, fairly wild with revengeful rage. She raised her little fists and shook them at us, her black eyes sparkling. With a sort of scream she cried out, "Kill 'em all, colonel, right here for me!" Negroes at times came out from their cabins to look, but never a word said they. This gloomy march lasted for about thirteen miles, when, late in the afternoon, we crossed the Ny River, neared Guinea's station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railway and were halted in a meadow, which, as I have learned, was but a continuation of what is called "Stannard's Marsh." We were less than a mile northwest of the station. Guinea's Station was at that time the base of supplies for Lee's army.

Monday night we slept wretchedly,—those who slept at all. The ground was soft and wet, and we had been without food all the day; we did not have even the comfort of fires. The strain had begun to tell. But we had reached a railroad. That fact had some consolation in it. And we were only about forty-five miles from Richmond.

Tuesday morning dawned. A stir at the station aroused us to wonderment. The rumor spread among us that the rebels had, after all, been defeated. Trains of baggage wagons came in from Fredericksburg, their horses at a gallop. We heard reports that the rebels were making preparation for a wholesale removal of their supplies towards Richmond. Hope of recapture by our own men sprang up. The hope soon failed. We made a request for food. We were answered that there was none. We asked for wood. "None to be had," was the reply. The day dragged along. In the afternoon a wagon was driven into our camp with rations, so we were told. It brought to us a half-barrel of salt beef and a barrel of flour. These rations were distributed. This was the way of the distribution:—the barrel of flour was tumbled from the wagon to the ground. The barrel burst open where it

fell. At the side of the flour the beef was dropped. Now, hungry as we were, what could we do with either the flour or the beef? We had neither kettles nor fire. There lay the two gifts of food. Gradually, the flour absorbed moisture from the earth and became a dirty brown paste, and the beef took on ironical red, white and blue tints from exposure to air and water. Some tried to eat of the pasty flour but soon had to give over the effort.

We began to long for transportation to Richmond. There, we felt sure, we should get both shelter and something to eat. But Tuesday night came, and again we lay down for a night in the marshy meadow.

Wednesday morning a chilling northeast wind arose with clouding skies. We did not seem to have anything to wake up for. That camp of Union soldiers was about as unhappy a looking set of men as one could see. Our clothing was wet through and through, and our stomachs were still empty. A few of us determined that, if possible, something should be done. What others did I do not know. This story centers around myself. Therefore, what three of those wretched men with me did to solve the problem, I can recount. We asked permission to go to a house about a quarter of a mile away to try to find food. Our request was granted. A kind-hearted fellow happened to be our guard. With some renewed hope we began our foraging expedition. At that house General "Stonewall" Jackson lay, dying. From our guard we learned that Jackson was in an extremely critical condition. We did not get quite to the house. At a cabin near-by, we found an aged negro woman. She had but little. We returned to the camp, however, with an old hen for which we paid \$5.00 in United States money, together with about a quart of corn-meal which cost us \$1.00. On the way back, our soft-hearted guard led us by a tent near the railway, and allowed us to pick up a cast-away iron tea-kettle lying there. Then came the question of how to cook our dinner. The generous rebel helped us to gather some small sticks on the banks of the Ny; in the little river there was water more than we needed. The fire problem, however, was difficult to solve. A pocket-knife had cut off the hen's

head and anatomized her body, Hen, corn-meal and water were mixed together in the rusted kettle. But the wood was damp and the river bank was wet. After all our efforts we could not get quite as much fire as smoke; and I know it was hard work holding the kettle in the smoke. Not a stone on which to rest the kettle could be found.

But suddenly in the midst of our proceedings came a crisis and a catastrophe. The novel soup was not even quite lukewarm, when all officers were ordered to fall into line. We obeyed the orders, of course, and hastened into camp. Each of us took place in the ranks carrying with him a handful of dripping chicken and warm corn-meal. One of our number still held on to the precious kettle. "To Richmond," was the cry. With this prospect to stimulate us, we started for the station. On the way we disposed of our grabs of raw chicken. It was almost nightfall when we reached the railway.

By that time the sky had become densely clouded. A thick mist was driving by on a chill wind. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," it is written. So, as night closed in, it was with increasing heaviness of heart that, in vain, we strained our eyes to find the cars which were to take us away from that place of increasing torture. Everything was in confusion about the station. Cars were shunting from track to track; wagons coming and going; men hurrying to and fro. The hours passed, but nothing came for us. Eight—nine o'clock was gone. Rain began to fall, and a fiercer, colder wind to blow. Still no cars came for us. Instead, when it was nearly ten o'clock, we were, to our dismay, driven back to the marsh.

Returning there, we found it changing into a veritable swamp. Water seemed to ooze out of the ground as well as to pour down from the clouds. No one bettered himself by trying to get out of the water. Water covered everything. However, we began to care but little for whatever happened. My brain was giving way to a sort of torpor. I now can remember only, that with a kind of animal instinct at self-preservation, I groped about

in the blackness of darkness and found a small hummock, on which I laid my canteen. I put my elbow on the canteen; my head on my elbow; and there, with hundreds of comrades, I lay down in water to pass the doleful hours.

I wish I had memory clear enough, or pen graphic enough, to describe the appearance of the Union prisoners' camp at Guinea's Station the next morning. How those Confederate officers ever allowed it to become a possibility, even under the stress of the events following the battle, I have never been able to explain. To their everlasting dishonor they did permit it. Having had, practically, no food for four days; being without shelter in prospect; without even fires to protect us; lying in water inches deep, and exposed to a piercingly chill northeast storm, I saw that Thursday morning come. Possibly the officers in command could have bettered our condition but little, if at all. Possibly, with prospect of removal to Richmond at any hour, they felt no necessity for making a change of camp. Possibly, they did not care. Yet, I must admit, our guards seemed almost as forlorn and famished as we were.

How that Thursday went I do not remember. There was no pause in the storm, I know. Only as evening approached came renewal of hope. We were again ordered to go over to the railway. That walk was a cheerless struggle through deep, soft mud. I fell two or three times on the way, from exhaustion. At the station some of our men sank down at the halt and swore they would not move again. This time, however, we had not been taken to the station on a fool's errand. At about nine o'clock, with many other Union officers, I climbed into a car headed for Richmond. I do not remember just how many of us were in the cars. My car, I recollect, was a rickety freight-box. It was seatless and windowless. Its roof gave no real protection from the beating rain. The floor was covered with filth nearly an inch deep; mud and corn mixed. To say that we were crowded is not to tell the whole truth; we could not, all, have sat down at once had we tried to sit down. We disposed of ourselves in many

sorts of postures as best we could. Some of us would then have given up wholly had we not been supported by the confidence that before morning we should have release and at least shelter and food in Richmond. In truth, hardly as much consideration was given to us as is given to a carload of cattle.

Well, soon after we had been jammed into those cars, the train was started and we braced ourselves for the night. But a tired horse could have gone as fast as that train went. Much must be considered as accounting for this. The track was single, and many obstacles were in the way. We were stopped often, and, to our great discomfort, the loosely coupled cars were jerked backwards and forwards. But we were upheld by the feeling that the agony could not last much longer. At least, so felt those of us who were not too benumbed to feel. Yet, so slow was our progress that towards mid-night we had not gone farther on our way than about six miles. Again we began to move. I did not know what was being done. Doubled up in as small a place as I could take in a corner of the car, I knew only that we were moved, and stopped. Finally we came to another stop. Then there was a long silence.

Dawn lightened slowly through the continuing storm. Soon I heard someone say, "Hell! boys, we are still at Guinea's." And, for the truth, we were there. We were sidetracked just at the place from which we had started at ten o'clock the night before. There is no use in my trying to give you any notion of how we felt. I state merely the facts. Friday morning had come.

That, as all things else, at length passed. Not a mouthful of food was given to us. Some of the men were allowed to get out of the car, and they lay beside it and under it, in the mud, for hours. The rest of us stretched our benumbed bodies where we were. Gradually the rain ceased and the skies slowly brightened. About noon, for a second time we were packed into our box, and what proved to be the real start for Richmond was made.

Of course, I cannot tell what justification the Confederate authorities might offer for this brutal manner of transport-

ing us southward. I know that everything inside General Lee's lines was badly demoralized by the battle of Chancellorsville. Probably, too, the Confederates had hardly enough food at command with which to supply their own troops. All their means of railway carriage at Guinea's were in bad shape. But I often think that the authorities at Guinea's were as willing to see us as badly crippled through our misfortunes, while prisoners in their hands, as by the damage inflicted upon us in battle.

At last, at about five o'clock, Friday evening, May 8, 1863, we, threescore and more, thoroughly used-up Union officers were emptied out of our pen into one of the streets of the Confederate capital. The once dreaded city had, by force of events, become in imagination, a welcome place of refuge. Famished, filthy, many of us ragged, we moved painfully down a main street followed by crowds of men and women, and jeering, hooting boys.

How is it in human possibility for us, who endured that week, ever to forget our suffering and humiliation? Our experiences at Guinea's Station, and the manner in which we were taken to Richmond, had been as cruel as cruel could be under the Nineteenth Century's civilization, had there been any possibility of preventing it.

I noticed but little in our walk. Only two things impressed themselves distinctly upon memory, excepting the tauntings of the crowd. We passed the Capitol. There stood the noble statue of Washington in the Capitol grounds, seemingly a spectator of the degradation of children of men who had fought and died under his leadership that their country might become the home of a free and independent nation. And there, too, stood on the Capitol's steps the leader of the rebellion against the Union, the rebel President,—not a statue but a living man,—he, also, seemingly an impassive spectator of our degradation; the degradation of many fellow Americans, whose only crime had been that they had done what they could to save the Union which Washington and our patriot fathers had bequeathed to posterity as a sacred trust for the blessing of mankind.

Our forlorn band kept on its way, followed by the hooting crowd. Then came the last moment in this little

episode of the great war. We were halted in front of a large, three-storied, brick building. Looking up, I saw a white sign extended across the sidewalk. On it were painted these words: "Libby and Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers." By file right we passed under that and entered a broad, low-ceiled hallway. Again we were halted. Our journey was at its end. We had come from the "Battlefield at Chancellorsville into Libby Prison."

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NOTE.—"Libby Prison" was a warehouse in Richmond, Virginia, located in the eastern part of the city, on Carey Street. It was an isolated building, erected on a corner lot which slopes rather abruptly almost to the canal that borders the James River. The building was three stories in height on Carey Street, and was divided into nine rooms, each about 105 feet by 45 feet in area. In addition, there were three large basement rooms or cellars, which, on account of the sloping ground, gave the appearance of four stories to the building on the south side.

Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War, the Confederate Government began to use this warehouse as a prison for captured Union soldiers. From twelve hundred to sixteen hundred men were constantly confined there during most of the war time. In 1863, the Commandant of this prison was Major Thomas P. Turner. The prison clerk was a civilian, E. W. Ross. Assistants in the management of the prisoners were "Dick" Turner, Adjutant Latouche, and some non-commissioned officers with a guard of soldiers.

At the close of the war "Libby Prison" remained as an object of curiosity to sight-seekers. For a while it was put to various manufacturing uses. I visited it in 1871. In 1892-3 it was purchased, taken to pieces, transported to Chicago, Illinois, where, after many mishaps on the way thither—one of them being a railway wreck,—it was rebuilt to be a "War Museum" and an attraction to the multitudes who should visit the "World's Fair" of 1893. Some time ago the ill-fated structure was torn down. The bricks, of which it was built, were stored away; I have not learned where. May the obscurity never be removed!

C. MAC C.

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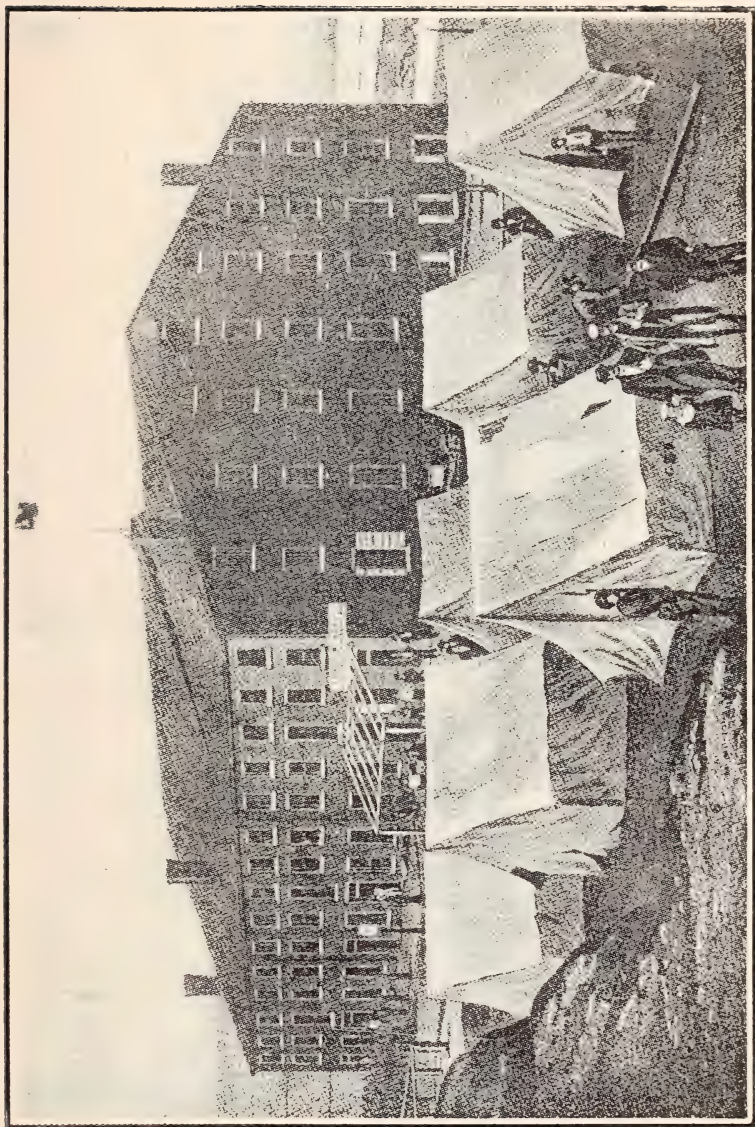
II.

IN LIBBY PRISON AND OUT OF IT: HOME AGAIN.

There are places whose names are remembered in history as synonymous with extremes of human cruelty and suffering. No one can read the records, for example, of the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition, of the Venice Ducal Palace, of the Tower of London, of Nurnberg Castle, or of the Bastille and their like, without a sense of repulsion, and, indeed, of horror. Man's inhumanity to

man, and man's power to endure, found culmination in those places of terrible memory. There are gradations, of course, in the degrees of torture and pain. The Tower of London stands at a far remove from the Black Hole of Calcutta. Yet, cruelty is cruelty; and, whether the tragic results follow in only one hour, or through a lapse of months and years, the deeds of cruelty are grouped together in man's memory in one isolated catalogue. In this catalogue we have been obliged to enroll the names of the American Andersonville and Libby Prisons, the chief among the places in which the soldiers of the armies of the Union, taken in battle during the great Civil War of forty years ago, were confined.

I am to tell you now somewhat of Libby Prison, so far as personal knowledge extends. I shall not give a history of the prison throughout the four and more years of its existence. Nor shall I pass judgment upon those under whose charge, willingly or through the force of circumstances, Libby Prison became a place of forbidding reminiscence. Nor yet have I a tale of horrors to tell. There is but little for me to recall that might not have occurred under, possibly, well-intentioned but embarrassed superintendency. My experience as a prisoner of war was passed through before the Confederate States had suffered severely from the great conflict, and before the worse passions of the men who had command of Andersonville and the Richmond prisons were aroused by the widespread disaster and poverty that at length fell upon the States in rebellion. I was confined in Libby Prison in the spring of 1863. The real inhumanities of the place were not developed until a year later, when, with Andersonville, it became horrible from the deaths, and the lifelong disease of thousands of the soldiers of the Union. Of Andersonville, for instance, it is true that during the year 1864, forty-five thousand prisoners of war were received there, and that, of these, thirteen thousand died of starvation and want of care; and the great majority of those who remained alive were returned to their homes hardly more than living skeletons; practically all incurable invalids. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Henry Wirz,



LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1863

Superintendent of the Andersonville torture-pen, was executed by the Federal Government for his cruelty. Also, during the same year, Libby Prison, under charge of the notorious Major Thomas P. Turner, followed close upon Andersonville in imposed suffering and consequent mortality. But, as I have said, in the year 1863, little that has classed this war-prison with the world's greatest places of cruelty and pain had come to pass. I can tell of kindlier things. So then to my story.

I closed the first chapter of this recital with these words about the company of captured soldiers in which I was marched down the streets of Richmond on the 8th day of May, 1863: "We were halted in front of a large, three-storied, brick building. Looking up I saw a white sign extended across the sidewalk from the west wall to a column. On it were painted these words, 'Libby and Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers.' By 'file right,' we then passed under that, and entered a broad, low-ceiled hallway. Again we were halted. Our journey was at its end. We had come from the "Battlefield at Chancellorsville into Libby Prison.'"

As it happened, I was well forward in the column, and was soon brought face to face with the prison officials.

"Here you, strip!" was the first word of greeting. It came from a tall, sallow-faced, but rather good-looking young fellow, uniformed in well-fitting gray as an officer of a rank I did not then know. "Here you, strip! That's a good sword-belt you have, lieutenant. Sergeant, take off that belt." These words I heard in quick succession: and, before I quite knew what was being done, my sword belt was unbuckled and laid aside; my ragged coat was opened and its inner pockets searched. We were a forlorn crowd; of officers, nearly eighty in number; for six days practically foodless. I cared little, consequently, for what was being done to me, except, indeed, for the loss of the prized and handsome belt, a present from some home friends. I had dearly wished to keep that as a memento of army service. I had refused for it a goodly sum of money at the front the day after I had been taken prisoner. The major who had offered to

purchase it had said : " Better let me have it. Those home-guard skunks in Richmond will rob you of it, sure."

The sword, I had given up on the battlefield. That was a fortune of war. But the sword-belt, which should have remained my own, wakened the greed of that young officer. As it turned out, he appropriated it for himself. Throughout our stay in the prison I was compelled to see him daily at roll-call girdled with my precious property. A small grievance, perhaps one may say ; yet to me it was an outrage. However, in groups of a half dozen we were rapidly searched. In the search we were deprived of all sums of money beyond the small currency we happened to have. Indeed, we were received into that war-prison very much as though we were common criminals. The search being over, a registration was made of our names, positions and other facts. We were then taken to our place of confinement. I was among the first who were freed from the personal indignities of the search and sent to quarters.

I yet remember well the weary climbing of two flights of steps ; our being put into the great room which covered the eastern third, on the third floor ; my going hastily to an empty bunk that stood against the east wall and throwing myself down upon the hard boards in utter exhaustion, sick at heart. There was some feeling of relief, naturally, from the fearful strain of the march and of the rail journey from Guinea's Station ; but the miserable fatigue and discouragement of that first hour in the Richmond prison I can never forget so long as memory holds her own.

I heard my companions come in, in groups, and find places for themselves. The room had seemed well filled when I entered it ; before long I had a sense of being in a mass of human-kind. The room was gradually overcrowded. More than two hundred men, as I found out afterwards, had been made occupants of this space of, say, one hundred by forty feet in area. Beds, even such as mine, could not be given to all. Many had to take places for themselves on the floor, and each show proprietorship by spreading there the blanket which he soon received from the warders. At about nightfall, baskets of bread were brought and given to us in quarter-loaf pieces. That was

all the food we received the first night. We were told, however, that we should have regular rations the next morning, and that if any of us wished to purchase extra food we should have the privilege of doing so from the amounts of money standing to our credits on the prison books.

Well; my bread having been eaten and some water drunk, I wrapped myself in my blanket, careless of what anyone else did, or of the noise of the crowd settling itself for the night. Soon I was lost in a sleep of which I remember nothing except that nothing at all was remembered. My bed was but boards; my clothing was as brambles, logs, swamps, rain and the filth of the cars had made it; my food had stayed hunger, but it had not done more; yet I slept that night through as though to exist were only to sleep.

We had a queer *reveille* the next morning. I was suddenly recalled to consciousness by a loud, musical voice crying,—“Great news in de papers! news from Mississippi; news from Alabama; news from Tennessee; *great* news in de papers. Good mornin’, gemmen!” At once the silence of the room was broken. We were all awake, and nearly all in speech. I sat up, for the moment dazed; my eyes dazzled by the sun’s rays shining full across my bunk; my ears confused by the sudden clamor and shouts of the two hundred and more men who covered the floor of that big grocery-house loft. Above all the other noises, however, rang out the musical call, “Great news in de papers.” It came, I soon saw, from a big mulatto, who stood near the stairway holding in his hands a bundle of Richmond’s morning papers. The American’s passion for news soon made babel even in that unhappy mass of men; for from every side arose confused answering yells, of which I remember, “Here, uncle!” “This way, general!” “What you got, Pete?” and like welcoming demands. Rapidly the newsmen picked his way around the room followed by a rustling of the opening journals. Very soon “Examiners,” “Inquirers” and “Whigs” by the score, transformed the scene, from where I sat, as into a festival with waving banners. Leading items, about the

fluctuations of the war over the thousands of miles of the battle lines between Union and Confederate forces, were shouted from one to another. But, gradually, comparative quiet fell upon us. The mulatto had gone away, and the unwelcome realities of the situation were quickly obtrusive.

I then began to busy myself with trying to put some comfort into my surroundings. Meanwhile, I gradually took note of the place that had become our enforced home. The room was directly under a roof which arose from the side walls of the building, a little more than four feet from the floor, to a ridge about fifteen feet above us, exposing the roof's timbers. We were in the loft of a big, river-side business house, used before the war by a Mr. Libby as a ship-chandlery and wholesale grocery, and appropriated by the Confederate government for the confinement of captured soldiers. There were three rooms like ours on each of the second and third floors of the house. On the lowermost floor there was a hospital, and in the cellar there was, among other things, a dungeon for the confinement of men adjudged to be, or treated as criminals. Indeed, the day after my release, the men remaining in the room in which I had been confined, were compelled to draw lots for two of their number to be hanged. This was done as retaliation for certain acts of Union soldiers in a distant part of the country. These men were not hanged, because of fear of worse reprisal on the part of the Federal government; but they were thrown into that cellar-dungeon, and were kept there for some months.

But let me recall some other happenings of that 9th of May. In the southeast corner of the room were two large cooking-stoves. Probably, something to eat was the very first consideration of importance that morning in the mind of each one of that ragged, half-famished crowd; certainly that was true at least of the fourscore new arrivals of the night before. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that soon there was a large group of men, each man impatiently awaiting his turn, at the stoves in which big fires had been kindled. About the time of our awaking, quantities of bread, bacon and beans had been brought and been piled up on two long

pine tables which stood near the stoves. From these heaps were given to each applicant,—in portions, say, of six ounces of bread, two of bacon and a small cupful of beans—his day's rations. I was content to eat my bread with some slices of raw bacon and to await the course of events. An immediate neighbor and I at length resolved to have a feast. We sent for eggs which cost us \$1.65 a dozen, and for sugar for which we paid \$1.50 a pound, in Union money. With these gains he and I during that morning had an extravagant omelette,—the eggs mixed with boiled beans and sugar, and fried with bacon. Before noon, however, the chief discomfort of the room increased to excess. The two stoves were kept in operation without pause. Two hundred men to two stoves was a relation out of all reasonable proportion. The stoves, consequently, were so hard worked that they overheated the room. Besides, the low roof being covered with tin, the fierce heat of the Southern sun beat through that, adding intensity to the sweltering atmosphere. Before the noon hour, nearly all of us were stripped to the waist; were barefooted and were trying to find some cooling air for our fevered bodies. It was a sorry sight; that of our crowd of active, energetic men, hemmed in, cramped, each by his neighbors, none of them in fact nourished by food, all fatigued by severe antecedent hardships and suffering from the doubly intensified heat. This scene was continued through each day of the wretched days many of us spent in that furnace-like loft. The windows at the ends of the room were not much more than three feet in height, rising directly from the floor; the windows of the east wall were hardly much better placed. In fact, so ill was the ventilation, that there was very little escape for the superheated air. It filled, and remained suspended in, the low angle of the wide roof over our heads. Along and near the floor fresh, though heated, breezes often moved, but above was a stagnant, fetid mass, whose poisonous fumes again and again descended upon us.

I have some notes of that memorable week, written on the steamer in which I was carried from the South. They tell hardly anything of exceptional interest that

varied the monotony of the cheerless experience I have just recalled. For most of the time, there was simply a rigid endurance of loss of personal freedom ; of inability to move around except by interference with the movements of others ; of privation of good and palatable food ; and, through a large part of each day, of suffering from a heat such as one seldom anywhere is compelled to undergo. Yet, a few incidents of special memory will bear repetition.

On Sunday, May 10th, a chaplain who had been taken prisoner, because, contrary to the popular fancy about chaplains, he had gone to the front, even into the battle line, with "his boys," as he called the members of his regiment, and there had met with the misfortune of capture,—this chaplain invited us to join him in divine worship. A captain conducted the introductory services of reading and prayer, and the chaplain preached from the text—probably one of the most difficult of all texts under the circumstances:—"Seek ye those things which are above." It was an exhortation very hard for us to heed. But the sermon was excellent. It even gave some dignity and hope to life, forlorn and hopeless though life then seemed. However, to the sermon there were strong contrasts. Some of the men were possessors of cards instead of the New Testament, commonly the American volunteer's *vade mecum* ; indeed, some men had not hesitated to carry both cards and Bible about their persons. On that Sunday, consequently, there was card-playing as well as church-going, side by side on the crowded floor. There was scarcely any literature among us other than that which appeared in the poverty-stricken looking newspapers brought to us by the privileged news-seller. Then, excepting the incoming of a few Confederate officials and prominent citizens of Richmond, nothing else occurred to break the monotony of that Sunday. But it was a remarkable evidence of the unnaturalness of the American Civil War—was it not?—that several of these visitors came for the purpose of finding out whether any friends or relatives of theirs were among us, or whether any of us might have news of persons in the North with whom they were connected by ties of friendship or family.

On Monday morning, however, came a genuinely exciting bit of news. Our *reveille* was again the negro's musical call of "Great news in de papers." But hardly had the man passed the inner sentinel and made his first sale, before a voice cried out, "Hello! boys: Stonewall Jackson is dead." That *was* news! We had known that the greatest of the corps leaders of the Southern army had been wounded and would probably die; nevertheless news of his death was a startling surprise. By his splendid strategy and daring, the defeat of our army at Chancellorsville had been accomplished. It is not to be wondered at, then, that we did not grieve to hear of his death, however much we might honor and revere his memory as a brave and good soldier. From this point of view, then, no apology is necessary for the little incident that took place at the foot of my neighbor's bunk, as the newsman stopped there for a moment. It reveals a feeling common then to the Southern slaves: "Say, uncle," whispered my neighbor, "Ain't you glad that Stonewall Jackson is dead?" The man at first would not answer; but, to a repetition of the question, he replied rapidly and almost inaudibly, "Of course I is," immediately shouting out, "Great news in de papers."

Another item;—that afternoon I almost lost my life for doing what in the following year would certainly have caused me to be shot. The flag of the Confederacy was at half-mast on the Capitol, to show respect for the dead hero. It could be seen from the north windows, I heard. Ignorant of any rule to the contrary, I leaned far out of one of the windows that I might get a good view, when suddenly I heard the command, "Take in your head, there, you damned Yank!" At first I did not understand, but looking downwards I saw that one of the sidewalk patrol was aiming his musket at me. I did not continue looking. In 1864, several men were were shot for doing less than I had done. Close proximity to a window a year later was sufficient cause for murder. After the much-celebrated escape by tunnel from the prison had been made, the authorities, suspecting the use of signals to outside helpers, forbade approach of the con-

fined soldiers to the windows. Again, on that same day, we were considerably stirred by an item in the papers to the effect that Robert Ould, the Confederate commissioner for exchange of prisoners, had gone to City Point to make an arrangement for a large exchange of our men for Southern soldiers who were on the way thither from the North in flag-of-truce vessels. City Point lay more than thirty-five miles away, near Petersburg, with the siege of which, begun the next year, the war was brought to a close. This news about Commissioner Ould at once started the question, "Are we indeed going home so soon?"

Monday night came. It passed without special event. A widespread complaint of the appearance of vermin had arisen during the day. The building, notwithstanding the fresh whitewash that brightened the walls, was infested. Also, several of our company had fallen ill from the heat, from poor food, and from reaction from the exposure of the week before. They had been removed to the hospital ward. One of our comrades had apparently become insane. He had for hours paced up and down the length of the room wringing his hands and singing at short intervals, "When this cruel war is over." The guards that evening took him away. During Monday night nothing noteworthy occurred.

As Tuesday morning dawned we were again aroused by the newsvender's call of "Great news in de papers." Yet, how soon the prison life had made its evil influence felt! There was that morning very little of the brave fun-making of Saturday and Sunday. Most of the men were dull and gloomy. The intense heat continued. We were becoming wretchedly tired of one another. We were altogether too many. We had entirely too little with which to occupy heads and hands. Probably, because the Confederate authorities knew that they would very soon send most of us away on parole they supposed it no cruelty to crowd so many men into that loft. Possibly, too, accommodation for our large numbers was not available.

Tuesday morning advanced in that hot, overcrowded room, to men already tired out and disheartened. On that day, however, to ninety-six of them came deliverance.

Towards noon, through one of guards, we heard that some of us—how many he could not tell—were to go to City Point. At about noon, official confirmation of the report came. Little comfort, however, was there for me in the official orders. All officers above the grade of second lieutenant, so we were told, upon giving their “parole of honor” not to take arms against the Confederate forces until they should have been regularly and legally exchanged, would be marched to City Point and there delivered into the care of officers of the Federal army. At this announcement I was as thoroughly depressed as, I suppose, my companions of superior rank were elated. Should those flag-of-truce boats return to the North without me, I lamented, what should I do? The prospect was unbearably dark. I saw that among the fortunate many all had become bustle and preparation. There was hardly any preparation for them to make, to be sure; the rolling up of a blanket with a few articles of personal use in it, perhaps; yet there was much ado among them about even this nothing. There were messages, too, from those left behind to those who were going, to be sent to the dear ones at home, that they might know that husbands, and brothers, and sons were not dead. So, the noon hours passed.

But I was on the alert. I was determined to get into that lucky detail, if there were the slightest way opened for it. I felt a touch of encouragement from the fact that a white-haired second lieutenant had been excepted from the excluded number. The line, I saw, was not to be drawn rigidly at rank. Besides, when, at last, the hour for departure came and the names of the fortunate ones were called, I noticed that a first lieutenant did not go out in answer to the summons. He had become so ill that he could not move. What ministering spirit helped me, I do not know, but there flashed through my busy brain the thought, “Suppose, after all, that the number in the detail is to be kept full, even though that first lieutenant can not go.” Acting upon this inspiration, I put myself near the door as the chosen ones passed out. The roll-call at length came to an end. The summoning

officer following the last released prisoner, the door was slammed shut, leaving only the guard standing there leaning upon his musket. "Is there no chance?" thought I. None, so it seemed. But still, for some reason, I stayed just where I had been waiting. That door was like a gate to heaven in my longing eyes. And it was as though some voice were saying to me, "Stay here!" I lingered there, one, two, five minutes, perhaps, when—for a fact—the door was flung open; the officer had returned; and,—scarcely could I believe my ears,—I heard him shouting out what meant a summons for another man. I sprang for the opened door. Hands, how many I never saw, clutched at me. Part of my coat I left with some one; and through that door I plunged. As I tumbled out, a sentry slapped me on the back, with the greeting, "Bully for you, you little Yank!" In the hallway below, I gave parole in the midst of congratulations.

And why should I not be congratulated? Congratulation was there for any one who might have come. Besides, I had been the youngest inmate in the officers' quarters. I had entered the prison on my twentieth birthday.

We were a long column, made up of officers and of privates, gathered from I know not where. The afternoon was excessively hot. But what cared we for that heat! We were off for home,—for home. That thought lightened everything else; fatigue, rags, sultry air. We spoke, as we went, of the men left behind, but we could not sorrow for them, so jubilant were we at our own deliverance. No martial music led our column; we needed none. We were off for home.

However, we were not yet at home; not yet even free. We had a night before us, the worst I ever passed through; a night that brought suffering to last for a long time to many; and that brought death to several of my home-going companions before the next dawn.

Our column began to move at about four o'clock, under guard of a squadron of mounted men from the "Thirty-first Virginia Battalion." The sun was oppressive to an extreme degree. We crossed the James River on a bridge, into Manchester opposite, and turned southward towards

Petersburg. The bridge lay over Belle Isle. As we marched, I saw the shadeless, filthy, open-air camp of the Union prisoners there. We soon made our way through Manchester, and entered the main road towards our destination. It was not long before heat and ill preparation for the march began to show their effects. Breathing was tormented by the dense clouds of dust that arose from our tramping. Soon, too, the feet of our cavalry and field officers began to scald and to blister. Besides, Lieutenant Dedrich, who commanded our portion of the column, kept the horses of his men going at a pace which, though it was only a walk, compelled us who were leading to move rather rapidly, and soon forced those at the rear into frequent runnings. Before nightfall, even, the rear of the column was straggling badly. But we kept on in our march, halting only when the straggling compelled a halt.

Then came night. With nightfall the sky, which had been clouding before the setting of the sun, began to grow darker from an oncoming storm. Just when the storm broke, I do not know. At length it burst upon us with the terrific force that tempests in the American Southern States often show. Rain came down as a wind-driven torrent. Soon the dusty road was turned into a ditch of flowing mud. But our column did not, even then, come to a halt for rest. We were urged on through the violence of the storm. At about ten o'clock the tempest was at its wildest. The lightning was almost ceaseless, and the thunder became a constant succession of crashes and deafening tumults. So black was the night that, except for the lightning, I could not see the man at my side. How it fared with the rear of the column, I could not tell. As we heard no command to stop we kept on, plunging through the stream that the road had become.

At midnight, the worst of the storm had passed and had left only a gentle falling of rain. The lightning flashes then were darting along the distant eastern sky, and the rolling of the thunder came from far away. Not until about two o'clock were we brought to a long halt. At that time all pretence of order was gone. What had become of our column no one knew. When I learned

that we were really stopped, I pushed a way into the woods at the side of the road ; threw myself down upon the saturated ground and soon was fast asleep. How long I slept, I do not know. A terrific burst of thunder awoke me. Another tempest had fallen upon us. In my stupor I scrambled out upon the roadside, fell into the mud there ; and there slept until daybreak.

When I awoke again, the sky had cleared ; the dawn was coming ; a bright day was in full promise. But what was the condition of that hapless detachment of returning war prisoners ? It had been scattered along a distance of several miles. During the march in the storm it had lost all semblance of cohesion. The first work of the guard, therefore, as day broke, was to bring the disintegrated mass into something like the shape it had had the day before. That was hard work. And it was cruel work. The sabre, with the voice, was often used to hasten lagging footsteps ; and, in that morning hour, word was passed along the lines of deaths, and of men dying. We believed then, and I yet believe, that four of our number, that night and morning, from fatigue, from exposure to the storm, and from the cruelty of the guards, lost their lives.

Our column was at last in shape again, and we were on our way towards Petersburg. The road lay near the railway. There passed us, early, a train of twenty-two empty cars, speeding in the same direction as that in which we were struggling on foot. There were cars enough to have carried us all. As we neared Petersburg, our driver, Dedrich, tried to force us into a four-rank order. Inability to obey his command made him furious. Near me rode a guard—Hudson by name—who, among other kind acts, had dismounted to allow one of our badly exhausted superior officers to ride. When Dedrich saw what Hudson had done he ferociously cursed the man, and threatened him with the guard-house in Petersburg if he attempted that thing again. At near nine o'clock we entered Petersburg, about twenty-three miles from Richmond. The first stage of that memorable march had been passed.

From Petersburg the road lay northeasterly towards

City Point, thirteen miles away. Those miles were at length behind us. Yet, while there was the certainty to sustain us that at the end of those miles lay freedom, comfort, and friends, many who passed over that road that day have never forgotten its torture. I was young, strong, and was an infantry officer. But there were cavalry officers, and worn-out men, and men of mature years, with me. I need not tell all of what some of them endured, but I know of men who walked that morning with the soles of their feet in places bared of skin by the breaking of large blisters raised by the march in the dust and mud of the night before. I was tired enough, but there were many far worse off than I was. I will not, however, keep you longer on this painful part of my story.

Between one and two o'clock, freedom really came. Can you imagine my feelings, as, reaching the crest of a low hill over which the road passed, I saw, not far away, the flag of the Union fluttering from a steamer's mast in the noon sun-light? That flag—delight as it is to patriotic eyes in a strange or far-off land—on that May 14th, awoke in us almost the joy that deliverance from death and hell would bring to the soul. To step from under the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederacy, across the steamer's gangway, into the shadow of the "Stars and Stripes" of the Union, was, for the moment, perhaps, source of the greatest gladness I could have known. There had been but little delay for us after we reached the railway pier. For, perhaps, half an hour we had lain upon the pier.

To our amazement, we had been halted at the side of the same train of cars that had been rushed by us in the early morning. There, at City Point, it had been filled with returning Confederate war prisoners who had had easy transportation through the North to the very wharf on which this reception-train stood. Why that awful night march was forced upon us when we could all have been easily carried by rail to our flag-of-truce boat, I never knew. But it is true, that we were transferred to our Government authorities a famished, exhausted, crippled, and seriously injured body of men; and that, in our stead, were sent back to Richmond, to all appearances, a well-

fed and vigorous re-enforcement for the armies of the rebellion.

Here this story might end. Yet, allow me a few words more to tell of the home-coming. From City Point on, we received nothing but comforts with which to make good for our privations. The first meal on our fine steamer *S. R. Spaulding* was a feast rather than a mere dinner. Some of our number, it is true, were confined to beds, and were, all the way to the North, under medical care. I recovered rapidly from the fatigue and depression. I made a luxury of life even before we reached Annapolis, three days later. Baths, food, and sleep did not cleanse or mend ragged clothing, but they did refresh the young body. And freedom, with the hope of soon seeing home, made the bright skies brighter, and wrought for every hour a jubilee. Speeding down the James River, as I sat at the stern of our steamer, for once having been feasted; and enjoying one of the fine cigars—a Havana at that!—which had liberally been given to each one at table—at table, mind you!—with our wine and coffee—pardon the memory!—I was entertained by seeing from a lounging deck-chair many places made famous in the Peninsula Campaign of the year before.

At Fortress Monroe, far within the Union lines, our white flag-of-truce furled and stowed away, I felt again really free. I began to remember the past fortnight as only a horrid dream. From Annapolis I was soon sent to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where my regiment was awaiting discharge.

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On the 20th day of May I re-entered my company's camp. I was welcomed as one returned from the dead. Returned from the dead, I say, for as one brought back to life from death I was greeted everywhere. It falls to the lot of but few persons to read their own obituaries. Yet this lot was mine. Credible word had been sent home that I had been killed. In consequence, the valedictorian of my college class and my home parish minister had prepared memorials of "the close of my young life." And in *The Nassau Literary Magazine* there appeared, simultaneously with a visit that I soon made to the College, an

obituary, which opened with telling of how "a few hours before the expiration of his term of enlistment, Clay Mac-Cauley fell fighting for the cause of Liberty." The special personal tribute following, I need not repeat. I quote farther only that, "on the beautiful banks of the Rappahannock he is gently sleeping the sweet sleep of the Hero and Patriot—'testifying from the silent land beyond, through the echoing halls of memory, how sweet it is to die for one's country.'" So, you see, I am one of the few who have been privileged to enjoy the praise which men are so chary of giving us while we live, but which they lavish upon our memories when we are dead.

Our regiment remained in Harrisburg only two days after I rejoined it. Then the real home-coming took place. Freed from rags, well clothed, and well nurtured, I marched down the Main Street of my native place, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on the 23d day of May, accompanying the comrades who remained of the companies that had gone thence to the war in the summer of the year before.

That day was the gladdest of all the days of that memorable year. Withchurch bells ringing; streets lined with proud and happy fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts; Franklin Hall doors standing wide open in welcome; we marched along the decorated street and through those opened doors. There, after glad words of welcome and feasting, we separated; free to go to our homes; civilian, not soldier, citizens. Then, the best pleasure of all, but hidden from the world's sight, came,—that of welcome from the dear ones in the home. At the sacred threshold of the home let this recital end.

My further experiences in connection with our armies during the Civil War, particularly as volunteer assistant in field hospitals, and as delegate of the "Christian Commission" have been already summarized in the Second Chapter of the First Part of these "Memories."

Before passing on, however, it will be of interest, I think, to associate with these recollections of the Civil War, two

other "Memorials" prepared in later years, which bear a close relationship to the mighty conflict.

VII.

THE RHODE ISLAND MONUMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

In December 1902, the General Assembly of Rhode Island passed a resolution providing for the erection of a monument at Andersonville, Georgia, in memory of the soldiers of the State who had died in the Confederate Prison located there. A handsome monument of granite and bronze was soon erected, and I was honored by an invitation to offer the Dedicatory Prayer and to deliver the Memorial Address at its dedication.

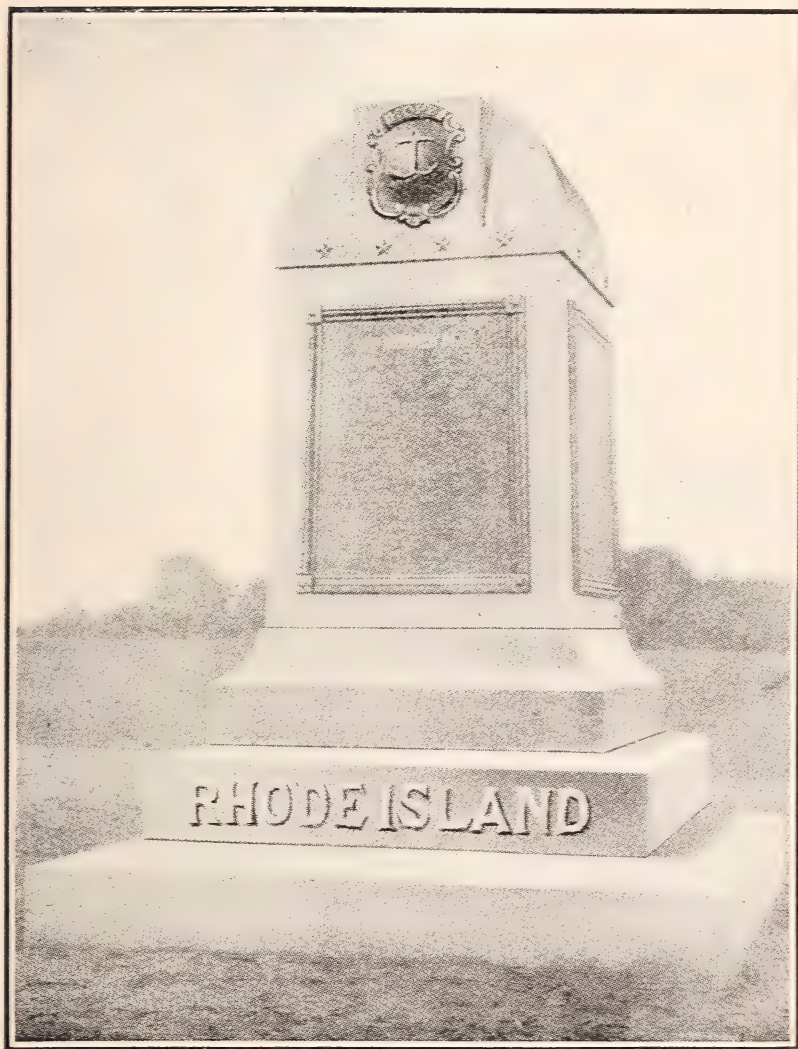
A large party, consisting of the Governor of Rhode Island, Lucius F. C. Garvin, and his staff, together with the members of the Senate and House Committees and several prominent citizens of the State, went to Andersonville to conduct the ceremony of dedication.

On April 30th, 1903, in their presence, with various addresses; by the Governor, by the Hon. E. L. Freeman of the Senate, by the Hon. Joseph P. Burlingame of the House, and by Mrs. Lisbeth A. Turner, chairman of the Board of Control of the Andersonville Prison Property, the solemn memorial was celebrated. I repeat for these "Memories" the Memorial Oration.

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CITIZEN-LIFE IN MEMORY OF "OUR HONORED DEAD."

In memory of men who, at this place, sacrificed their lives that their country might endure among the nations of the earth, we are gathered to-day. As a memorial of that sacrifice, we have dedicated this stately monument. May it remain to unnumbered generations a sign of su-



RHODE ISLAND MONUMENT, ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA, 1903

preme human devotion, and be always a summons to them, if need be, to show like consecration.

Here, through hardships almost incredibly severe, thousands of patriot-soldiers died. With a recreant promise they might have lived and gained comparative ease. Death was chosen rather than dishonor. Surrounded now by the graves of this martyr-host, we bow in homage; and we meditate with proud gratitude upon their heroism.

All those whose bodies lie here are objects of reverent remembrance; but among them, peculiarly sacred to us, are the seventy-four whose names stand forth in lustrous bronze upon that block of granite. Our Rhode Island, the smallest of the commonwealths of the United States, sent more than twenty-three thousand men into the ranks of the army of the Union. Many of these yielded their lives upon fields of battle; many more died in hospitals, of wounds and disease received in service; yet more—hundreds—were victims of the privations and cruelties that wretchedly distinguished the military prisons maintained by the enemies of the Union. This Andersonville stockade was only the largest and most deadly of the Confederate prisons. The Rhode Island soldiers who died here were few compared with the fourteen thousand comrades with whom they perished. We have erected this monument to these few, since they are especially endeared to us by the ties of immediate citizenship, of kindred, and of home; but in our Memorial we are, as well, showing grateful reverence to the whole patriot-host. Rhode Island was vitally one in the memorable fraternity of States that saved the Federal Union from destruction. In fact, through this special tribute from our small commonwealth, we are commemorating, too, all the heroes who died for their country in the conflict of forty years ago.

I have named these dead, "patriots" and "heroes." I speak deliberately. In the truest sense of the words, all the soldiers who were martyred on this spot, and who died from disease, wounds, or in battle, may rightfully be cherished in memory as patriot-heroes. The four-score, whose names shine on those tablets; the thousands who are interred in yonder cemetery; the many thousands who

lie in unmarked and unnamed graves on the hills and plains of the South ; the hundreds of thousands of those whose names and places of burial are known and cared for throughout the land ; all those who in any way sacrificed their lives in effort to defend the Union from those who would destroy it, are now exalted for mankind as types of patriotic and heroic manhood. These soldier-dead do not remain in memory as the individualized men they were,—that is to say, as they were known by those with whom they were in daily and familiar association. As definite personalities they were, like all other men, in many ways limited. Many of them may have been far from realizing in common life the best ideals of manhood—of life in the home, in society, in the church. The whole broad range of human character, possibly from personal baseness to the highest sainthood, could be found among them. But such distinctions do not characterize them for us. They exist for us now as men transfigured and glorified by the sublime idea to which they were faithful unto death. For us they are freed from the limitations of ordinary life ; separated from their failings under personal weaknesses ; released from the errors, vice, and even crime into which they may have fallen in the struggle for existence. We know them now, above all, under the one distinction—“Defenders of their Country,” faithful in that service unto death. They are America’s patriot-heroes. We may freely give them the highest eulogies of heart and brain. To them, as men having made real the patriot’s ideal, our monument is raised and will bear witness into the coming centuries.

The story of the Confederate States Military Prison at Andersonville has often been told. I shall not repeat it. Yet some of its more important facts should be recalled at this time, in order that the full depth of the meaning of our dedicated work shall be clearly understood.

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Towards the close of 1863, the Federal armies began to press closely upon the Confederate lines. Then, also, as it happened, the parole and exchange of prisoners of war thitherto prevailing became seriously obstructed ; obstacles

to it were raised by the Confederate Government over questions concerning the captured negro soldiers of the Union. Consequently the numbers of war prisoners, held both in the South and in the North, were greatly increased. The continued advances of the Federal armies imperilled the hold of the Confederates upon the Union prisoners confined in Richmond and near the border of conflict. It was decided, then, to send the larger part of the captives into the less vulnerable interior of the country. Andersonville was chosen as the main place for their detention.

Evidently, in selecting this locality, there was no purpose to produce the tragic results that made the prison a reproach to humanity and fixed a horrible blot upon modern civilization. This plateau is well adapted by nature to meet the physical needs of human life. It is temperate in climate; it was plentifully wooded; it has water abundant in quantity and pure in quality; and it has a porous soil, easily drained. Railway communication with it was easy, and the means of transportation were ample and unobstructed. But, almost from the day that this military prison was established, its management, to say the best of it, was one of misfortune and of misjudgment. And, speaking of its further management, we must declare, notwithstanding all that may be said in extenuation, it became, and to the end continued to be, one of grossest inhumanity and even of terrible crime.

As originally planned, an area about eighteen acres in extent was set apart for the prison, and enclosed as an open stockade. The forest that stood on these slopes was felled by enforced negro labor, and the timber transformed into a double wall, making an inner enclosure approximately a thousand feet long by eight hundred wide. That creek, flowing across the enclosure, was left as a water supply. The full capacity for the prison, as at first determined, was for ten thousand men.

In February, 1864, the stockade was ready for its use. Here, in the midst of pine woods, it stood; the ground bared of tree and even of shrub; empty of everything that could fit it for human habitation; awaiting the coming of the unfortunates doomed to it by the hazards of war.

The fifteenth day of that February, 860 soldiers from the North, despoiled first of most of the articles for personal service or comfort they carried, were driven through one of the stockade-gates,—the first of the ill-fated host. Not a thing for their shelter was given them; not a shred of clothing or bit of covering for the nights did they receive. As a matter of course, food was provided, but from the outset that was neither ordinarily nutritious nor sufficient in quantity. The increasing poverty of the Confederacy explains in part—not wholly—this fault. By the end of the month, the number of prisoners had become 1,600.

Before March had closed fully 5,000 men were here, and the twelve acres only that the prisoners could use of the eighteen within the stockade were uncomfortably occupied. Already in March, by reason of exposure to the varying cold, sleet, rain, and heat of the winter and spring; and by reason of increasingly poor and insufficient food, sickness had begun to make fatal attacks upon the prisoners. The men had secured no shelter from the weather except such poor protection as could be gained from pits dug into the hillsides, or from the blankets stretched over them upon stakes, and the coats and the dog-tents which some of them had carried on their persons when captured. As early as the month of March, diarrhoea, dysentery, even scurvy and other diseases consequent upon the conditions prevailing, caused the extraordinary death-rate of nine each day.

For some time the authorities in charge of the prison paid no attention whatever to the sick, beyond the issue of some inferior medicines to those who applied for them. Not until the month of May was an attempt made to establish a hospital. By the end of April more than 8,000 men had been put into the stockade, and the average daily death list had increased to nineteen. When May had closed more than 15,000 men were crowded together here. The established capacity of the prison had not only been reached, but it had been passed to the extent of more than 5,000.

Imagine what this fact means. Army regulations give to each soldier, in a well-ordered camp, a space of

1,731 square feet. In the necessarily compact area of a fortress he is allowed 244 square feet. In barracks, where the densest quartering of soldiers is made but where every man is thoroughly sheltered and hygienic precautions are carefully provided and cared for, 54 square feet are given. But here, where there was neither shelter nor any sanitary regulation whatever, the original plans had allowed for each person only 50 square feet when the limit of 10,000 occupants should be reached. Yet, in May, with 15,000 prisoners under charge, less than 30 square feet, or six feet square, was all the space each man could have claimed as his own had the whole available area been equally divided among them. The average daily death rate had then become twenty-three, and the number of the sick had mounted into the thousands.

From that time on horrors fast accumulated. In June, 26,000 men were herded on this field; and that stream's banks had become a vile and pestiferous bog. The mortality averaged forty daily. In July, there were 31,000 victims here, and fifty-eight of them died each day. The mass of helpless humanity became more than 32,000 in August; and had they all then stood equally apart each would have possessed a bit of ground less than six feet by three feet in area:—no more than is allowed for one when he is in his coffin. The average of daily deaths then had become almost incredibly large;—one hundred men perished each day. On August 23rd, one hundred and twenty-seven died.

During this extremity of horrors the stockade was lengthened by about six hundred feet, and in September the number of the prisoners had been reduced to nearly 10,000. Yet the daily death list, instead of decreasing, had proportionately increased. All the captives were more or less prostrate with disease, and there were eighty deaths daily. This unparalleled immolation continued throughout October. Among the 4,200 prisoners here then, fifty died each day; a monthly average of more than one in three. Thirteen was the daily mortality of the 2,000 prisoners here in November.

Then these days of doom were somewhat eased. The coming of colder weather; the lessened number of inmates;

utilization of vacated places of shelter ; a consequent larger proportionate supply of food, lessened the awful martyrdom to about five daily. With this condition of affairs the winter passed. At the advent of spring the war was closed, and the horrible record of the Andersonville Military Prison was ended. For the thirteen months that this prison-pen was in existence, altogether 44,882 Union soldiers were confined in it. Nearly 14,000 of this number perished here, and hundreds, probably thousands more, died elsewhere from the effects of their imprisonment. In that cemetery lies all that is mortal of 13,706 soldiers of the Union who met death at this place ; 12,780 whose names are known, 926 of whose names and homes no trace remains.

We need not recall at length the causes that made possible this record, unequalled though it is in the history of like human tragedies. But, for the sake of my purpose, there are some further facts we should remember. For instance, there was but one bakery for the prison, which, had it been worked continuously, night and day, could not have supplied fully more than 5,000 men with bread. Each prisoner was supposed to have an allowance from the authorities of from two to four ounces of bacon, and of from four to twelve ounces of corn-bread daily, with now and then a half-pint of bean, pea, or sweet-potato soup. Under the conditions prevailing, however, this allowance was always inconstant and insufficient, and often of the poorest quality. Vegetables and fresh meats were practically no part of the food-supply. Fuel was a rare luxury : it was obtained in large part by digging from the prison ground the roots of the pine trees that had been felled. Clothing was soon worn out and off. A large part of the time the men were more or less unclothed, and were exposed to heat, rain, and cold. As no kind of camp sanitation was possible, the repulsive and disease-breeding state of the prison may be imagined.

What the hospital, to which at length some of the sick were taken, was, may be understood when we learn that the first hospital, established in May, prepared for 1,000 men, was soon occupied by 4,000. It had

neither walls nor beds. A roof upon upright stakes was about all that made it different from an open field. Beds were the ground; food was corn-bread and bacon; the nursing given was but the rudest attention to necessary want—often not that. The mortality in the hospital exceeded 9,000; and also, be it remembered, more than 4,200 deaths took place in the ditches and pits of the open stockade. Altogether the death rate in the number of those who were under medical charge here was seventy-six per cent. In an ordinary army hospital the percentage is usually not more than two and three. These are facts in the history of sick humanity, when not stricken by a pestilence, that are not to be found repeated elsewhere. They appall the imagination.

Who or what was responsible for this awful mortality we need not now answer. Judicial investigation at the close of the war placed the responsibility for it where it belonged. There let it lie. The commandant of the prison died of apoplexy in February, 1865. The superintendent was executed as a murderer, by sentence of the United States courts, in the autumn following.

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I recall this much of the story of Andersonville chiefly that we may appreciate anew the supreme measure of patriotic devotion which those men showed to whom this and the other monuments here stand as memorials. The past is past; the bitterness of memory has gone. The United States is to-day a federal union of all the commonwealths that were arrayed against one another half a century ago; the union of the States has been cemented by common suffering and death in a recent war waged in behalf of civil freedom and independence. Inexorable circumstances probably, along with positive inhumanity, were back of the facts I have quoted. Even at the time, so I read, public feeling in this neighborhood, in a measure, revolted from the tragic scenes disclosed in the stockade, and some earnest expression of sympathy and some protests in the name of humanity are preserved at Washington as having been sent from here to the Confederate government by Confederate medical men and

statesmen. I do not revive the past, except as it is at this time my duty to make clear and to emphasize anew the sublimity of the devotion of the dead whom it is our privilege, now and always, to honor.

Yet, imperative though this duty is, the homage we should give these patriot-heroes is not shown wholly by remembering their trial and martyrdom. That stands as an object lesson to all generations of the fortitude of patriotic consecration, and it must not be lost from among the teachings of history. But there are other and equally worthy ways of honoring these men who were martyrs for their country's sake.

When we consider the radical meaning and the issues of the civil war, and when we note the development of the new era which was instituted for our country through their victorious defense of the national Union, we shall see that, after all, there is an honor befitting the patriot dead fully equal to that which recollects and magnifies their devotion. There is the homage that would be shown in the giving of one's own person, one's own faith and energy, to preserving inviolate the principles for which they died, and in perfecting the civic ideal which they made of possible realization. That is homage truly worthy their deeds and befitting our gratitude.

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What was the radical meaning of the conflict between the North and the South? It was not, essentially, either the preservation of the Union of the States, or the destruction of negro slavery. Both these objects were like banners in the conflict. They gave it immediate motive and direction. The Union was saved, it is true; and true it is that millions of negroes were emancipated from slavery. But these things were rather occasions than causes. The radical cause of the struggle was the theory of State Sovereignty then dominant in many of the States of the Union: the final cause of the struggle was the unification and the centralization of civil power, for all the country, in the Federal Government.

Before the war the United States had no thoroughly organized civil life. The States formed rather a

confederacy than a federal Union. The National idea had then only partial recognition and support. Even in some of the States of the North, secession had often been proclaimed, by statesmen and political agitators, the resort for local relief. In the South, secession as a State right was a ruling political principle. It was this proclaimed right that gave vitality to the protest made by the slave States against any Federal regulation of slavery within their borders, or of the transference of slaves to the territories held as common property by the United States. The real issue of the civil war, therefore, was the establishment of the supremacy of the Federal Union over State Sovereignty. At the close of the war the doctrine of State Sovereignty, as opposed to that of dominance of the Union, had become impotent. Except as expressly provided for in the Federal constitution, it had been destroyed. The United States had become a coherent Nation. Governmental centralization was the radical meaning of the great civil war.

With a definitely centralized and supreme Government, the unified United States began for itself a new era. The issues of that event have been, beyond all conception, marvellous. They are, moreover, of profoundest moment. It is these issues that now press upon every lover of his country for grave consideration. And it is these issues that now open to all of us, opportunity for honoring our "Patriot Dead" fully equal to that of building monuments of granite and bronze in their memory and of eulogizing their heroism. Consequent upon the centralization of our Government, a period of national progress, expansion, and prosperity, such as had never before been known, became possible. Politically, industrially, commercially, socially,—in all the relations of a people,—the future opened in ways thitherto hardly even imagined. For the first time then, it became actually possible for statesmen to initiate, without serious opposition, public measures including all parts of the country. Capitalists could then plan systems of transportation that could be perfected regardless of the boundaries of the States. Railway building, to an extent thitherto undreamed of, was initiated. The western

Territories were rapidly occupied by settlers. and new States created. Even the Pacific coast was soon bound by rail lines to the ports of the Atlantic. Manufacturers, too, could systematize their agencies of production and distribution, with reference to all parts of the Union. Mills, factories, all sorts of centers of new industry, were started that manufacture might meet the needs of the rapidly increasing population. Trade became the beneficiary of a uniform banking system and a common currency.

The feeble one among the world's Governments speedily took on the proportions and strength of a giant. The growing might of this country, during the past generation, has become one of the marvels of history. Were there nothing other to say of this new era, we could spend our time fittingly in glorifying America's recent progress in power and wealth in its industries, commerce, intelligence, and wisdom.

But all has not been a wholesome gain in the country's recent development. And, at this exceptionally distinguishing time, while we are commemorating "the Patriot Dead" who made possible our nation's new advances and triumphs, it will be well for us to remember the serious perils to the nation that have arisen in its progress. These perils should cause us earnest thought to-day, and lead us into a yet closer allegiance to the sacred cause for which these patriots died.

Power is a name of grand sound and meaning. Power is the fact that most marks the gains made by the American people under their centralized national Union.

The American people have become in wealth, for example, the most powerful of all the peoples of the earth. Also, in political prestige, they have not only advanced with amazing speed into partnership with the world-powers, but are making rapid approaches towards leadership among them. The American Union is to-day to be distinguished among nations as bearing, practically, the scepter of both financial and political supremacy.

In this double supremacy lies our greatness, but with it also has come portentous peril. All, who have eyes to see,

must recognize the dangers besetting us. And all, who have consciences to obey, must feel that these dangers should be met and overcome.

Our growing national power, both in finance and statehood, holds nothing in itself either undesirable or threatening. There is no need to abdicate it in either direction. Let it go on from more to more. But there is need, when we remember the course of human history, for us to listen to the warning—at no place more fitly than here—that what rebellion could not do forty years ago, self-delusion and wilfulness, in the not distant future, can bring to pass; and there is also need that we and all our fellow citizens should earnestly resolve that this disaster shall not befall the Nation.

A vivid forewarning of one of the dangers of which I speak exists, ascribed to Abraham Lincoln, himself a martyr to the passions engendered by civil rebellion. I will not associate it with the Martyred President, since, so far as I know, it does not appear among his published utterances. But the words have come down to us from the time of the civil war, and are prophetic. Their writer, whoever he was, said: "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned; an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war." There could not be a more intelligent foreboding or a better grounded prophecy of danger than lies in these words.

During the generation that has passed since the words were spoken, some excesses of the money power of America have almost justified this patriotic solicitude. The control, at least, of the country's wealth has been concentrated in a few hands. The Republic, it is true, is not destroyed. But what intelligent man does not know that a genuine "government of the people, by the people, and for the

people" in the United States is on the verge of passing under the will of an oligarchy in finance, developed through the opportunities that were made for it by the centralization of civil supremacy in the Federal Union. It was this centralization only that opened the field for the enormous railway consolidations, "trusts," and "mergers" that control the transportation agencies of the country. It was this centralization only that gave opportunity for the hundreds of combinations that now concentrate the products of agriculture, of manufacture, and of the trades of the people under arbitrary direction at single centers. Yes, the grand issue of the civil war, the centralized Federal Union, is the means by which our country's speedy and splendid achievements in material prosperity were made; but it also has opened ways to the incoming, with these gains, of the gravest dangers. With all our wisdom and strength we should seek to prevent their marring the true welfare of the Republic.

Nor may we be unmindful of the perils besetting our nation in its growth in political power and dominion. If any declaration concerning our country should be held true, it is this;—the Republic was never intended for transformation into an Empire. The war for the Union wrought the salvation of a republic; and it involved the emancipation of an enslaved race. The recent war with Spain was proclaimed to be a war of humanitarianism. That war was carried through by proclamations inspiring our people to go to the rescue of the downtrodden; and to secure the upbuilding of a sister Republic among the islands of the Mexican gulf. Every lover of this country, a country made free and independent by the War of the Revolution and established by the Civil War as a nation of freemen and helpers of the oppressed of all lands, of course hails with delight the expansion of the Union as a democracy, either in territory or by the spread of its principles throughout the world's peoples. Highest praise be given to the people of the United States for every act that tends towards these achievements. But let us not forget that there are mighty cliques, within the circles of the country's industry and trade, seeking control of legisla-

tion and administration, determined, for the sake of gain, to exercise arbitrary power at home and to extend the Nation's political dominion, whatever the cost may be to any weak race or people that happens in their way.

With this danger threatening the body politic, I can not do better than quote from the acknowledged writings of our martyred President Lincoln some pertinent comments and counsel. He spoke with a clear sense of the danger that results from such political ambition as impels men under its temptations to set aside the fundamental teachings of the founders of the Republic. His words, written at the opening of the Nation's struggle with those of its citizens who held slaves and supported slavery, could be written to-day, with essentially unchanged meaning. "It is now no child's play," wrote Mr. Lincoln, "to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success. One calls them 'glittering generalities.' Another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies.' And others insidiously argue that they apply to 'superior races.' These expressions are identical in object and effect—that is, the supplanting of the principles of free government. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. We must repulse them or they will subjugate us. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, introduced into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, so that to-day and in all days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of re-appearing tyranny and oppression."

Surrounded by these dead; with consciences fully awakened, let us ponder over Lincoln's solemn words. Here lie the bodies of heroes in the struggle to perpetuate the Federal Union, that was devoted by its founders to civil freedom and independence for themselves and for all peoples striving to found free States.

Upon that tablet, heading the list of Rhode Island's martyrs, stands the inscription, "Our Honored Dead." Do those words really speak the truth for us and for our fellow citizens? We all honor them, of course, as brave men, as valiant soldiers in battle, and as resolutely suffering even unto life's end. But do we honor them by striving to realize for ourselves the ideal for which they died? Is it our will that monied oligarchies shall not dictate National and State legislation; that they shall not monopolize the machinery of industry and control the channels of commerce? Shall Press, Rostrum, and Pulpit remain vantage platforms for free thought and speech? Shall all our people have full opportunity to succeed or fail as personal worth and ability may determine? If so then these graves do hold the bodies of "Our Honored Dead."

Also, are our sympathies still with the downtrodden and oppressed of all races and nations? Are we seeking to help, and not to hinder, young democracies in their struggles towards autonomy? Are we endeavoring to uplift all our own citizens into intelligence and self-reliance so that they may become fit to co-operate with us in the privileges and duties of membership in a free commonwealth and prepared to share with us the responsibilities of personal liberty? In a word, is the primal star of Civil Freedom and Independence still bright upon the brow of Columbia, the personified American Republic? If so, then, in the highest sense of the words, these are "Our Honored Dead."

Profoundly do I believe that the truest memorial that can stand for the soldier-dead, who lie here and throughout our land, is not monuments of granite and bronze, but is Citizen-Life devoted to the support and triumph of the Nation's Ideal. What we are doing to-day should, of course, be done; but a yet better commemoration for these dead is an enduring monument built, within a really free and democratic State, of upright citizenship and of institutions that serve and advance the best civic virtues.

There can be no doubt of the coming supremacy among nations of the American Union. Whether the plea I am making be heeded or not, the United States

will soon be the overtopping giant among the world-powers. This achievement is sure to be made merely by the momentum of the forces that are to-day impelling our civil and social life. But, this notwithstanding, there can also be no doubt that, should our people succumb to the dangers now besetting them, the fate hitherto manifest in the careers of nations will be repeated for us. Upon heedless wealth and political ambition will follow luxury, effeminacy, and vice, hand in hand with oppression, popular degradation, and civic corruption. Before these, if unstopped, the Republic, saved from disunion, must perish. Intestine strife, anarchy, and consequent despotism await the unrestricted usurpations that issue from a reckless monied power and a greed for political empire.

Nor, on the other hand, is there any doubt of the coming supremacy of the American Union among nations if the plea I am making be sincerely heeded. This achievement would be as inevitably secured under a real "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" as it would be were oligarchies, covetous of wealth and political empire, to direct the development of the Republic. Indeed, should the attempts now being made to establish exclusive monopolies of the industrial and commercial instrumentalities of the country be checked and thwarted, and should our people maintain their political heritage inviolate, future historians would not only be able to eulogize the greatness of the United States, but, better still, its grandeur. Also, they could safely prophesy their increase so long as popular faith and loyalty should endure.

Which course shall our people take? There should be no hesitation over the answer. On this sacred ground, urged by all the memories that throng into speech, seems to come the warning: "Ye build a memorial of granite and bronze to your honored dead. This is well. But unless your memorial is also the sign of a memorial made of the purposes and deeds of living men inspired by the ideal of the State for which these heroes gave their lives, ye have, for the better part, raised this monument in vain."

The legend upon Rhode Island's seal of State, which there stands as the frontlet upon our monument, is "Hope." Let this legend inspire us to-day. I have spoken of grave perils besetting the Republic. It was my duty to speak of them, because they exist and because they are here fittingly a subject of speech. That they give reason for present solicitude, much serious public discussion makes clear; and I am only voicing the deliberate proclamations of both the great political parties that to-day are seeking the support of popular suffrage. In the platforms of both these parties the dangers of which I speak are clearly recognized. One party strongly condemns "all conspiracies and combinations to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production, or to control prices." It promises "to restrain and to prevent such abuses, and to preserve the rights of competition to all who are engaged in industry and commerce." It also declares "that the mission of America is to assure independence and self-government to Cuba, and to confer on all the rescued peoples of conquered Spanish territory, the blessings of liberty and civilization." The other great party asserts that "private monopolies are indefensible and intolerable—a robber of both producer and consumer." And it brands "temptation towards imperial power as a peril involving the very existence of our free institutions." I am making, therefore, no ungrounded, or partisan, appeal. And every true child of the patriot sires of a century ago, the founders of our Republic, and of their heroic sons, the preservers of the Union, in his heart of hearts must endorse this appeal. Surely the American people will, in the end, resist successfully the dangers that now beset them. So, then, notwithstanding the portentous gravity of the perils gathering about our national life, let our forecast here be that of "Hope"; and, while we hope, let us highly resolve to do well our part, that the foes threatening the Republic's life shall be destroyed.

Pledged, then, to the building of the grander monument of living patriotic purpose and deed, we have dedicated this memorial of granite and bronze. Let this monument ever stand as witness of our grateful homage to our "Patriot Heroes"; and let it be a token also of our renewed

fidelity, as citizens of the Republic, to carrying forward and perfecting the work for which these heroes "gave the last full measure of devotion." If faithfulness shall follow our pledge, then these "Honored Dead" will have become truly honored, and their supreme sacrifice will not have been made in vain.

VIII.

In 1904, February 13th, I delivered an address, before a joint session of the Rhode Island Senate and House of Representatives, on "Abraham Lincoln." Five years later I rewrote the address, by request, for a special issue of the *Christian Register*, of Boston, in celebration of the hundredth year since Lincoln's birth. The address was published under the heading,—

THE LINCOLN OF CENTENNIAL MEMORY.

Judgment of the personality of the leader in a great era in human affairs can be assured only with the lapse of time. In the midst of the turmoil of the events in which he is actor, an adequate, or generally accepted, estimate of the man is impossible. With the hundredth year after his birth, however, and a half century since his death, both contemporary praise and blame have long lost force. Confused events and conflicting opinions appear in their right relations, and, in all probability the full truth about him has been discerned and established.

The American people are now celebrating the first centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, and, by unchallenged consent now, they are honoring the memory of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the benefactors of mankind.

In the most momentous crisis that has befallen the United States of America, Lincoln was twice called to be the Nation's president. During his first term of office, he was leader in carrying through the stupendous task of saving the Federal Union from dissolution. At the beginning of his second term, when he was initiating plans for

a beneficent government of the conquered South, he was assassinated.

That tragic death alone would have made Lincoln's memory sacred to his fellow countrymen. He represented in his own person the people's loyalty and patriotism. The traitor's bullet was aimed more at the Nation than at him. The gratitude of the Nation, consequently, enshrined him and has perpetuated his memory.

But it was not Lincoln's vicarious work and death that gave to his name the supreme eminence it has received,—a place among “the few, the immortal names,” in human history. His position as official leader through his country's most critical years and his sacrificial death while serving his country in a time of mortal peril, made him ever memorable to a grateful people. But these things did not exalt him to the unique pre-eminence he now holds.

To many persons living to-day, who were alive on that fateful April morning in 1865, and heard the news of the awful deed of the night before in Ford's Theatre, probably no recollection is more vivid than of the scenes they passed through then. News of the violent death of one intimately close to one's own life could hardly have been more of a shock or more overpowering with grief than the dreadful message, “The President is dead—murdered.” The tragedy turned the whole North, just then jubilant over the surrender of the Confederate armies and the close of the war, into a land of sorrow.

The writer of this memorial was a passenger on a crowded ferry-boat crossing the Ohio river that morning, and heard of the assassination as the boat was leaving the shore. “The President is dead—murdered.” That was the bare fact. But why, hearing that, should scores of men on the boat, who had never met or even seen Lincoln, suddenly turn pale and tremble—as they did then—or break down with weeping? Why should many of them, strangers to one another, stand with clasped hands, speechless under a common grief? Throughout the Northern States countless like scenes were witnessed that day. They are not to be accounted for because the death of Lincoln carried with it a sense of

critical loss to the Nation ; not even that it aroused painful regret that the life of a noble man and of a wise leader of the country had been cut off within a few days after his crowning work had been done.

In fact, the passing of the President was felt by millions of his fellow citizens as, more than all else, a personal bereavement. Lincoln was honored as the head of the Nation. Multitudes followed him as their trusted guide and guard. He was listened to by hosts as their wise counsellor. He was proudly regarded as the successful commander-in-chief of the armies and fleets defending the Union. But back of all these things, making them of yet deeper value to the imperilled people, was their confidence that he was their friend and comrade. During the forty-four years that have passed since Lincoln's death, the continuing millions who loved him then have cherished his memory with increasing affection ; and the generations born after his death received, and are treasuring, the story of his life and work as a sacred heritage. The Lincoln of Centennial Memory, then, is the victorious leader of his country in its day of gravest danger ; the consummate statesman and master of men, carrying through, to a benevolent peace, the greatest civil war in the history of mankind ; yet, notably also, as far as hand or voice could reach from his position as Chief Officer of the Government, the genuinely personal friend of every needy man and woman,—in fact, a fellow citizen with all the people.

With this judgment the first centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln comes to the people of America. It celebrates the marvellous achievements of the Martyred President as the Nation's official head and the executive of the people's will, culminating in the yet more wonderful story of the outreach of his heart.

Lincoln, though born in the humblest range of America's democratic social order, rose at the maturing of our great political crisis to leadership over the Nation. Regarded merely as the chief official of the Republic, he displayed, in his exalted station, the finest qualities of political judgment

and skill. From the beginning, public confidence in him was steadily increased by reason of his prudent counsel and masterly shrewdness in dealing with the perplexing situations arising because of the attempted separation of the slave States from the Federal Union. Then was engendered a widespread recognition of his extraordinary sagacity in guiding the people of the North through the perils besetting them from the varying fortunes of the Rebellion. Later it was perceived how wise was his discernment, and fearless his grasp of the opportune moment for emancipating four millions of slaves. And, at the end, the Nation was impressed with the grandeur of his character, in the conservatism he displayed, under an almost uncontrolled possession of power, in directing the forces at his command towards the restoration of peace, together with the dominion of constitutional authority, throughout the States that had failed in their insurrection. Looked at as the official head of the American Union, Lincoln greatly surprised the people by steadily rising with his opportunities; by showing himself equal to the unexpected emergencies continuously confronting him; and by being marked with a notable directness and sincerity of aim in fulfilling all duty as it was disclosed. As the President, he was pre-eminently both the man for the hour and the clear-seeing pioneer needed for the days that were to come.

But, in celebrating the personality of Lincoln as a whole, we should recollect, to begin with, that he achieved the rare distinction, as President of a great nation, of retaining, and of using helpfully, too, the homely qualities of the life from which he had been chosen. Even clothed with the highest official dignity, and bearing its conventionalities worthily where necessary, he never lost touch with the wholesome though uncultured ways of the frontier people of the West. As a rule, his mode of living was of a wholly natural simplicity.

Some personal reminiscences will help to illustrate this fact. It was my privilege as a boy to see, and many times to meet with, the President. I remember well meeting him often in his walks across the grounds about the White House, nearly always towards the War Department.

I was at that department almost daily in the midwinter of 1861-62. The President's appearance was noticeable to me chiefly because of his unusual stature and ungainly stride. His dress was seemingly a matter of indifference to him ;—he was even negligent of it. What he had been as the carelessly garbed lawyer in Illinois, he continued, for the most part, to be when surrounded by the more formal and exacting social conditions in Washington City. But I remember that he had habitually a smile and a cheery greeting for those who approached him in the earlier years of his office. This was his manner towards every one who did not tax him with matters that required grave consideration.

At the New Year's Reception in the White House in 1862, I stood for some time near him, and all the while he was on the alert to pass pleasant words with those who came to him, acquaintance or stranger. What, being a boy, interested me most then was his awkward attitude and movements in an ill-fitting suit of clothes that seemed merely hung upon him. His conventional white kid gloves were over-big and were crumpled in ridiculous folds on hands that also seemed over-large.

At another time I was fastidious enough to complain to my mother that Mrs. Lincoln " could not care much for the president," because, at the church that morning, I had seen Mr. Lincoln escort her to their carriage, wearing an overcoat on which a button was wanting, and, in the button's place, a bunch of dangling threads.

Peculiarly characteristic of the man was his part in an incident happening in the Assistant War Secretary's office one December afternoon. Gen. MacDowell stood in the centre of the room examining a new musket bayonet. Gen. B. F. Butler, much to my inconvenience since I sat beside him, occupied nearly the whole of a sofa near the doorway. " Jim Lane," of Kansas, was nervously pacing the floor next to Secretary Cameron's apartment. Suddenly the corridor door was opened and the President strode into the room, smiling and bowing to the persons at each side. His tall hat was still on his head, his arms

were outstretched before him. Only a few long steps carried him across the room to the open fireplace, in which a glowing bed of coals lay. Then, all at once, he collapsed into a crouching position, and sat, as if between his heels, his knees projecting almost, if not quite, above his head. Twisting and waving his big hands over the fire, he looked backward, and began some characteristic badinage, greeting Gen. MacDowell with a trifling joke over the coldness of the morning. Cheery remarks to others followed. In a few moments his whole demeanor changed. He arose quickly and with dignified manner turned to engage Senator Lane in serious talk. He soon disappeared within Mr. Cameron's private office.

On horseback the President was anything but an impressive object. In fact, when seen at a distance, he was never a figure to be admired or to inspire reverence.

However, at these physical limitations, detracting of Lincoln's appearance must cease. Ungainly in figure and movement though he was, the impression of these defects never remained with those who were once brought into personal contact or conversation with him. That we may begin to understand the true personality of Abraham Lincoln, his bodily gaucherie must be accepted and allowed to pass out of notice, just as it almost always did with those who had once met him face to face and come to know him for what he was in mind and heart. Our interest to-day is with the man within the ungainly body; the man whose personality drew its essential vitality from a primitive simplicity that never failed him; from a character that was unqualifiedly sincere, that more than all else in word and deed rested upon the finest intellectual and spiritual realities.

Approaching now more closely Lincoln's personality, we learn that competent judges of his career soon knew, and that the world to-day acknowledges, him to have been a very wise man. In dealing with the men and events which, in bewildering complexity, engrossed his administration of office, this quality soon became noticeable. He had come to understand, over a wide range, the manifold phases of human nature. He penetrated deeply—he seemed

even to divine,—the motives of the many who sought him for his endorsement or co-operation. His judgments stand upon record exceptionally marked with comprehension and justice. He appears to have had in purpose no lower aim than to see what was true, or to do other than what, under the circumstances affecting any matter, would be best. His public service was so far beyond deceit or toleration of duplicity that, for the time being, he was not seldom misunderstood. As a rule, however, his demand for truth, and his search always for what was wisest to do, was a mightily effective power, directing him successfully through vitally momentous duties. In conducting what were, not infrequently, exceedingly delicate relations with certain members of his Cabinet; in conferring with many contrary-minded leading citizens of different parts of the country; in getting hold of and securing the unfailing support of the tumultuous Congress that was necessary to enable him to carry on the war; in arousing and preserving the good will of some foreign diplomats who were constantly bringing problems to him full of portent; and, more than all else, in winning and retaining through four trying years the deepening allegiance of the great public;—in all probability, nothing less than the essential sincerity of Lincoln's mind and his supreme wisdom while seeking to know and to do only what was right and best kept him from disastrous failure. His integrity and far seeing wisdom were recognized and trusted by multitudes all along his administration of the Presidency; but after his death, especially when full publicity was given to his career, the whole Nation learned that it had never honored as its leader a wiser man, or one more just, than Abraham Lincoln.

Then we may not forget in our memorial the growing wonder and admiration that followed the publication of Lincoln's state papers, his voluminous correspondence and his public addresses. The astonishing revelation was made that a man rising directly from among the common people, out of social obscurity and, presumably, out of an unlettered poverty, should have been the master of a technical knowledge in statecraft, and the possessor of a facile and

most apt skill in literary expression, seldom found among men especially trained in the science and the art of government and of letters. Some of the President's writings and many of his orations,—especially those given in the epoch-making debate he had with Stephen A. Douglas in Illinois, in 1858,—are among the acknowledged masterpieces of English literature. Great did the marvel grow over the question where that humble child of toil of the backwoods of Kentucky and of the Indiana prairies could have found the literary material and the scholarly ability displayed in his later years. His wide-reaching and diversified knowledge ; his most pat and illuminating mother-wit, humor and pathos ; and the surpassing forms with which he gave it all expression, receive to-day the admiring study of fully equipped statesmen and writers. It was with true insight into what would be the world's established judgment that Edward Everett at Gettysburg is reported to have said to Mr. Lincoln, when he had closed his tribute to the dead of the Nation's battlefields, " Mr. President, these words of yours will live long after the oration I have delivered here shall have been forgotten."

This fine acknowledgment by the renowned orator of the day at Gettysburg leads us to the inmost shrine of the Century's Memorial of Lincoln. The American people, with grateful and reverential pride, have long consecrated in memory the nation's first Martyr President—the leader of the hosts who saved the United States from the ruin that their disunion would have wrought. They now know him to have been one of the greatest and wisest of the world's great and wise men ; as having received thereby a sacred immortality in human history. But, were our estimate of the Lincoln of Centennial Memory to close here, it would fail in not having celebrated that which is really of most value concerning him. The supreme qualities of his character, the moral factors through which his personality as a whole became unique, may not be forgotten.

Ever memorable is Lincoln's tenderness of nature, his surpassing gentleness and sympathy. He was the nation's "Great Heart." Through his work as the Government's ex-

ecutive and the country's President, his instinctive partnership with those who were forced to bear pain or bereavement; his habitual magnanimity towards those who were at fault through ignorance or weakness; his persistent search for some means by which he might stop the terrible struggle in the Nation and heal its wounds,—these things were so distinctive of the daily life of the President that, as the years passed, multitudes became devoted to him. They had known him as their personal friend. It is doubtless true that Lincoln, though holding the supreme office of the Nation, was more often in personal contact with the common people, was more involved as friend and helper in intimate relations with lowly men and women, was more a ministering man among men, than any Chief of our Government before or after him. A host of soldiers and sailors in camp and in hospital; widows and orphans by the thousand upon thousand; many of them because of gratitude for immediate help given, loved him. The millions of slaves, whose fetters he had broken, thought of him as their deliverer sent from heaven, and were ready to worship him. Indeed, countless victims of the inhumanities of the Civil War, learning of the personal sacrifices that the President was daily making for their companions in suffering, regarded him with loving trust, confident that he would help them if he but knew of their needs. Nothing is truer of Lincoln than that he was, indeed, always ready as the willing friend; at times considered by those around him as a friend too willing; to give himself in service to those who suffered because of the Nation's struggle.

It is well known, too, that, while he was bearing the burden of his country's perils, he would not allow any one to be his personal antagonist, if kindness or generous explanation could prevent. He sought, too, by magnanimous appeals and by any concession allowable within the limits of justice and patriotic fidelity, to win the friendship of even the foes of the Union. One of the finest yet most pathetic records of American history is the large-minded and big-hearted plans he was formulating at the time of his murder for the restoration, to civil

dignity and to general prosperity, of the conquered States of the Confederacy. The rebellious South lost its best friend when Booth's bullet took Lincoln's magnanimous life. To-day the people of the now happily reunited States accept without question, and cherish with grateful affection, the President's memorable and, as it happened, his farewell declaration that in his great office he had done his stern duty, "with malice towards none; with charity for all; and with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right; to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves."

Equally memorable and fitting as companion quality with Lincoln's tenderness and magnanimity was his optimistic courage, springing evidently from a profound religious trust in the triumph of his country's cause. And never was this reliance more firm in him than in the darkest hours that tried men's souls in the awful years of the conflict waged between the States of the South and of the North. Some men are yet alive who saw the President's faith and courage, when certain of his counsellors, who had been stout-hearted supporters of the Union, faltered and were ready to fail. There were, at times, members of the Cabinet and of the Congress, leaders of public opinion, editors of great newspapers, who were ready to urge the President to declare a truce so that there might be a discussion with representatives of the Confederacy over a possible compromise that would bring the hostilities to a close. Nevertheless, though the burdens of the war lay more heavily upon Lincoln than upon any other man, and he knew of the threatening dangers better than any one else, he never failed of his faith and hope. Rather did he again and again strengthen those who were faint of heart.

Under the transfiguration wrought by these factors of moral grandeur it is not to be wondered at, then, that the Lincoln of Centennial Memory appears standing at the very front among the great men of human history. Indeed, the name of Washington is the only American name that now can be ranged alongside that of Lincoln, as recipient of the nation's supreme reverence and love.

It would, however, be celebrating the Lincoln Centenary almost in vain were the American people to be content with merely remembering and interpreting the grandeur of his personality. Leadership implies following: affectionate homage involves longing to gain likeness to the one revered. Peace has its conflicts no less than war; and the same principless that made Lincoln the Saviour of the Republic remain as law for the life of every citizen of the Republic he saved. The Lincoln of Centennial Memory is, then, not only a sublime historic heritage, but should be a mighty present inspiration, animating the American, people, now, to make beautiful and prosperous in the ways of peace that "government of the people by the people, for the people" for whose preservation he "gave the last full measure of devotion."

V
ESSAYS IN LITERATURE

Oh ! were I blind, I still should know
The splendid sun were shining :
His warmth would, through the unseen glow,
Fill eyes for vision pining.

And were I deaf, I still should feel
Elysian music round me :
In soundless ears would yet be real
The thrill that once had found me.

So, were I dumb, 'twould matter not
That words could ne'er be spoken :
For soul to soul can voice its thought
Though silence be unbroken.

"COMPENSATION."

The Independent, New York.

1902.

PART FIVE

SOME ESSAYS IN LITERATURE

I

THE GENIUS AND WORK OF ROBERT BURNS.

A peasant born ; a peasant reared ; a writer of songs and other verse ; for a few months a distinguished guest in the social circles of the capital city of his country ; then an unsuccessful farmer and the tenant of a humble office in the nation's civil service ; the man struggling all the while with disastrous impulses and untoward circumstances, to become their victim at last at the age of only thirty seven ;—such in main outline is the record of the outward career of Robert Burns. A brief, lowly and lamentable career, indeed ! Yet, though more than a hundred years have passed since the body of Burns was laid away in the earth, his name not only remains in the memory of the people of his native land, but it has become endeared there above the name of any of his contemporaries. And more ; throughout the English speaking world and beyond, it is now enshrined in the love of millions of human kind. I say, “endeared” to the people of Scotland and to millions of mankind, for in the world's affections the name of Burns is cherished. Scotland did not know while Burns was alive,—in fact, such is the irony of fate, Scotland could not then know,—the gift which had enriched her in the genius of the Ayrshire ploughman. But, with the death of Burns, a sense of national bereavement awoke throughout the land. Gratitude and love for the rarely endowed life,—alas, too late to help the man himself,—were aroused, and eulogists vied with one another in sounding the dead poet's praise. But why

should Burns' countrymen, and why should multitudes of mankind enshrine the memory of this humble, tragic life, and exalt it with increasing worth as the years pass?

Robert Burns was a singer, I reply, and

His was the music to whose tone,
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime:—

his work was a surpassing return to his longing,

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire?
Then, though I drudge through dub and mire
At plough or cart,
My Muse though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

There is no need, then, for me to bespeak your interest in the theme I bring. I assume that you are ready to welcome an attempt to interpret anew this man, to whom your life and mine, to whom a nation's civil, social, and even religious emancipation and progress owe so much; to whom, indeed, human life, in the profound experiences of joy and sorrow, hope and fear, is deeply indebted.

I invite you to a study of *The Genius and Work of Robert Burns*.

Wherein lay that peculiar power by which Burns became pre-eminent among his kind? The answer to the question is manifold. But, to begin with, among the main sources of that power, I place *intensity of emotion*. The whole being of Robert Burns was dominated by feeling. The man went through his brief career aflame. In everything he did he was passionate. In joy, he was excited almost beyond limit; in grief or despondency, he was depressed almost beyond endurance. His praise was enthusiasm, his blame was denunciation. When but fourteen years old, the love passion, which, more than any other emotion, shaped his intellectual future, was aroused. He could not tell then, he wrote in after years, why his "heart-strings thrilled like an Eolian harp," or why his "pulse beat such a furious rattan" in the presence of the "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass." With the awakening of this passion, the song impulse was set free

and mastered him. "With me began love and poetry," he wrote. Their first product was his lyric, beginning—

Oh, once I loved a bonny lass,
Aye, and I love her still.

"I composed it," he said, "in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it, but my heart melts, my blood sallies at the remembrance."

Observe, too, the intensity with which, even at this early age, he fed his intellectual life. He had access to but few books; these he absorbed. Among them was a "Select Collection of English Songs," which he made his constant companion. "I pored over them, driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse." His social pleasures were marked by a like intensity. "A constitutional melancholy," and "a strong appetite for sociability," led him to shun solitude. And when he happened, in his nineteenth year, to be placed at school in a sea-port town far from home, he fell in with some men under whose influence he plunged into the "swaggering riot and roaring dissipation," of the place. Then he learned "to fill a glass," a knowledge which, as all know, in the end wrought his pathetic ruin. His school-days were brought to a sudden close by a new outburst of passion in that heart of his which he described as always "completely tinder." "It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school," he wrote. "The remaining week I staid, I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul" about the modest and innocent girl who had "sent me off at a tangent from the sphere of my studies." The ebullition of this passion subsided with the writing of his second song; his lament:—

I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing.

For years thereafter Burns gave himself, in large measure, to song writing. "*Vive l'amour et vive la bagatelle*" was his guiding principle then. "My passions, when once lighted up," he declared, "raged like so many devils till they got vent in rhyme." "To every pretty face in Tarbolton," said his brother, "he composed a song;" and when he was moved by the lyrical passion "the agitations

of his mind and body exceeded anything of the kind I ever saw in real life."

With this extravagance of emotion our poet entered upon manhood, thence to endure as a vessel launched upon stormy seas. He could do nothing moderately; he was never mentally at rest. Having just entered upon manhood he talked of the "pangs of disappointment," of the "stings of pride." After three years of luckless farming, an attempt to bind himself down to the "wise man's" life failed, and, to repeat his own words, "I returned like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire!" Recall such intense expressions of Burns' emotion as these; "Even in the hour of social mirth my gaiety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner." He described himself as "the sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonizing sensibility, and Bedlam passions." Under the goad of his excessive feeling he often cried out with such words as: "My poor distracted mind is so torn, so jaded, so racked and bedevilled with the task of the superlatively damned, to make one guinea do the business of three, that I detest, abhor, and swoon at the very word business." And once he wrote a letter to a friend, beginning: "I write you from the regions of hell, amid the horrors of the damned. An internal tormentor, his name I think is Recollection, with a whip of scorpions, forbids peace or rest to approach me, and keeps anguish eternally awake."

Then what a picture, though in brighter colors, of this emotion-possessed soul, is given in Mrs. Burns' story of the way in which the famous poem, *Tam o'Shanter*, came into the immortality of letters! She found her husband "crooning to himself," on the river bank. Watching him, her attention was attracted by his wild gesticulations; he "was agonized with an ungovernable access of joy. He was reciting very loud and with tears rolling down his cheeks." "I wish ye had seen him," said his wife, "he was in such extacy that the tears were happing down his cheeks." The fact is that, to Robert Burns, agony or rapture was as distinctively the

quality of his emotional life as common pleasure or pain is of the feelings of ordinary men. By this intensity of emotion, chiefly, was it, that the career of Burns was so full of tragic pathos ; yet to this very emotional excess is it that the world is indebted for much that makes Burns one of its greatest benefactors. Remember the touching appeal in the *Bard's Epitaph*, an epitaph meant for his own tomb :—

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as the wave?
Here pause, and through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

But scarcely more important in a study of the genius of Burns, is the recognition of a tyranny of feeling, than of an *overmastering self-assertion*. Burns' self-consciousness was acute and always upon the alert. When it was impelled by excited feeling it was imperative and irresistible. Burns was an instinctive believer in each man's right to himself ; and, in consequence, he was hostile to social class distinctions ; he hated the privilege and power associated with birth. The effect of this peculiarity of his nature was a concentration of thought and feeling upon personal relations. He could not deal with anything apart from its bearings upon himself. The world moved around him and those who were in personal connection with him. He was proud, and sensitive to an extreme degree ; ambitious of leadership ; impatient and wretched over serious opposition or defeat. Even as a child he could not bear to be surpassed by his fellows. He was Cæsar or no one, among them. In his boyish love-making, a repulse stung him to the depths. Woe betide the playmate who wounded his self-love ! His ambition to shine, he says, drove him into the midst of the theological tea-pot tempest raging in the town where he spent his later youth. He became a vigorous participant in the "Auld and New Licht" controversy, not because he felt obliged to defend any great principle involved in it ; but chiefly from an impetuous love of personal notoriety. "The more they talk, I'm known the better," is part of a stanza in one of his noted youthful

poems. Ambitious self-assertion, a desire to outshine among his associates, afford sufficient explanation for the publication of most of the cutting satire, the stinging ridicule, the brightest wit, of the well known controversial poems which appeared during his years at Mossgiel.

When Prof. Dugald Stewart, years later, met Robert Burns, "Burns," he said "was accustomed to give law in the circle of his ordinary acquaintance; and his dread of anything approaching to meanness or servility rendered his manner somewhat decided and hard." We are told that the pride of Burns was such, when he spent the one triumphant year of his life in Edinburgh, that he never met people of a superior class socially, towards whom he was not on a suspicious watch, until they had shown themselves genuinely sympathetic with him as a man, and had recognized him as their equal. To him, rank and fortune were but as "the guinea's stamp;" a man himself was the gold.

What a delicious piece of humor, and yet how dominated by self-assertion, sensitive personal conceit and jealousy, are his verses, describing a dinner with Lord Daer, who happened to be a guest at Prof. Stewart's, when Burns, at the budding of his reputation, was invited from his Mossgiel, farm to dine with the scholar:—

This wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day!
Sae far I clambered up the brae
I dinnèd wi' a lord.

But wi' a lord!—stand out, my shin;
A lord,—a peer,—an Earl's, son!
Up higher yet, my bonnet!
And sic a lord! lang Scotch ells twa,
Our peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my scnet.

Then, with a burlesque description of his own awkwardness, "stumpin' on his ploughman's shanks" into the learned professor's parlor, and there "sheltered in a

nook " stealing looks of " portentous omen " at his lordship, he continued his " lines,"

I watched the symptoms o' the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see
Mair than an honest ploughman.

In an autobiographic letter written afterwards concerning his first volume of poems, which was published at about the time of this dinner " wi' a lord," Burns drew a telling picture of himself,—“ Poor unknown as I then was, I had pretty nearly as high an idea of myself and of my works as I have at this moment.” “ To know myself had been all along my constant study. I weighed myself alone. I balanced myself with others. I studied assiduously nature's design in my formation. I was pretty confident my poems would meet with some applause.” The expected applause came, and opened the way for him to the higher social life of Edinburgh, where he became for a season “ the lion of the town.” But the self-assertive, self-conscious quality of Burns' nature ill-fitted him for this new experience. It forced him to so decided a display of personal independence that it embittered what might have been helpful pleasures. “ In the whole strain of his bearing,” says his biographer, Lockhart, “ he showed his belief, that in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was where he was entitled to be, hardly deigning to flatter them by exhibiting a symptom of being flattered.” From glimpses we get of the poet's inner life at the time, we learn that while “ he was bearing himself thus manfully to outward appearance, he was scrutinizing himself and others with a morbid sensitiveness.” One of his biographers says he was “ forever harping on independence.” Mr Carlyle named this “ a barren and unfruitful pride.”

Indeed, were I giving a biography of Robert Burns instead of gathering illustrations of qualities fundamental in his nature, I should have a story to tell of his Edinburgh experience, of morbid internal weakness and suffering of the saddest kind. He wrote of Lord Glencairn :—

The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

Yet, of this same benefactor, his morbid self-assertiveness led him to write from Edinburgh: "The noble Glencairn has wounded me to the soul here. He showed so much attention, engrossing attention, one day to the only blockhead at table, (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate, and myself), that I was within half-a-point of throwing down my gage of contemptuous defiance."

Moreover, the desire of Burns to lead, his suspicion of patronage, his rebellion against apparent condescension, sent him more frequently to the middle-class clubs and gatherings of Edinburgh, than to the socially superior circles there. Professor Shairp tell us, "With open arms the clubs welcomed the poet to their festivals, each man proud to think he was carousing with Robbie Burns." There, his self-consciousness was in no danger of being wounded. Suspicion might sleep. He was acknowledged leader. Were it not so closely connected with the tragic years which befell our poet after he had turned his back upon the society of the Capital, the fact would be comical, that he "bought a pocket copy of Milton's epic, that he might study the character of Satan, as the great exemplar of "intrepid unyielding independence." But I need not illustrate further this second quality of Burns' nature. We need only note that, inwrought into the being of Robert Burns, was a domineering self-assertion and self consciousness.

Intensity of emotion and overmastering self-assertiveness, however, do not disclose to any satisfying measure the genius of the Ayrshire poet. His peculiar power depended more nearly upon other qualities; qualities by which only the forces of which I have been speaking could act worthily. Burns was endowed with *one of the most affectionate natures* that have ever found expression in litera-

ture. Love, impassioned by his emotional intensity, and shaping and being shaped by his supreme self consciousness was the master force of his career. This made him the devoted friend he was ; this was the spring of his tenderness to the unfortunate ; this generated and sustained his touching longing for constant companionship with his kind ; this was the source of his chivalric devotion to woman.

It was through this passion that songs like *Highland Mary* and *To Mary to Heaven*, among the sweetest, the most pathetic and deepest reaching in human experience, were brought into being. Through his native, all-quickenng sympathy Burns became one with nature, and fellow with all forms of life ; with hill and dale, with wind, tree, brook, bird, flower, animal ; with the lowly life of the home and home folk ; with the griefs, joys, hopes, and fears of his countrymen and, we may say, of mankind. In a word, Burns was, above all else by which we may name him, a self-dedicated knight, adventuring for the human heart. Let me here recall some of the music which fell from the lips of the great hearted singer. Who does not remember as illustrative of Burns' loving fellow-feeling with nature, his liquid verse,—*Flow gently sweet Afton among thy green braes ; Ye flowery banks o'bonny Doon ;* the lightsome sparkle of *The Birks of Aberfeldy ;* and the soft glide along *The banks of the clear winding Devon, with green spreading bushes and flowers blooming fair.* We all know, too, that tender personifying monologue of our poet's upon the *Mountain Daisy* whose faint life his ploughshare had destroyed. Nor can we ever forget the smile and tear with which the "best laid schemes of mice and men" were brought together, when Burns saw the "wee sleekit cawrin, tim'rous beastie" start away "wi' bickering brattle," as he, by accident ruined the "bit housie" of the tiny creature. Humor we remember, but a loving humor, in the elegy over the dead sheep *Maillie*, than whom "a friend mair faithful ne'er came nigh" our bard.

But, of course, it was for the sake of love of man and of woman that Burns' song was fraught with purest and

deepest music. Good fellowship never was consecrated by heartier tones than in—

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

and in *Happy Friendship*, where

Around the ingle bleezing
Wha sae happy and sae free :
Though the northern wind blows freezing
Friendship warms baith you and me.

Love, as a personal passion, however, it was, that called forth the most exquisite strains from the poet's lips.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee ;

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there :

Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign ;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen.—

is one of the sweetest love songs ever written. And nowhere has the pathos of ill-starred love found a more heart-rending utterance than in that outcry—

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !

Nor do I know any lyric, celebrating perfect, lifelong love in wedlock, which equals in melodious beauty—

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go ;
And sleep thegither at the foot
John Anderson', my jo.

We have now found, in large part, the answer to our question. The great source of the peculiar power of Robert Burns, lay in intensity of emotion, working through an insistent self-consciousness and an impressible longing, which reached out in every direction, to love and be loved. But we must not ignore the *intellectual forces* which gave literary expression to this extraordinary emotional genius. Burns was not only endowed with an exceptional emotional nature, but, accompanying this, was a marvellous strength, keenness, and quickness of intellectuality, which must be recognized and understood if we would interpret the man aright. The boyhood of Burns was not spent in an environment of social refinement or mental culture. In the middle of the last century the condition of the Scottish peasantry was, on the contrary, intellectually and morally, pitiable. From babyhood, for some years afterwards, the child's mind was fed chiefly by rude traditions and superstitions. This material was of great value through the use Burns made of it; but, in itself, it was miserably poor stuff. What school education he received was quite limited and crude; but he was noted as a pupil for more than ordinary intellectual quickness and retentiveness. He drew from the meagre literature which fell in his way all there was in it. One of the first books he happened to get hold of, was a history of Wallace, the famous chieftain of ancient Scotland. That, he said, "poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along their till the flood gates of life shut in eternal rest." Another book, which had perhaps more influence upon him than even the *History of Sir William Wallace*, was the *Collection English Songs* of which I have already spoken.

His intellectual processes, as they matured, became a marvel of force and appropriation. His perceptions were extraordinary in directness, in simplicity, and in truthfulness. We are told that when his intellectual life was fully awakened he had a flow of language, a power of extemporaneous composition, a facility of rhythmic expression, that has never been surpassed, perhaps never equalled. It was his custom, in mature years, when the song impulse urged him, to start out into the open air, where his ideas

"arranged themselves in their natural order and words came at will." He seldom returned to the house without having finished the song. He says, in one of his poems,

When a tale comes in my head,
Or lassies gie my heart a screed,
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

The brilliancy of Burns' conversational powers was notorious. In a word, this peasant poet was an intellectual prodigy. If anywhere we are to look for a poet by birth, we should turn to the ploughman singer of Ayr.

But further, strange as it may seem to some, I hold that we cannot do justice of the genius of Burns without recognizing a profound *moral consciousness* among its sources. His mature life was tragic; and throughout his career, in some relations, his conduct was miserably, morally wrong. But he was more a victim than a criminal. His conscience was clear in its recognition of duty. His moral sense expressed itself in some of the most helpful words that exalt literature. His hymns will always uplift aspiring souls; and his poems of penitence and trust are borne onward by a sincere consciousness of God, of duty, and of the immortal hope. Never forget that the same hand which wrote blasting satires on hypocrisy, formalism, and cant, wrote, also,

All hail, Religion! Maid divine!
To stigmatize false friends of thine,
Can ne'er defame thee.
Though blocht and foul wi many a stain,
And far unworthy of the train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain
To join with those
Who boldly daur thy cause maintain.

And he who gave free vent to rollicking fun and blame-worthy deed under the stimulus of strong animal vitality and excitement, also said:—

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread presence ere an hour
Perhaps I must appear!
Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,
Do Thou, all good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Then, is there not the voice of a victim in this familiar appeal to fellow men?

Gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentlier sister woman;
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human.
 One point must still be in the dark,
 The moving *why* they do it,
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.
 Who made the heart, tis He alone,
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring,—its various bias.
 Then, at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it.
 What's done, we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

Yes, in memory of the tragedy of his short life, we must admit that none know better than Burns himself knew, the meaning and the pity of it. In the *Bard's Epitaph* he tells the world,—

The poor inhabitant below,
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow
 And softer flame,—
 But thoughtless folly laid him low
 And stained his name.

All this Burns meant, for if ever there was a nature truthful with itself, with fellow man, and before God, it was his.

This, then, is the interpretation of the genius of Robert Burns, I offer you ;—overmastering intensity of emotion ; persistent self-assertion associated with most sensitive sympathy and affectionateness ; an intellect of extraordinary force, quickness, truth, and retentiveness, and a moral sense clear, deep, and unfailing. Now, given a man with these endowments ; add exceptional physical vitality ; place him in the last century, in Scotland ; in Ayr, in the lowly life of the peasantry there ; and in the cottage of William Burness, and it needs no prophet's vision to see the way in which such man would go.

Particular event or the end could not be foreseen : but for one of such nature, only one career could be

passed. A career of keenest pleasure and pain; but of more pain than pleasure. A noticeable and far faring career;—no pent up Ayr could confine its powers. A memorable career;—Burns was born to lead and to strive to lead, to command and to achieve. Yet, whatever one might predict for a nature gifted as was that of Burns, the way it actually went is what concerns now. What did Robert Burns do?

* * * * *

I do not propose to read the biography of our poet. You know it well from the humble beginning, through the toilful yet wayward course, to the mournful end;—the man

Nae rules nor rodes observin',
To right or left eternal swervin'
Zig-zaggin' on.

The story of his personal career, though one of absorbing interest, I need not retell. The especial worth of Robert Burns to the world to-day, lies in the expression of his genius as embodied in literature; his work as poet.

A nature like that of Burns must concentrate itself upon things human. In lyric utterance it must be pre-eminently a *singer of human life*. Intense in self-consciousness, and dominated by sympathy and longing for return of love, Burns' nature naturally busied itself above all with human beings and their tangible life. Abstractions to Burns were comparatively nothing. Truth as Wordsworth saw, it; Beauty as Keats or Shelley felt it; Good as Dante conceived it, had no attraction for Burns, and never could have commanded his genius. He was not philosophically reflective. To him, a man, a woman, himself, was of supreme fascination. Nature, ideas of the True, the Beautiful and the Good were interesting to him, only as related to persons. "Man is always first in Burns," wrote Stopford Brooke, "and he either wholly subordinates Nature to Humanity, or he uses it as illustrative of human life." Burns did love nature, we all know:—

The Muse, nae poet ever found her,
Till by himself he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,

he sang ; " and there is not a song of his which has not its back ground of tender landscape." But his natural description is always given for the sake of the men and women, "for the human love, or sorrow, or mirth," "for the human feeling with which he links it, and when the feeling is most deep, the landscape is most lovely." Above all Burns was a poet of human life.

By the urging of his genius compelled to be a poet of human life, Burns, born one of the peasantry of Ayr, inevitably became a *poet of homely Scotch life*. He was no bard for mansion, castle, or court. He wrought for the humble folk of which he was part ; his songs were of the lowly lives around him in cot and on the glebe. Never was such noble justice done to " the short but simple annals of the poor," as in *The Cottar's Saturday Night*. Never was there a more rollicking recital of " the simple pleasures of the lowly train," than in *Halloween*

That night, when fairies light
On Cassils Dounans dance.

Never was there a more graphic plea for peasant tenants' rights than in *Two Dogs*. The songs current a hundred years ago among the common people of Scotland, Burns found as coarse, licentious, unfit for pure minds and the voices at the home fireside. These he transmuted by his tender and fervid muse into verse, almost without blemish. We need not wonder, therefore, that the people of Scotland and millions of mankind soon learned to love Burns as perhaps no other poet has been loved. Ralph Waldo Emerson said, " He endeared the farm house and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley." It was Burns who touched fountains lying deepest in Scottish—yes, in human souls everywhere, as he sang—

To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

In Prof. Shairp's estimate of our poet, he tells us that Burns not only sympathized with the wants, the trials, the joys and sorrows of the obscure lot of his people, but he interpreted them to themselves and interpreted them to others, and this to in their own language made musical and

glorified by genius. "He made the poorest ploughman proud of his station and his toil, since Robbie Burns had shared and sung them. He awoke a sympathy for them in many a heart that otherwise would never have known it. In looking up to him, the Scottish people have seen an impersonation of themselves."

So centered was Burns' love upon his own home and people, that he never chose a theme from distant peoples and lands. He was content with Ayr and with Scotland. Even for Scotland he was almost exclusive in the devotion of his music to his own folk. His home district, he called Coila, and memorable is his challenge to William Simpson, a neighbourhood rhymmer,—

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain
 She's gotten poets o' her ain.
 Ramsay and famous Fergusson
 Gied Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
 Yarrow and Tweed, to many a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
 Naebody sings.
 Th' Illisus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
 Glide sweet in mony a tunfu' line!
 But, Willie, set your fist to mine,
 And cock your crest.
 We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.
 We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks and braes, her dens and dells.

He did make "the streams and burnies" of Ayr shine up with the best. His work made a land, thitherto unvalued, a shrine to millions.

Yet more, the songs which he dedicated to Scotland itself, have distinguished the country as "*Scotia, the Land of Burns.*" What Scotchman's heart does not beat the stronger when he remembers.—

Scots wha hae wi Wallace, bled,
 that glorious fulfilment of Burns' wish that he

For poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some useful plan or book could make,
 Or sing a song at least.

What Scotchman does not think the more fondly of the man who said,

The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
 Among the bearded bear,
 I turned the weeder clips aside
 And spared the symbol dear.

Burns has been called "the voice of Scotland's patriotism," even, "the restorer of her nationality." When he appeared, we are told, the spirit of Scotland was at a low ebb. Representative Scotchmen seemed ashamed of themselves and of their country. But Burns uncovered the spring of long forgotten emotions and brought back on the hearts of his countrymen a tide of patriotic feeling to which they had long been strangers. No one could be deaf to such reproaches as, *Farewell to a' our Scottish Fame*, and his *Ode*:—

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among;
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Immingled with the mighty dead
 Beneath the hallowed turf where
 Wallace lies!"

Burns, however, true Scotchman that he was, *belongs not to Scotland only but to Humanity*. We are not all Scottish, yet, to us all and to every man and woman who knows the poetry of the Scotch ploughman, his music comes, only to find a welcome. He sang for all; out of the needs of all; with warning comfort, joy, and hope for all. There is no mood of the soul for which he did not have a voice. He was enabled to give clear and full interpretation to the deepest experiences of life; he became a revealer of the human heart to itself.

I now leave our theme. If I have but in some measure disclosed the genius of Robert Burns, and shown the memorable work he did, I shall be happy to have spent this hour with you. Yet, as I close, let us remember, for a moment more, the man himself. I draw no moral from his life, pitiable failure though it was. Of himself he once said—

I saw thy pulse's maddening play
 Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
 Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
 By Passion driven;
 But yet the light that led astray
 Was light from Heaven.

Yes, his genius was "light from heaven" as it shone in his verse. Why it became a blasting fire in his own life let us, in answer to his own heart-broken appeal, not attempt to judge. Let us rather leave our study listening to Wordsworth speaking,—

Of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true.
When Wisdom prospered in his sight
And Virtue grew :

and glad to remember that now,

Through busiest street and loneliest glen,
Are felt the flashes of his pen :

and that

Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

NOTE.—Address before the Yokohama Literary Society at the Burns' Memorial Meeting, Jan. 27th, 1893.

II.

CHARLES DICKENS: AN APPRECIATION.

One hundred years ago Charles Dickens was born. Forty years ago he died. In the fifty-eight years of his life, he passed through one of the most notable of the careers of the noteworthy men of the last century. Dickens's arena was the field of letters. Literary fame speedily followed the exercise of his marvellous abilities. The scope of his work was man's life, especially as found in the manifold experiences,—joyous, grievous and tragic, of the middle and lower masses of English society. His aim, if we ignore an insistent ambition to become personally distinguished and prosperous, was primarily popular entertainment. Early in his career, it is true, Dickens girded himself as an aggressive critic and mentor of the faults of the society of his time, and attempted the reform of much deplorable social wrong ; but, to begin with, he

was more than anything else just an entertainer for the reading public. The life-story of Dickens need not be told at length, here. It was not one of exceptional eventfulness. Nor was it one of any special misfortune, or of doubtful success, after the few years of privation that have been named his "poverty-stricken childhood." Some leading biographical items, however, may be recalled.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Charles Dickens was born in England, on the island of Portsea, the 7th of February, 1812. He was born into a family so well advanced socially, that the father, John Dickens, held a Government clerical position which must have required of its occupant considerable education and some refinement of personal culture. But, because of a characteristic lack of business ability in the father, the increasing family was seriously straitened in money matters, and in time became poor; so poor, that the boy, Charles, in his later childhood had to endure, what he graphically styled, "abject poverty." In Chatham, where the family lived from the boy's fifth to his eleventh year, he went to school and was a quick learner. It was in his eleventh year, the family having moved to London, that there came a short but unpleasant episode. Dickens was a precocious boy, and, by nature, the victim of excessive sensitiveness. He was also eagerly ambitious for personal distinction. Consequently, to be put into service in the shop of a relative where blacking-paste was manufactured, and to be compelled to label the paste jars, was to him "menial labor under the most uncongenial conditions." The reflections made upon that unhappy year and a half can be excused, because they were made by Charles Dickens, and were natural to the personality which gave him much of his power in his maturer years; but let us not think of the episode as having been, in itself, one of exceptional distress.

The misery of the little boy in his cousin's blacking warehouse was soon over with; more congenial days were entered. He was sent to a school in the suburbs of London. I came across, lately, a newspaper note which

gives some memories of those school days. "My recollection of Dickens," writes a classmate "is of a rather short, stout, jolly-looking youth, very fresh colored, and full of fun and given to laugh immoderately without any apparently sufficient reason. He was not particularly studious, nor did he show any special signs of ability, although as a boy he would at times indite short tales. As for education, he really received hardly any. Wellington House School, where Dickens was a day scholar and I a boarder, certainly absorbed almost all the respectable youth of that then sparsely inhabited neighborhood, but the state of proficiency was not very high. Dickens (then about twelve years old) took the first place, where we could not dislodge him. As a slight trait of character I may cite his appropriation of an old joke. He had on a very much used pair of inexpressibles, and one of us remarking, 'Dickens, those trousers are well worn: it is about time you gave them a rest,' he replied good-humoredly 'Ah, yes! You are right; it is a long time since they had a nap.' Referring to the more especially excellent delineations of characters in low life that we find in his writings, I remember being at a juvenile party in Johnson street, and, he, quite a boy, singing the then popular song of 'The Cat's Meat Man,' which he delivered with great energy and action, his tone and manner displaying the full zest with which he appreciated and entered into all the vulgarity of the composition."

At fifteen years of age Dickens became an office boy for some London attorneys. Desirous of following his father in a new venture, he qualified as a reporter in two law courts in London. When nineteen years old he secured an appointment for newspaper work in the reporter's gallery of the House of Commons. Two years later, he had begun his career as an author with the first of the stories which afterwards were gathered into the volume named, "Sketches by Boz." And at the age of twenty-four he had fully launched his life for a literary career, by beginning, as a serial, the ever-memorable "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

During the next thirty and more years, with no serious

falling away at any time of an increasing popularity, Dickens was one of the most prolific and well rewarded, and, altogether, the most widely read, most admired and most applauded of the authors in the realm of English literature. Besides, in the last twelve years of his life he was not only before the public as its most popular writer of books, but as a public reader of his writings. Around him, throughout England and in America, gathered crowds of enthusiastic auditors.

In the year 1870, Charles Dickens died. He passed away at the very summit of his career, without having had to endure any previous disabling illness. His body was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, the ancient "Memorial of British Worthies in Civics, Church, Science, Art and Letters." Carlyle, at Dickens's death, voiced a wide-spread esteem, in speaking of him, as, "the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens,—every inch of him an Honest Man." And now, in the Centennial Year of the birth of this "high-gifted" man, many hundreds of memorial meetings, in many lands, are being held to celebrate him and his work:—and more than twenty-five millions of sets of his books, it is estimated, are to be found in the libraries and homes of the world's reading peoples.

This evening our Society takes part in this world-wide celebration.

We have not the time now, nor have I the comprehensive and intimate knowledge necessary, for an adequate estimate of Dickens, the man; or to assign him his due value in the realm of letters; or to recount satisfactorily what he has done to help human welfare onward. At most I can only draft an appreciation of him with large strokes, and fill in with partial and probably not the most satisfactory, or significant, detail.

PERSONAL ESTIMATE

At the outset, however, I must ask your indulgence in recalling the fact that for most of my life I have been rather indifferent, it not antipathetic, to Dickens, the man.

In childhood I was ecstatic over the fun I found in

"Pickwick." As a mere boy I read those delightfully absurd "Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures and Sporting Transactions" over and over again. In 1852, I set a serious task for myself by trying to read "Bleak House," as it was carried along from month to month in *Harper's Magazine*. The story of a suit in English Chancery was naturally at a far remove from the immature thoughts and experiences of a boy of nine. But I labored faithful through successive numbers. However, afterwards I found much pleasure in "The Cricket," and "The Carol." When, yet later, the "Tale of Two Cities" was put into my hands, I became an enthusiastic admirer not only of the story, but also of the man who could attain to such thrilling, overpowering, splendid achievements in historical romance, and could so valiantly champion the rights of the downtrodden and miserably bestialized masses of mankind. After years never lessened the admiration I then conceived for the products of Dicken's pen. But for a long time my pleasure in him found its chief source there. I accepted his skill as a writer who was worthy of almost unstinted praise. I welcomed his denunciations and appeals, as a valiant championship of the rights of abused mankind; as the means for bringing about much needed reforms because of many social wrongs; as a mighty helper of the helpless poor, of the wretchedly oppressed, of the suffering and the hopeless social outcasts. But, along with this admiration, I was continually inclined to regard this valiant champion as being, yet more, a literary artist, who used his knowledge of the lower and abysmal strata of the human world in England chiefly for the purpose of sensational and remunerative exploitation.

In these later years, however, has come a kindlier, and, probably, a more just, estimate. And I now am of the opinion that even if the judgment of which I have been speaking was justified, it should not be allowed to detract at all from a cordial acknowledgment of the superbly beneficent worth of Dickens's work. The over-reaching personal ambition; the shrewd utilization of knowledge, even of a pathetic and tragic kind, he displayed for the

purpose of gaining fame and pecuniary profit ; the personal vanity and hypersensitiveness concerning the attitude of critics and of the exacting public ;—these things, in large part the unfortunate consequences of temperament and environment, are not to be remembered as necessarily incompatible, though out of harmony, with earnestness of purpose to expose social wrong and to try to bring about needed reform. Whatever else may be true, Dickens certainly saw society in many ways absurdly made up, and painfully and pitifully “out of joint :” and he tried to set it right. His personal failings, then, can be ignored, or put aside, as that which perishes, and his splendid mental powers and the service he rendered for the sake of promoting human welfare may be cherished as his immortal part. Here is the true substance which will endure, and, we may believe, will be accepted with the passing years as the standard by which Charles Dickens is to be measured.

We shall not, therefore, concern ourselves with the personal life of Dickens except as happenings or people connected with it may aid in illustrating and interpreting him as he appears in his books.

So, then, turning to Dickens's writings, we meet in them a literary artist, in the highest and most comprehensive sense of the words.

DOMINANT ARTISTIC QUALITIES

Among his qualities as an artist in letters we discover, possibly of most notable importance, an extraordinary ability, amounting to genius, for making plastic and for vitalizing everything with which his pen was busied. With an exuberant and perfervid imagination he portrayed, along with his human figures, thoughts, feelings, actions, mere things, as animated and personal. The objects of his attention, whatever their real quality or function, were, for him, specifically sentient, alive, feeling strongly and in intelligent movement.

Then, next, we note that in bringing his scenes and his actors before his readers, he habitually adopted as his

mode of expression, a style markedly vivid, often intense, at times impetuous and surcharged with passion.

Moreover, we soon learn, too, that his attention was so comprehensive and so minute that we must give close heed if we would see as he saw ; and we must regard his exhibits almost as microscopic studies.

These three qualities stand forth as distinctive and commanding in the manner of Dickens's artistic workmanship.

PERSONIFICATION

Do you remember, just to take one example among many hundreds of like character, his personification, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," of the night-wind? He brings it before us as a wandering, complaining, restless spirit. It speeds "round a Church, moaning, as it tries with unseen hand the windows and the doors, seeking some way for entrance. And, when it gets in, not finding what it seeks, it wails and howls to issue forth again. Not content with stalking through the aisles and gliding round and round the pillars and tempting the deep organ, it soars up to the roof and strives to rend the rafters. Then it flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults." In like manner, in "The Chimes" the east-wind blows as a mischievous sprite. It came, we are told, "tearing round the corner, as if it has sallied forth, express," to have a blow at Toby Veck. "It seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected ; for bouncing round the corner and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again as if it cried, 'Why, here he is.'"

We need not multiply examples of this personifying imagination. The pages of Dickens's books abound with them.

INTENSITY

So far as impetuosity, intensity, and passion in style were the vehicle of Dickens's thought, Taine declares that "half the glory of his literary expression was this style." Recall, for instance, only as a grim illustration of this characteristic, his description of the pupils of Dotheboys Hall. We are confronted with "pale and haggard faces,

lank and long figures," "children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long and meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies,—all crowded on the view together. There were the bleared eye, the hare-lip, the crooked foot and every ugliness or distortion that told of unnatural aversion conceived by parents for their offspring.—With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth; with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down; with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding here!"

MINUTENESS

Then, when we think of our author's habit of making excessively detailed or minute portrayals of the objects he pictured, every reader of Dickens can recall many illustrative passages. Storms were often described by him. Here, for example, is a paragraph showing what its writer could associate with a single flash of lightning:—"The eye, partaking of the quickness of the flashing light saw a multitude of objects which it could not see at steady noon in fifty times that period. Bells in steeples with the rope and wheel that moved them; ragged nests of birds in cornices and nooks; faces full of consternation in the tilted wagons that came tearing past; their frightened teams ringing out a warning which the thunder drowned; harrows and ploughs left out in field; miles upon miles of hedge-divided country, with the distant fringe of trees as obvious as the scarecrow in the bean-field close at hand, In a trembling, flickering instant everything was clear and plain. Then came a flash of red into the yellow light; a change to blue; a brightness so intense that there was nothing else but light; and then the deepest and profoundest darkness."

What an imagination! What intensity of perception! And how minute withal, even to the rope and wheel in the belfry, and the bird-nest in the cornice crevice. This complex scene is disclosed by one lightning flash. It is no

wonder that such vitalized, fulldrawn portrayal, flung upon the reader's attention, arouses memory of its like into almost forgotten depths and draws forth praise. Human nature is irresistibly attracted to that which shows such sympathetic, abundant and comprehensive life.

DRAMATIC HABIT

Accepting these distinguishing primary qualities, we discover, with them, the closely related fact, that Dickens was eminently dramatic in his art. Vitalizing, impassioned, comprehensively and minutely analytic his work was, essentially; but, just as essentially, his writing tended to flow into dramatic forms and to portray dramatic action. The illustrations of this fact are as an embarrassment of riches; they are like trees when one enters a forest.

Do you remember—I ask only because the incident is first to come to mind,—do you remember the story of Poor Jo in “Bleak House,” where the qualities of which I have been speaking are all in full movement?

Tom-all-Alone was dead. We have heard at length of the cruel relation of Society to the human wretchedness personified in that graceless, forsaken creature lying there in filthy, obnoxious mortality. Suddenly there appears out of the surrounding mass of iniquity and shame, “a molecule of the spawn,” creeping upon the repulsive scene. It was Poor Jo, the street-sweep. Was Tom-all-Alone without even one friend? Had he not even the semblance of a redeeming quality? An answer was ready. Such as it was, here was a friend, and a grateful friend. “He was a very good to me,” piped the ragged, starving waif. “He was very good to me, he was.”

It came to pass, then, that Tom-all-Alone was buried by “public charity.”—“But,” said Dickens, “in a beastly strip of ground which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination and a Caffre would shudder at.” There he received “Christian burial”;—“a shameful testimony to future ages, how civilization and barbarism walked this boastful island together.”

But, so the story runs on, night after night came a

little, crouching figure, with an old broom, to the miserable grave-yard. The iron-barred gate, constantly closed, shut the child out from the wretched enclosure; yet he softly swept the step to it and made the archway clean, soliloquizing with the muttered reason, "He was very good to me."

Then Poor Jo himself fell grievously ill. Some kindly care came to him at the last.

"Jo, did you ever know a prayer?" he was asked.

"Never knowed nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadband, he was a-prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's, and I heerd him; but he sounded as if he was a speakin' to hisself, and not to me. Different times there was other gentlemen come down to Tom-all Alone's a-praying', but they all mostly said as t'other ones prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a-talkin' to theirselves. *We* never knowed nothink. I never knowed what it was all about."

Jo took a long time to say this. Then a relapse into stupor befell him. Suddenly he roused and tried to leave his bed.

"Stay, Jo! What now?"

"It's time for me to go down to that there berrying ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid *him* as was very good to me; very good to me indeed he was. It's time fur me to go down to that there berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to tell him that I'm as poor as him, now, and have come to be laid along with him."

"By and by, Jo. By and by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it, if I was to go myself. But, will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thank 'ee, sir. Thank 'ee sir. They'll have to get the key of the gate, afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And ther's a step there, as I used to clean with

my broom.—It's turned very, very dark, sir. Is there any light a' comin'?"

The light came fast upon the dark, benighted way.

Then, added the writer, "Dead, your Majesty.—Dead, my lords and gentlemen.—Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

Indeed, Dickens could hardly be anything other than dramatic. Personally, his life throughout, he was impelled by the actor's instincts and used any available means for their expression. Early in his career he was eager to achieve the visible triumphs of the stage. "The fever of the footlights was always with him," wrote his son, Fielding Dickens. At twenty years of age, only illness prevented him from trying for an engagement at the Covent Garden Theatre. Ten years later he confided to Forster, an intimate friend, "I have often thought that I should certainly have been as successful on the boards as between them," At that time, except for the protestations of friends he would have taken to the public platform and become a dramatic impersonator of characters in his own writings in whom he found particular artistic satisfaction.

As it turned out, fourteen years later he did become a public reader, and you know how extraordinarily successful he was. His reading of the murder scene in *Oliver Twist*, it is said, was so "dramatic in its intensity that his audience was thrilled with the horror of it, and he worked himself up to a pitch of excitement which rendered him utterly prostrate" for some time.

CHARACTERISTIC THEMES.

Then, the themes to which Dickens gave his impassioned style and dramatic methods,—these were almost always under the sway of sentiments that are fundamental and universal. They were illustrated by events and situations, moods and actions, ranging all the way from the most absurd comedy to the profoundest pathos and tragedy. Throughout the score or more of our author's separate writings, we are constantly under the pressure of one form

or another of emotion ; at times serene, but generally restless, passing with frequent transitions from laughter to tears, and back again ; now evoking boisterous merriment over the utter ridiculousness of person or event, and then, perforce, carrying one into the midst of scenes filled with sadness, suffering or, as may easily be, with repulsive horror. A critic goes so far as to declare that Dickens "never rests in a natural style or in simple narrative ;" that "he writes but satires or elegies ; that he only rails or weeps ;"—and that "this sensibility can hardly have more than two issues—laughter and tears." "There is no writer who knows better how to touch and melt ;" and at the same time he is "the most railing, the most comic, the most jocose of English authors."

We can not now go over the pages of Dickens's books, and select from their munificent material, adequate illustrations of the judgment just given. It may be said, however, that if we were confined to a shelf of Dickens's book from which the "Pickwick Papers" were excluded, we would find it oftener true than we may think, that, while we should meet with much fun, we should discover it to be not just fun, but comedy somehow more or less akin to sadness, and often, indeed, in close association with grief or tragedy.

In "Pickwick" we have almost pure comedy, if we pass by the stories which are mechanically inserted among the "Papers." Edwin Pugh in a suggestive, yet, as a whole I think, mistaken critique of Dickens, excellently describes "Pickwick Papers" as being irradiated by "unexampled high spirits" ; as having "inexhaustible vivacity, comic force and inevitable drollery." He also distinguishes the book as being "the best mirror of an age, or an era, in any language ; whose value to history alone is incalculable." Chesterton, in his introduction to "Pickwick," reflects that, "It is pleasant to think that in this supreme masterpiece, done in the dawn of his career, Dickens did not try to make pathos, as he did afterwards, a thing quite obvious, infectious and public." "Pickwick," he adds, 'will always be remembered as the great example of everything that made Dickens great ; of

the solemn conviviality of great friendships, of the erratic adventures of old English roads, of the hospitality of old English inns, of the great fundamental kindliness of old English manners."

"Pickwick" having been written, Dickens seems to have decided that fun-making, however much he might indulge in it thereafter, should not either engross or lead his work. He soon became an aggressive reformer, or at least the dramatic portrayer, of the abounding wrongs he found in Society. With but few exceptions, not setting aside even the Christmas Stories, or his semi-autobiography, "David Copperfield," or the quiet recital of "Great Expectations" his books held rather grave and serious themes, to which his ridicule, his irony and satire, his pathos, his emotional intensity were given. He went directly to those social problems which he knew would arouse the most earnest attention. He applied his great powers especially to the help of the poor and the oppressed, the misunderstood and the disregarded members of society. Ruskin who was freely critical concerning Dickens's writings because of the sensationalism and emotional extravagance he found in them, and who wished that Dickens "could limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement," yet added this judgment when writing of "Hard Times,"—"But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written, but especially 'Hard Times.' This book should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions. If they examine all the evidence, it will appear that his view was the finally right one grossly and sharply told."

During the latter part of Dickens's life, aside from what he did in his writings, we are told that he "was always tilting at some public abuse." "Wherever there seemed an outlet for his altruistic zeal" it was freely used.

SPECIAL BOOKS OF GOOD CHEER.

Much more should be added here, if we would make an adequate memorial of Charles Dickens. But we can not

go much farther now. I should like to turn over with you the pages of those volumes which I have just signalized with special mention. This would be a particularly agreeable close to what I have made, I fear, rather a serious, if not sombre, lecture.—I specialized "Pickwick," the "Christmas Stories," "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations." These books have made Dickens that writer of the last century to whom, more than to any other, multitudes have turned as the friend who has brought cheer to them. Lord Rosebery has distinguished Dickens as the man who taught a generation which was not skilled in this pleasure, how to laugh. "Any one who feels depressed," he said "has only got to take down his Pickwick and read a few pages possibly that he knows by heart already," and he will find himself laughing. Thackeray called the "Christmas Carol," a national benefit, and, to every man who reads it, a personal kindness." Forster spoke of "the cheery voice of faith and hope in the "Carol," ringing from one end of the island to the other." "The Cricket on the Hearth" has become "a household word," and "a fireside inspiration." In fact, it has been humorously said, "Dickens invented Christmas." In "David Copperfield," named the ablest and clearest of Dickens's books, we find, more than any where else, a frank and generally agreeable revelation of Dickens himself. Then, there is the serene yet ironic and would-be cynical "Great Expectations" of the elder years, characterized as "always sweet and sane in humor," "the most humanly moving of his novels. "Great Expectations" is the book which, Chesterton declares, put Dickens into spiritual association with Thackeray.

But, inadequate as what I have been saying is, enough has been said, to recall Dickens as the writer in the near past who, richly endowed with a gift for intimacy with common humankind, disclosed men to themselves and to one another in the plenitude of their complex life, and, therewith, did much not only to brighten their days, but, also, to inspire many to seek better lives for themselves, and to help their fellow-men onward and upward.

* * * *

The sum of my estimate is this. I think of Dickens as having achieved a two-fold pre-eminence among the men of letters whom the world delights to honor. None more than he has held the mirror up to human nature, and out of the small weaknesses, the foibles, the absurdities and the petty ambitions reflected there, contributed to the geniality, and even gaiety of the nations. But, also, hardly less has been his leadership towards social betterment, in the severe arraignments to which he subjected the laws and customs of his fellow countrymen, because of the poverty and suffering, the vice and the crime that cursed their social underworld.

What place Dickens is to hold in the coming generations, of course, only those who live hereafter can tell. But the judgment made concerning him to-day, that he "has remained a modern" among the men who were memorable in the past, seems to have been given with wise discernment. Also, it appears that, in a prophetic kind of way, his work holds an important relation to the progress of the era now passing. His service as the genial fun-maker, as the humorously poignant caricaturist abides, and will continue; but, in a profound sense, he has also made permanent in literature much that will remain as guidance and inspiration for those who seek to do away with some of the most grievous burdens of wrong and evil which oppress and degrade mankind.

NOTE.—Read before the Tokyo Literary and Musical Society, at the Dickens Centenary, February 27th, 1912.

III.

JAPANESE POETRY.

Japanese poetry, regarded as part of the world's literature, is individual and unique. It had its origin in a pre-historic age; its form and content were of its own kind, and were practically fixed at the time it first appeared in

written speech ; and it reached its culminating excellence nearly a thousand years ago. At the present day, when the Japanese people have been released from their long held seclusion from the other peoples of the world, there is the probability that their poetry will come under the same stimulus that has vivified and started forward their sciences and their other products of mental energy ; but, so far, there has appeared little sign of promise for any noteworthy poetic development. A study of Japanese poetry, therefore, carries one far back in the centuries, and into a literary realm that lies as isolated in the world of letters as the Empire of Japan has lain in the world of nations.

With a wish to make a contribution to the study of the poetry of Japan, I invite you to turn to the collection of poems known as the *Hyakunin-isshu*. This collection may be accepted as fairly representative of that which is characteristic, as a whole, of the unique poetry of this people. It is not the largest single collection of Japanese poems ; it did not originate, as was true of most other collections, under Imperial direction ; nor does it contain any of the few longer poems that once promised much for the future of Japanese poetry ; but, in these single songs of one measure, taken from the works of a hundred writers, there have been gathered many that are of the very highest excellence. All of them are distinctive in form and in subject-matter, and nearly all of them were produced in that period of Japan's history whose literature has been commended as "classic." Besides, this collection of poems as a whole is comprised within an easily managed round number. And, moreover, whatever may be its worth throughout, it is at present, and has been for a long time, in largest part the household poetry of the Japanese, in the form of a game at cards, in which man, woman and child repeat over and over again in their play the measures and thoughts of these verses. In brief, there is no other gathering of Japanese poems so manageable for a single course of study. For all ordinary investigation, it is sufficiently instructive concerning the peculiar characteristics of the poetry of Japan ; and, for readers in Europe and America, it will

serve to show well the kind of poetic production and pleasure that has the largest favor with this people.

These "Single Songs of a Hundred Poets" were not gathered together in this form until towards the middle of the Thirteenth Century. At that time there were existing many comprehensive and accepted compilations of verse. The poems that, according to tradition, had been sung by the gods and ancient heroes had been preserved in such authorized histories as the *Kojiki* (Record of Old Things), and the *Nihon-shoki* (History of Japan), which brought the traditions and records of the country down from the farthest past to about the end of the Seventh Century of the Christian era. But, near the middle of the Eighth Century, during the reign of the Empress Koken, Tachibana no Moroe began to collect into one work all the poems then extant, which work, in the Ninth Century, as supplemented by Ōtomo no Yakamochi and others, came into literature as the celebrated *Manyōshū* (Collection of Myriad Leaves). In the twenty volumes constituting this collection there are 4,515 poems, among which are gathered 268 of what are called *naga uta*, "long songs," because they are composed of more than the five lines to which the standard Japanese poem is limited. The "long songs," or *naga uta*, of the *Manyōshū* are spoken of as especially admirable. They have been used for centuries as models of their kind by Japan's poets. Among the many writers distinguished in the *Manyōshū* are Kakinomoto no Hitomaro (No. 3), Yamabe no Akahito (No. 4), and Ōtomo no Yakamochi (No. 6), specimens of whose verse appear in the *Hyakunin-isshu*.

In the Tenth Century, after the Imperial capital had been fully established in Kyōto and a hundred years and more of the dominance of Chinese influence in Japanese literature had passed, a revival of literature distinctively Japanese took place. By order of the Emperor Daigo, between the years 905 and 922 A.D., Ki no Tsurayuki (No. 35), a poet of the rank of the earlier Hitomaro, made a new compilation of verse, called the *Kokinshū* (Ancient and Modern Songs). This work is now esteemed the finest, and it is the most studied, collection of poems in

Japanese literature. It contains more than 1,100 "songs," or *uta*, only 5 of which are *naga uta*. This work, divided into twenty parts, has among its treasures quite a number of *uta*, of the standard measure commonly known as *tanka*, which are repeated in the *Hyakunin-issu*. Among the *tanka* so quoted, is the one ascribed to the Emperor Tenchi (No. 1), and those written by Sarumaru (No. 5), Kisen (No. 8), Ono no Komachi (No. 9), Henjō (No. 12), Kawara no Sadaijin (No. 14), Yukihiro (No. 16), Narihira (No. 17), Yasuhide (No. 22), Kanetsuke (No. 27), Mineyuki (No. 28), Ōshikōchi (No. 29), Korenori (No. 31), Okikaze (No. 34), and Fukayabu (No. 36). It was at this period in the Empire's history that poetry began to have a language peculiarly its own, distinctly marked off from that of ordinary speech.

Fifty years later than the compilation of the *Kokinshū*, about 970 A.D., a school of poetry was established in the Imperial Palace, and poetic composition became, and for a long time remained, one of the chief accomplishments of the members of the Court and of the nobility. Various collections of verse, supplementary of the *Manyōshū* and the *Kokinshū*, were then made under Imperial command. Between the time of the completion of the *Kokinshū* (922 A.D.), and of the gathering of the *Hyakunin-issu* (1235 A.D.), no less than seven authorized and distinguished collections of poems were made. These were, 1. *Gosenshū* (After Collection), 2. *Shūishū* (Gathered Remnants), 3. *Goshūishū* (Post-Gathered Remnants), 4. *Kinyōshū* (Golden Leaves), 5. *Shikwashū* (Wild Flowers), 6. *Senzaishū* (Immortal Songs) and 7. *Shinkokinshū* (New *Kokinshū*). These works together with the *Kokinshū* are known in literature as the *Hachidaishū* (Collections of Eight Dynasties). They are all possessed of much merit. It is said that the *Shinkokinshū* "contains stanzas constructed with remarkable skill, the phraseology subtle and elegant, the rhythm easy and graceful, the style refined and the ideas profound." It "stands at the head of all collections of poems published under Imperial auspices."

In these seven compilations may be found some of the best *tanka* reproduced in the *Hyakunin-issu*. For ex-

ample, those written by Hitoshi (No. 39), and Tadami (No. 41), are found in the *Gosenshū*; those by Ukon (No. 38), Kanemori (No. 40), Kentokuko (No. 45), Eikei (No. 47), Yoshitaka (No. 50), Sanekata (No. 51), Michinobu (No. 52), Kintō (No. 55), Izumi Shikibu (No. 56), Daini no Sammi (No. 58), Akasome Emon (No. 59), Sei-Shōnagon (No. 62), Michimasa (No. 63), Masafusa (No. 73), are taken from the two *Shuishū*; those by Gyōson (No. 66), Tsunenobu (No. 71), Yushi Naishi no Kii (No. 72), are quoted from the *Kinyoshū*; those by Yoshinobu (No. 49), Ise no Ōsuke (No. 61), Hōshōji no Nyūdo (No. 76), Sutoku-in (No. 87), are from the *Shikwashū*; and those by Tadayori (No. 64), Suwo no Naishi (No. 67), Toshiyori (No. 74), Mototoshi (No. 75), Horikawa (No. 80), Go-Tokudaiji (No. 81), Dōin (No. 82), Toshinari (No. 83), Shunye (No. 85), Saigyō (No. 86), Kwoka Mon-in no Bettō, (No. 88), Impu Mon-in no Taiu (No. 90), Nijō no In no Sanuki (No. 92), Jien (No. 95), are from the *Senzaishū*. The *Shinkokinshū* was in large measure only a re-editing of the poetical collections made subsequently to that of the *Kokinshū*. The leading poets of the later time, that is, towards the Thirteenth Century, were Toshinari, Saigyō, Ietaka (Karyū), and Sadaie. Special mention should be made of the poet-Shōgun, Sanetomo (No. 93), of the end of the Twelfth Century, whose songs, it has been said, "find no parallel in cognate compositions subsequent to the Nara Epoch."

With this store of poetic treasures at command, some one about the year 1235 A.D., brought together these "Songs of a Hundred Poets" as one anthology. Just by whom and how the *Hyakunin-isshu* came to be gathered is no longer known. Certainly, in its present form, its editorship is doubtful. The author of the *Dai Nihon-shi* (History of Great Japan) was satisfied, upon the authority of the *Mei-getsu-ki* (Record of Brilliant Months), that the collection was made by Teikakyō, whose family name was Fujiwara no Sadaie (No. 97). Sadaie, or Teikakyō, held high office. He was an Imperial Vice-Counsellor prior to, and under, the reign of the Emperor Shijō (1233-1242 A.D.). He was also one of the

leading poets of his day. Under his direction the *Shinkokin-shū* was compiled. The *Mei-getsu-ki* was, it is said, a daily record kept by Teikakyō. The original manuscript has almost wholly perished. Indeed, some of the supposed authorized sheets of the work are doubtful. And there is much question whether the present form of the *Hyakunin-issu* is that which it had at the first.

Among the traditions connected with the compilation of the anthology is this:—Teikakyō was a skilful writer of the *kana* syllabary. He also held a position that might be called the poet-laureateship of the time. Among his friends, or relatives, was a noble named Utsunomiya Yasaburo, or Renshō, who became a lay-priest, or *nyūdō*, and lived in a cottage in the village of Ogura in Saga. In the “Record of Brilliant Months” it is stated, “I wrote for the *shōji* of the ‘Middle House of Saga,’ colored papers, and sent them. At night I sent them to Ringo.” Ringo, whose name is generally known as Tameie, was Teikakyō’s son and was married to Utsunomiya Yasaburo’s daughter. With some, the supposition is that the latter, Renshō, who was a poet also, had requested Sadaie through the son to write down, with his skilled pen, a hundred poems which he, Renshō, had selected for the decoration of *shōji* in his new country house at Ogura. Sadaie obligingly complied with the request. Were this story true, Renshō, not Sadaie, would have whatever reputation belongs to the compilation of the hundred songs. Afterwards, when Tameie, as it is said, copied the poems from the *shikishi*, or thick fancy-colored paper, used for the writing of poems, he arranged them in an approximate chronological order.

Another tradition locates the poetic ornamentation of the *shōji* in the poet’s own country house at Ogurayama, whither the poet had retired after resignation of his office in the Imperial Court. Sadaie’s choice of the poems, according to this story, was made without special forethought and without system. He wrote down the verses at random, just as they happened to come into memory, while he had brush in hand. Strict literary judgment did not guide him. For this reason, the songs show unequal merit:

some, displaying the very finest quality, appearing side by side with others that are of inferior worth.

The mode of production of the collection, however, is a matter of comparative indifference. This "Century of Songs" exists:—by the fortune of circumstances, in time it became known everywhere as the *Ogura Hyakunin-issu*.

How the hundred poems happened to come into use for a household game at cards is not known. The first decided notice of the game is found after the time of the fourth Shōgunate, or in the age of *Genroku* (1688-1703 A.D.). It was in this period that Kaibara Yekken wrote the "Great Learning for Women" (*Onna Daigaku*), and other books for the education of women. Special attention was paid to the education of girls then. Girls' books were much in demand. At that time the *Hyakunin-issu* became useful as a text-book for private female education. During the Shōgunate, when the poems had been transferred to separate cards, a package of the *Hyakunin-issu* was looked upon as a part of the bride's household outfit. At that time, many *samurai* in Kyōto, skilled in calligraphy, aided in the financial support of their households by writing the hundred poem-cards for the market. Some of these cards, written by well known noblemen, have had great pecuniary value. A story is handed down, that about six hundred years ago, the Imperial Court guards had a habit in night-watches of writing with bits of charcoal inside their porcelain plates, each, one of the "parts" of extemporized poems, *renga*, and of seeing how one part would fit with another. This verse-play, it is supposed by some, suggested a similar use of the hundred songs. But, as said before, the origin of the *uta-garuta*, or "song cards," is unknown. We must be satisfied with the fact that two centuries or more ago, the poems somehow had gained place in the homes of the Japanese people in the form of a game, whereby they have become the common property of old and young, and are to-day as household words. (See Transactions of this Society, Vol. II, page 129.)

Before making a closer examination of the *Hyakunin isshu*, let us take a glance at Japanese poetry generally. What are its special characteristics,—in form, in content and in general quality?

Simplicity and brevity in its forms, are probably the most prominent characteristics that appear to an eye accustomed to, and familiar with, the poetry of the West. The standard model for Japanese poetic structure is a five-versed stanza, named the *tanka*, in which all the songs of the *Hyakunin-issu*, and by far the most of Japanese poems, are embodied. The *tanka* is composed of only thirty-one syllabics. These syllabics are arranged in five verses, or measures; the first and third measures containing as a rule five syllabics each; and the second, fourth, and fifth measures, each including seven. Usually these five verses may be divided into two complete parts, namely, the “first,” or “upper,” part (*kami no ku*), made up of the first three lines; and the “second,” or “lower,” part (*shimo no ku*), consisting of the fourth and fifth lines.

The reputed most ancient song treasured in Japanese tradition, the song of the god Susa-no-o, sung at the building of the bridal palace for a celestial pair, is the prototype of this popular measure. “When this Great Deity first built the palace of Suga,” says the *Kojiki*, “clouds rose up thence. Then he made an august song. That song said :—

“ *Yakumo tatsu*
Izumo yae gaki
Tsuma gomi ni
Yaegaki tsukuru :
Sono yae gaki wo ! ”

Or, in somewhat free translation, but according to the original metre :—

“ Many clouds appear :
 Eight-fold clouds a barrier raise
 Round the wedded pair.
 Manifold the clouds stand guard,
 O that eight-fold barrier-ward ! ”

Besides the *tanka* there are numerous variations in arrangement of the fundamental five and seven-syllabic verses, but the limits of this study prevent their illustration. There are, however, two extremes of composition that may be noticed in passing:—the *naga uta*, or “long song,” and the *hokku*, or “first verses.” The *naga uta* is indefinite in length. It is made up of couplets of the two kinds of verses,—the five and the seven syllabled verses,—the end of the poem being in an additional seven syllabic verse. The *hokku* is a complete poem contained in only seventeen syllabics that make up the first three lines, or “part,” of the *tanka*. The *hokku* must be an exceedingly compact bit of word and thought skill to be worth anything—as literature. The following *hokku*, which is also an acrostic of the word *yutaka*, “fruitfulness,” “abundance,”—is a good illustration of its kind.

Yufudachi ya
Ta wo mi-meguri no
Kami naraba.

If the summer shower
 Would but round the rice-fields go
 As it were a god!

So far as cadence is concerned, Japanese poetry is almost without it. Careful students of the language, like Dr. W. G. Aston, and Professor B. H. Chamberlain, fail to find any. “The cadence of Japanese poetry,” the former says, “is not marked by a regular succession of accented syllables as in English.” It has, says the latter, “neither rhyme, assonance, alliteration, accentual stress, quantity, nor parallelism.” These judgments are true,—but with some qualification. It is true that Japanese verse has, normally, an irregular cadence, yet much of it may easily receive, and often does receive in the reading, the movement of some of the simpler measures of English poetry. It is common, for example, to hear such verses as the following read as though they were composed in trochaic movement:—

Nikumarete
Nikumi kaesu na
Nikumarero
Nikumi nikumare
Hateshi nakereba.

Hated though you be,
 Hate for hate do not return ;
 Hatred given accept.
 If for hatred you give hate,
 Then to hating comes no end.

So, in a Buddhist hymn, *Nori no Hatsune* (The Dominant Note of the Law), its lines generally take the rhythm of English anapestic verse, as :—

Itazura goto ni hi wo kasane ;
Rokushiu ruten no tane wo maki ;
Hakanaku kono yo wo s'gosu nari, etc.

In spending my days chasing things that are trifles ;
 In sowing the seed of the six-fold migration ;
 I pass through the world with my life purpose
 baffled, etc.

However, speaking broadly, the prosody dominant in Western poetry does not appear in the poetry of Japan, except, we may say, through the influence of a natural, but unacknowledged, rhythmic instinct.

Again, in the construction of Japanese verse there are certain special rhetorical oddities, such as redundant expletives and phrases, called "Pillow-words" and "Introductions," that are of especial importance in a study of this poetry. These expressions are purely conventional ornaments or euphonisms. Much of the superior merit of this verse-writing depends also upon a serious use of puns and of other word-plays. By way of description of these special verbal devices let me repeat the words of an honored member of this society, Professor Chamberlain, as given in an essay read here more than twenty years ago. (Transactions. Vol. V. p. 81.) The "Pillow-words" says Prof. Chamberlain, "are as a rule, simple epithets that were formerly applied quite naturally and appropriately

to various objects, places and actions, but which in most cases by the process of phonetic decay, by being used in connection with the expressions having but a very distant affinity to the expressions they originally served to define," etc., "have become almost unrecognisable and practically devoid of meaning." "They are prefixed to other words merely for the sake of euphony. Almost every word of note has some 'Pillow-word.'" Dr. W. G. Aston in his admirable work on "Japanese Literature" names "Pillow-words" "stock conventional epithets," something after the fashion of Homer's 'swift-footed' Achilles, or 'many-fountained' Ida." They are "survivals from a very archaic stage of the language."

The special "Pillow-words," "Introductions" or "Prefaces" used in the *Hyakunin-issu* will properly be noticed as they occur in the following pages. Here, by way of illustration of what has been said, it will suffice to note the "first part" of the Third Song of the collection. This *tanka* contains the "Pillow-word," *ashibiki no*, "foot-drawing" associated with *yama dori*, "mountain pheasant." The first part of the *tanka* is a "Preface" for the sentiment that follows. *Ashibiki no yama dori no o no shidari o no*, is literally, "the downward curving feathers of the foot-drawing mountain-pheasant;" a phrase practically meaningless as here used, except as it may be a combination of sound and thought that tends to intensify and to fix the dreary plaint of the second "part" of the *tanka*, which tells of the loneliness of the long, long night.

Another very common special device in Japanese poetry is the use of the pun, or of *kenyōgen*, a word subjected to two definitions, to convey the writer's meaning. This interpretation is thereby often accomplished gracefully and with special clearness. At times the *kenyōgen* occasions most agreeable intellectual surprises. In the Tenth *tanka*, for example, the poet helps along his meaning quite pleasantly with play upon the word-sound, "*Ōsaka*," which means, as thus written, "Great Hill," or "Slope," and, when written "*Ausaka*," "Hill of Meeting." The same fact is true of like words in many others of the songs.

A third word-play of little worth, and considerably

wanting in dignity to Western literary judgment, is the use of so-called "Pivot-words." These words serve to complete one thought and to begin another, neither having logical connection with the other. As such words occur they will be explained in the notes that follow. Here, this English sentence may serve to illustrate how a "Pivot-word" works:—"As the chariot approached, I said to the driver, 'Alight!' (a light) that guides our footsteps through the dark ways." The command "Alight!" to "descend" has the same sound as the words, "a light," that "guides;" but between the two there is no logical connection. Yet, while the word closes the sentence of command, it serves, also, to open the descriptive passage that follows. Speaking of these and other word-plays special to Japanese serious poetry, Professor Chamberlain remarks:—"There is nothing in the nature of things constraining us to associate plays upon words with the ridiculous. Each literature must be a law unto itself."

The subject-matter, or content, of the poetry of the Japanese, to characterize it generally, is simple and, ordinarily, serene emotion in reference to persons, or to objects in nature. Still broadly characterizing it,—it is, in general quality of expression, in a high degree, refined, dainty, elegant and subdued. It is meditative, not didactic. It is suggestive and impressionist, like Japanese painting. It is given over to small fancies wrought under the lyric impulse. Poetic imagination, as known in the West, has no place in Japanese verse. There never could have been a Dante, Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth or Browning under Japanese poetic limitations. Poetry is not, in Japan, a means chosen for sounding and recording the depths of profound spiritual experience. It has never been, and could not be, the vehicle of an epic.

Yoshida Kenkō, in Fourteenth Century, wrote in his delightful reveries, called "Weeds of Idleness" (*Tsure-zure gusa*);—"Japanese poetry is especially charming. Even the toil of an awkward peasant or of a woodman, expressed in poetic form, delights the mind. The name of the terrible wild boar, also, when styled '*fusui no toko*' sounds elegant." This passage seems to disclose the

Japanese poetic "charm,"—an effect produced by the embodiment of simple fancies in brief, refined speech.

Ki no Tsurayuki, long before Kenkō's time, wrote in his preface to the *Kokinshu*,—"Poetry began when heaven and earth were created. In the age of the swift gods it would seem that as yet there was no established metre. Their poetry was artless in form and hard of comprehension. It was in the age of man that Susano-o made the first poetry of thirty and one syllables. And so, by the vain multiplication of our thoughts and language we came to express our love for flowers, our envy of birds, our emotion at the sight of the hazes which usher in the spring, or our grief at beholding the dew. As a distant journey is begun by our first footsteps and goes on for months and years; as a high mountain has its beginning in the dust of its base and at length arises aloft and extends across the sky like the clouds of heaven, so gradual must have been the rise of poetry." Tsurayuki thus also discloses the Japanese poetic ideal,—the commonest notions in the form of simple but refined verse as patterned for man by a god in the far past. In Tsurayuki's catalogue of the themes which through poetic expression had "soothed the hearts of the Emperors and the great men of Japan in bygone days," he does not anywhere carry the reader beyond such things as, joy in spring flowers, and in autumn moons, and their like; beyond love, eternal as Mount Fuji's smoke, or yearning like a cricket's cry, and grief made deeper by flowers shed from their stalks in the spring, or leaves falling in autumn.

All his long list of themes lies on the same level of thought and feeling. "Poetry," he said, "drew its metaphors from the waves and the fir-clad mountains, or the spring of water in the midst of the moor. Poets gazed on the under leaves of the autumn lespedeza, or counted the times a snipe preens its feathers at dawn, or compared mankind to a joint of bamboo floating down a stream, or expressed their disgust with the world by the simile of the river Yoshino, or heard that the smoke no longer rises from the Mount Fuji." Beyond these things Japanese poetry does not go. It remains where, according to Western ideals

and aims; poetry is but little advanced from the place of its beginnings, or where its highest excellence consists in merely the refinement of rudimentary form and content.

In carrying on our study, it is desirable that we should have in mind, further, somewhat the circle of men and women in which devotion to poetic composition was dominant, and also the social environment of the writers.

The *Hyakunin-isshu* is a collection of verse whose parts date from the latter part of the Seventh to the beginning of the Thirteenth Centuries. Most of the songs were written in the Ninth and Tenth Centuries. Throughout most of the period covered by this anthology, the production of poetry was one of the chief pastimes of the Imperial Court and of the members of the higher aristocracy. This fact, one readily sees, explains much that is characteristic of the compositions. Poetry was a polite accomplishment, and it varied with the varying fortunes of its exalted source. Before the Eighth Century, that is, "the age of Nara," the Imperial Capital was changed almost as often as the Emperors were changed. Court-life thus was consequently comparatively barren and commonplace. Pomp and grandeur were almost unknown, and luxury did not tempt to indolence and vice. At Nara, however, through the larger part of the Eighth Century, seven Emperors reigned in succession; and on account of a growing intercourse with China court-life then became increasingly ceremonious and ornate.

Towards the end of the Eighth Century, under the Emperor Kwammu, the site of Kyōto was chosen for the Imperial capital. Then the Imperial residence became fixed, to remain unchanged for eleven hundred years. At that time, too, and for the next four hundred years, the career of the Japanese aristocracy was one of increasing wealth and luxury. The comparatively unpolished, frugal and industrious habits of the Nara age by degrees disappeared. The ruling classes entered upon a career of high culture, refinement and elegance of life, that passed, however, in the end into an excess of luxury, debilitating effeminacy and dissipation. It was during the best part of these memorable centuries that Japanese

literature, as *belles-letters*, culminated, leaving to aftertimes, even to the to the present day, models for pure Japanese diction. The court nobles of the Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries had abundant leisure for the culture of letters. They devoted their time to that, and to the pursuit of whatever other refined or luxurious pleasures imagination could devise. For instance, among the many notable intellectual dissipations of the age were re-unions at daybreak among the spring flowers, and boat rides during autumnal moon-lighted nights, by aristocratic devotees of music and verse, who vied with one another in exhibits of their skill with these arts. Narihira (No. 7), it is said, "the celebrated beau and *dilettante* of the times of the Emperors Montoku and Seiwa, was a typical specimen of these devotees of refinement and sensuous gratification." In much of the verse of this "Century of Song," the sentimentality, the refinement and the laxity of morals of the pleasure-loving courtiers and aristocrats of the latter half of the *Heian* age (800-1186 A.D.) are exhibited. The poems are, in good part, an instructive comment on the life of the high classes of the times.

The treatment of the *Hyakunin-issu* offered in these pages is to be accepted as a literary rather than as a scholastic work. Here, results rather than processes have been given. Only such technical exegetical notes as are needed to make exceptionally obscure words and passages more intelligible, have been attached to the translations. The translations themselves are, as strictly as is possible for English renderings, made literal, both in prose and in metrical form. The metrical renderings have been attempted as exact reproductions of the original measures of the *tanka*, and, where possible with fidelity to literalness, have been clothed in poetic terms. Some biographical information, and some illustrative comments upon the writer's meanings have been attached to each poem. These last named notes, it is hoped, will be found helpful and of special interest to readers generally. An attempt has also been made to give appropriate titles to the metrical translations.

Now, taking these "Single Songs of a Hundred Poets," as a whole, the reader will find that, broadly judged, they can be gathered, in accordance with their subject-matter, into three groups. Let us name these groups, 1. *Nature*, or contemplation and description of scenes in the outer world; 2. *Sentiment*, or moods associated with the milder human emotions, such as melancholy, pensiveness, regret, sympathy, contentment, gratitude, friendship, filial love, loyalty and the like. 3. A third group, belonging to the deeper ranges of emotion, but distinctive enough to be regarded separately, is composed of those poems which are an outburst of the passion, *Love*. Love-poems are in a high degree characteristic of Japanese, as of all other, poetry. In this collection, forty-six of the *tanka*, nearly half of the songs, have for their motive, some phase of this great human passion. Twenty-nine of the *tanka* are given to the more ordinary sentiments; and twenty-five to the scenes of nature. It will be well, however, in reading all these songs to remember that they need not be taken as transcripts of personal experiences. Most of them were creations for use in poetical contests and as exhibits of artistic skill. Often they may have had no other basis than the writers' fine fancies drawn from imagination's realm.

We shall not here try to pass all the songs in review. Readers can examine them at their leisure in the following pages. (*Reference is here made to Vol. XXVII. Part IV, of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, to which this essay is the "Introduction."*) But, to illustrate the judgment just made, I call attention to a few songs which show some noticeable skill in form and mood, considered as utterances of the Japanese muse.

The Fourth *tanka*, for instance, is a delicate bit of suggestion and impressionism concerning a scene in nature. In its English form we will name it, "Beauty made Perfect." At the coast of Tago is one of Japan's very best sea and landscapes. Rising as its centre and crown is the "Peerless Mountain," Fuji. The scene is at any time one of supreme beauty. But the Japanese poet would add yet one touch to the consummate excellence.

When to Tago's coast
 I my way have ta'en, and see
 Perfect whiteness laid
 On Mount Fuji's lofty peak
 By the drift of falling snow.

So, also, in Song Seventeen where the poet celebrates the delight he felt at seeing the scarlet leaves of autumn floating upon the blue waters of the river Tatsuta. He recalls the wonderful age of tradition, when the gods, so it was said, held visible sway in the world ; and all marvels were seen and done.

I have never heard
 That, e'en when the gods held sway
 In the ancient days,
 E'er was water bound with red
 Such as here in Tatta's stream.

In *tanka* Twenty-two, there is a punning word-play that does not ill befit even serious verse. The word *arashi* may mean "a storm," or it may mean, "wild," or "violent." The poet wrote :—

Since, 'tis by its breath
 Autumn's leaves of grass and trees
 Broken are and waste,
 Men may to the mountain wind
 Fitly give the name, "The Wild."

A refined and delicate picturing of the magic wrought by the early frost of autumn is presented in Song Twenty-nine.

If it were my wish
 White chrysanthemum to cull :—
 Puzzled by the frost
 Of the early autumn time,
 I, perchance, might pluck the flower.

Then, an effect of a falling snow is beautifully and graphically shown in the Thirty-first *tanka* :—

At the break of day,
Just as though the morning moon
Lightened the dim scene,
Yoshino's fair hamlet lay
In a haze of falling show.

Again, the fancy of likening dew-drops to gems, such as is given in the Thirty-seventh Song is quite pleasing :—

In the autumn fields,
When the heedless winds blow by
O'er the pure-white dew,
How the myriad, unstrung gems
Everywhere are scattered round.

Passing over the many other verses devoted to scenes in nature, let us turn from this group, with a glimpse of "The Beautiful World" given in the Ninety-third *tanka*. The writer was, we will suppose, on a lovely day seated near the sea-shore :—

Would that this our world
Might be ever as it is !
What a lovely scene !
See the fisherwoman's boat,
Rope-drawn, rowed along the shore.

The group containing *uta* expressive of the serene or milder sentiments, is quite varied in mood and merit. Song number five, is one of the most attractive of them all. It was inspired by the poet's hearing "a stag's cry in autumn" :—

In the mountain depths,
Treading through the crimson leaves,
Cries the wandering stag.
When I hear the lonely cry,
Sad,—how sad,—the autumn is !

The Eleventh Song, however, is one of deep, touching feeling :—"An Exile's Farewell." It is an appeal to the insensate boats of the fishermen, the only objects, con-

nected with human life, that witnessed the poet's unhappy start for the place to which he had been banished.

O'er the wide, wide sea,
Toward its many distant isles,
Rowing I set forth.
This, to all the world proclaim,
O ye boats of fisher-folk !

In Japan, as elsewhere, sadness is especially associated with moonlight, and with the autumn among the seasons. And in Japan, under the Buddhist faith, a pessimistic tone is exceptionally prominent in literature. These facts will help to explain the Twenty-third *tanka*.

Gazing at the moon
Myriad things arise in thought,
And my thoughts are sad :—
Yet, 'tis not for me alone,
That the autumn time has come.

In the Twenty-eighth *tanka*, a mood accompanying a winter scene appears :—

Winter loneliness
In a mountain hamlet grows
Only deeper, when
Guests are gone, and leaves and grass
Withered are :—so runs my thought.

A longing for friendship, that inclines man in solitude to take even the lifeless things about him into his companionship, is beautifully shown in the Sixty-sixth *tanka*, in a personifying address to a solitary cherry-tree.

Let us each for each
Pitying hold tender thought,
Mountain-cherry flower !
Other than thee, lonely flower,
There is none I hold as friend.

To one who has seen the pensive and exquisite beauty of the scenery near Suma, a peculiar charm pervades the

Eighth Song,—“A Night at Suma's Gate.” In ancient times there was an Imperial barrier at the place.

Guard of Suma's gate,
From your sleep how many nights
Have you waked, at cries
Of the plaintive sanderlings
Migrant from Awaji's isle?

There is a note of hope in the Eighty-fourth Song, an agreeable departure from the general sadness of these poems of Sentiment; —“The Transfigured Past.”

If I long should live,
Then perchance the present days
May be dear to me:—
Just as past time fraught with grief
Now comes fondly back in thought.

Many others of these poems of the sentiments are worth repeating as illustrative of our theme, but we will now turn to the third group,—that which is gathered about the mighty power moving in all human life,—Love.

Tanka Thirteen tells of “Love Perfected.” The poet uses the figure of a mountain rill becoming a full, serene river.

From Tsukuba's peak
Falling waters have become
Mina's still, full flow.
So, my love has grown to be:—
Like the river's quiet deeps.

In *tanka* Sixteen, by means of two word-plays,—one upon the word *Inaba*, a mountain, or district bearing this name, to which the poet was going, and, also, being the phrase, “if I go;” the other play being upon the word *matsu* meaning “a pine tree,” and to “wait,” as one *pinning* for another may “wait,”—by means of these word-plays an assurance of “Faithful Love” is well given.

Though we parted be,
If on mount Inaba's peak
I should hear the sound
Of the pine-trees growing there,
Back at once I'll make my way.

In the Eighteenth Song, one of the distinctive devices of Japanese poetry, the "Preface" and euphonic "Introductory-word" appear. In the English rendering the word "gathered" reproduces, approximately, this device. The first two lines of the stanza are to be regarded as purely introductory. The theme is "Secret Love."

Lo! the gathered waves
 On the shores of Sumi's bay!
 E'en in gathered night,
 When in dreams I go to thee,
 I must shun the eyes of men.

The solicitude of a woman about the safety of a man who had deserted her, showing thereby the self-effacement that love at times effects, is well expressed in the Thirty-eighth *tanka*. The lover had sworn to the gods that he would never desert his mistress. The wronged woman, therefore, feared that the gods might execute vengeance.

Though forgotten now,
 For myself I do not care;—
 He, by oath, was pledged;
 And his life that is forsworn,
 Such a thing of pity is!

"Unconfessed Love" that betrays itself is the theme of the Fortieth Song:—

Though I would conceal,
 In my face it yet appears,—
 My fond, secret love;
 So much that he asks of me
 "Does not something trouble you?"

"Love Perplexed" is pictured in the Forty-sixth Song under the simile of a mariner at sea with rudder lost.

Like a mariner
 Sailing over Yura's strait
 With his rudder gone;—
 Whither o'er the deep of love
 Lies the goal, I do not know.

The recklessness that accompanies pursuit in love, and

the longing for continued life that comes with successful possession, are thus shown in the Fiftieth Song :—

For thy precious sake
 Once my eager life itself
 Was not dear to me.
 But, 'tis now my heart's desire,
 It may long, long years endure.

Fearfulness concerning the future faithfulness of a lover just pledged, is told in these anxious verses of Song Fifty-four,—“ A Woman's Judgment ; ”—

If, “ not to forget ”
 Will for you in future years
 Be too difficult,
 It were well this very day
 That my life,—ah me !—should close.

Distrust of one who has a reputation for insincerity and unfaithfulness finds place in *tanka* Seventy-two, under the guise of dread of the waves of the beach of Takashi.

Well I know the fame
 Of the fickle waves that beat
 On Takashi's strand.
 Should I e'er go near that shore
 I should only wet my sleeves.

Struggle to conceal a love that may not be shown to the one beloved, is admirably exhibited in the Eighty-ninth *tanka*, in an apostrophe to self. The poet wrote :—

Life ! Thou string of gems !
 If thou art to end, break now ;
 For, if yet I live,
 All I do to hide my love,
 May at last grow weak and fail.

These are but a few of the many songs of which Love, in some of its phases, is the theme. I shall quote only one more of them. It is the one written by the compiler of this anthology, the *Hyakunin-isshu*, the poet Teikakyō, or Sadaie. It is a vivid picture of a common scene on Awaji

island, used in simile here to show the poet-lover's impatience in waiting :—

Like the salt sea-weed
 Burning in the evening calm
On Matsuo's shore,
 All my being is aglow
 Waiting one who does not comes.

Here the introduction to this "Century of Song" may end and the way among the songs themselves be entered. No one knows better than the present writer, the difficulties one meets with in making the venture here made, or how unsatisfactory the results gained. The full charm of these dainty bits of verse will forever elude the quest of one who, foreign to the Japanese people and their language, seeks to discover it, and to show it to the world. But I have done faithful service in my search, and I hope that some measure of attainment has been secured.

NOTE.—"Introduction" to Translation of the *Hyakunin-issu* (Single Songs of a Hundred Poets) Vol. XXVII: Part IV., Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan. December, 1899.

IV.

I-RO-HA HYMN.

I have long been interested in the fact—or is it tradition merely?—that Kūkai, the wonder of Buddhist sainthood and scholarship of twelve hundred years ago, not only invented the popular script of Japan, the *Hiragana* syllabary, but, also, so arranged the syllables that they may be read as a profoundly interpretative Buddhist poem. Every Japanese child in learning his alphabet may, therefore, be taught to repeat it as a poem in which the conviction fundamental in Buddhism is graphically concentrated.

Kūkai, who, two hundred years after his death received from the Emperor Daigo recognition for his marvellous

work by being given the title *Kōbō Daishi*, or "Great Teacher who spread the Law abroad," placed the forty-seven syllables of the Japanese language in a melodic order, beginning,— *I, ro, ha, ni, ho, he, to, chi, ri, nu, ru, wo*,—and so on, in succession to the end,—*se, su*. Like *A, B, C, D, E, F, G*, etc., for the English, these syllables soon became fixed for the Japanese people as their alphabet.

By very slight and legitimate linguistic changes in their reading, *Kōbō* transformed this syllabary into a poem of eight lines, composed of standard seven and five syllabled verses in alternation, as follows :—

Iro wa nioedo
Chirinuru wo—
Waga yo tare zo
Tsune naramu.
Ui no oku-yama
Kyo koete,
Asaki yume miji
Ei mo sezu.

Read in this form, the pessimism that may lead one to seek "the enlightenment which came through Buddha" is offered to all who read, and thereby becomes a perpetual lesson to every child in Japan. I cannot render into English verse a wholly exact translation of the original Japanese, but I have amused myself with putting into the original meter, in English, what is almost a literal reproduction of *Kōbō's* thought :—

E'en though clothed in colors gay—
 Blossoms fall, alas !
 Who then in this world of ours
 Will not likewise pass ?
 Crossing now the utmost verge
 Of a world that seems,
 My intoxication fails,—
 Fade my fleeting dreams.

But this skilfully wrought alphabetic versification by *Kūkai*, preparing, as it does, a whole people for an offered

"gospel," is repeated here only to introduce a yet more interesting piece of kindred verse-making.

* * * * *

Several years ago my interest in this syllabary poem was much heightened by my coming across some verses, or rather a hymn, said to have been written about three hundred years before, by a noted priest named Kwai Han. The hymn stood under the title *Nori no Hatsu-Ne*, which may be translated,—“The Dominant Note of the Law.”

I found the hymn to be not only a profound and impressive series of religious meditations by a learned Buddhist, but also an entertaining literary curiosity. It is an *acrostic* of forty-seven verses having this peculiarity, that each verse begins with one of the Japanese syllables in the regular succession of Kōbō Daishi's alphabet. Kwai Han, it is said, wrote, substantially, the following note in connection with his acrostic hymn:—As Kōbō Daishi composed the *I-ro-ha* that he might clearly teach the essential law of Buddha to the Japanese people, so will I, in honor of my spiritual ancestor, take these same *I-ro-ha* characters and make them the initials of the separate lines of a hymn which will carry forward the same pious object.

It is impossible, of course, to render the hymn, in its acrostic form, into equivalent English, but I have attempted to give it, metrically, an equivalent English reproduction, with close adherence to its Japanese phrasing.

Little annotation is needed for an understanding of the poem by English readers. It will help, however, for these readers to remember that in Buddhist mythology there are six possible transmigrations which the human being can make before he passess into the realm of those who are “saved.” “The River of Three Paths” is a Buddhist analogue of the river Styx of Roman mythology. “*Namu Amida Buddha*” is an invocation peculiar to the Buddhist sects whose followers rely upon the merits of the all merciful deity, *Buddha Amida*, for their release from the evils of existence. In the hymn it is called “The Prayer.” The essential factors in Buddhism through which “The Way of Salvation” is secured are included in the terms, “Rite, Priesthood and Buddha.” And “The Land of

the Holy," *Jōdō*—"The Pure Land,"—is the name which Kwai Han's sect has given to the abode of those who enter the Buddhist Heaven. It is believed also by many that when the Buddha was born into this world he slipped from his mother's lap on to a lotus-leaf, where, "up-pointing towards heaven, down-pointing 'neath heaven," he exclaimed that to him was given "power over all the heavens and the earth."

The metric form of the Japanese verse used in this poem is a series of couplets of the seven and five syllabled standard verses, arranged in a kind of four footed anapestic rhythm, as is shown in these first three lines :—

*Itazura goto ni hi wo kasane ;
Roku-shiyu suten no tane wo maki ;
Haka-naku kono yo wo s'kusu nari.*

This is the movement of all the other verses of this strange *I-ro-ha* hymn.

* * * * *

THE DOMINANT NOTE OF THE LAW.

In spending my days chasing things that are trifles ;
In sowing the seed of the six transmigrations ;
I pass through the world with my life-purpose baffled.

Since gaining my birth among those that are human,
Just now I have learned that I may become godlike ;
So now I seek Buddha's help, trusting the promise.

This world, after all,—it is only a dream-world ;
And we, after all, are vain selves with dust mingled.
Our jealousies, argers and scoffing reproaches,
All evils we do, though disguised by our cunning,
At last become massed like the bulk of a mountain,
And we are crushed down to "The River of Three
Paths ;"—

A fitting reward for our self-prompted actions,
Whose ills each must bear, never blaming another.

Live I a long life,—'tis like flashing of lightning ;
Live I but one life,—lo ! 'tis lived in a dream-world ;
Grow I into one life with wife and with children,—
The love of such one life abides but a moment.

Think how to the depths has my heart been affected !
Engrossed by my bonds to a world that is fleeting,
Naught led me to pray,—“ *Namu Amida Buddha.*”
As wind to the ear of a horse seemed the future ;
Reminded of death's blast, I answered, “ When comes it ? ”
The preacher I trusted not ; thought he spoke falsely ;
And thus has my time sped to this very moment.

I thought that desire brings good with fulfilment ;—
Oh ! how I lament as I think of what has been.

But yet in this troubled life comes consolation :—
Adorable Buddha, enlightens the dark way ;
Has pity on all those who live in these last days ;
To all gives compassion and blessed redemption,
Whose depth or whose height passes ocean or mountain.
Thanksgiving forever to Buddha's salvation ;
All bountiful, boundless, to me it is given.
Up-pointing towards heaven, down-pointing 'neath
 heaven,
The Buddha sheds lights upon all who are living.

Now, knowing the Law as the Law has been given,
The blest triple treasure,—Rite, Priesthood and Buddha,—
I lift up my song, though I sing in a dream-world.
If sorrow and knowing are both the mind's flowering ;
If demon or Buddha with each is attendant ;
Then let all my faith upon knowing be centered.
Up-striving, away from “ The River of Three Paths,”
A glance at the Fulness Divine of all Goodness
Will gladden my eyes,—the reward of my striving.

Recite then the Prayer ;—for by its mere virtue
Your pathway will enter the “ Land of the Holy.”

NOTE.—Article written in 1896 ;—contributed to the *Japan Magazine*,
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JAPANESE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

KIMI GA YO.

Translated by CLAY MACCAULEY.

Melody noted by CLAY MACCAULEY;
Harmonized by A. Foote.

May our Emp'-ror's reign en - dure, When a thou-sand a - ges more
Ki - mi ga . . . yo . . . wa, Chi - yo ni . . . ya - chi - yo ni,

The first system of the musical score for the Japanese National Anthem. It features a vocal melody line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Are grown old, myr - iad fold: - Like sand-grains, in firm rock massed;
Sa - za - re i - shi no I - wa o to na . ri . te,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Change-less last; bear - ing moss of a - ges . . . past.
Ko ke no mu su ma de.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. It features a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

V.

THE JAPANESE LANDSCAPE.

The scenery of Japan is unique. Like other scenery it shows the effects of the working of nature-forces on the earth's surface, such as heights, depths, slopes and plains; it presents a wide interspersion of forests, prairies, rivers, lakes, sea-shore and inland plateaus; it shows, too, like most other landscapes, the effects of human presence in agriculture, mechanical industry, domestic life, and in varied enterprise undertaken on behalf of commerce and general social welfare. But, except in these universal features, the likeness of landscape in Japan to scenery in other lands for the main part disappears. Japanese scenery has a character distinctively its own. In its myriad phases, displayed over a large range of territory extending from almost the arctic to the tropic zone, from sea-level to mountain peak, and during a year of extremes of seasonal change, there are qualities common almost throughout and distinctive of nearly the whole. There is, in fact, what may be named the Japanese Landscape. It is my wish to make some contribution, small though it may be, towards a closer acquaintance with, and to a more definite interpretation of, this landscape.

I.

SCIENTIFIC DATA.

In order to clear the way, and to render more intelligible what I may say, I ask you to take with me a little excursion into the domain of science. The Japanese Landscape had its founding in certain happenings in terrestrial history by which Japan became geographically what it is. And the development, or elaboration, of the country's scenery into what now surrounds us has been mainly dependent upon the course of certain natural phenomena which never could have been what they were had not the geologic founding of Japan been just what it was. Physiography is not a very entertaining word, but in physiographic facts the treatment of our theme should begin.

1. *Geologic Founding of Japan*.—To start at a real beginning, therefore, we should recognize the geologic fact, that what is called Japan is part of the edge of the inner rim of an immense depressed and submerged area of the earth's surface,—the largest depression in diameter and in depth of the world's crust. If you will look at a world-map, you will see that there is a barrier zone dividing continents from sea, whose diameter is about one third the circumference of the globe; which, roughly speaking, engirdles the mass of waters named the Pacific and the Antarctic Oceans, and gives shores in part to three, and possibly to four, of the earth's continents. In this fact, merely, there is nothing of extraordinary moment. But there is a peculiarity in the formation of the Great Pacific Basin, extraordinary enough in itself to receive special attention; and, besides, it has a bearing upon the study of our subject of the highest importance.

Measured absolutely, *i.e.* from the bottom of the ocean to mountain summits, the rim or edge of this Great Basin, irregular as it is, has comparatively speaking but little inequality in elevation. Strangely, however, the basin as a whole has been in the course of ages tipped upward towards the east, or, rather, it has been sunken towards the west, so that its waters, taking a natural level, have left the rim of the basin eastward raised as a chain of lofty mountains extending all the way from Alaska to Patagonia, with summits nowhere low enough to be submerged; while, as another effect of the unequal depression, northward, to the west, and to the south, the ocean has risen upon the barrier rim, making it the wonderful succession of islands, large and small, long and short, high and low, that now extends all the way from Aleutia, through Japan, the Philippines, East Australia and New Zealand into the Antarctic region, where adventurous explorers have here and there landed upon what may be either continuing islands, or a Polar continent. Consequent upon this extraordinary elevation of the Pacific Basin eastward and its depression westward is the further important fact, that, relatively considered, this ocean's waters lie at no profound depths to the east, while in the sunken west and to the

south the sounding line drops into vast abysses ; in fact directly off the coast of Japan the line sinks into greater depths, area considered, than have been yet found anywhere else in the world.

Another fact, of noteworthy importance in connection with our subject, is that in the northern half of the Great Basin there is an outer or second rim. This outer rim now lies far inland in both America and Asia. In America, it consists of the Rocky Mountain Ranges of Alaska, British Columbia and the United States. This outer rim becomes coalescent with the inner edge, the Sierra Nevadas, in the Sierra Madre of Mexico. In Asia, the outer border of the Pacific Basin is the mountain-chains extending from the Siberian Stanovoi, along the Manchurian and Chinese Khingan Ranges, through the hills of Siam, meeting the inner edge of the great depression, partially submerged in the equatorial archipelagoes. Within these outer and inner rims of the North Pacific Basin, lie, eastward, the highly elevated, arid plateaus of British Columbia and the United States, such as the so-called "Salt Lake Desert"; in the west, corresponding depressed plateaus have become shallow, flooded areas, such as the Behring, Okhotsk, Japan, Yellow, China, and Java seas, and low lying plains,—such as the Great China Delta.

These are the main facts arising from the geologic founding of Japan, that concern our present purpose. This island empire, then, is but part of the broken edge of an enormous area of unequal subsidence, which took place over a third of the earth's surface at some time in the terrestrial evolution. This irregular edge has become here a group of mountainous islands, washed from the eastward by the deepest waters in the world ; and to the west separated from the great Asian continent by troubled seas, whose depths are like those of lagoons when compared with the eastward abysses.

2. *Japan as Part of the Earth's great "Zone of Fracture."*—Another geologic fact bearing upon our subject is, that this barrier edge or rim of the Pacific Basin, dividing ocean depth from continental height, is an effect of a crumpling, or fracturing of the earth's surface. Professor

Arnold Guyot called it the planet's "great zone of fracture." As such, it is a line marking thinness or weakness in the world's enveloping crust. Assuming that the earth is a partially cooled mass of molten matter, we should naturally infer that this line of weakness would be the place where the confined molten mass, if anywhere, would find vent, either under the stress of its own forces, or from the pressure of the planet's contracting surface. Whatever may be geologically true, this at least is true, that on this rim of the Pacific Basin nearly all the volcanoes of recent geologic ages have appeared and are now active. There is another line of volcanic activity, modern in a geologic sense, which extends from Iceland to Arabia, across Europe. And there are also a few isolated volcanic centres, such as that of the Hawaiian Islands and the Azores. But, speaking generally, it may be said that the range of our planet's volcanic energy lies around the borders of the Pacific and the Antarctic Oceans, commanded by numerous splendid cones, like St. Elias to the North, the Antarctic Mt. Erebus, the Mexican Popocatepetl and the "Peerless Mountain," Fuji of Nippon.

3. *Meteorologic Phenomena*.—Farther, meteorologically there are facts true of Japan, and closely related to the object of our theme, that demand attention full as much as the geologic founding and geographic character of the country. As a group of islands, Japan is subjected to the special influences which accompany the presence of surrounding bodies of water. As a succession of mountainous elevations, Japan has a climatic character very different from that which is associated with islands of small elevation, such as those of the West Indian Archipelago. As a group of islands in the temperate zone stretched along, and close to the world's largest continental mass, Asia, Japan's meteorologic conditions are very unlike those of the Polynesia of the equator, and of the continuing southward stretching island-border of the great Pacific Basin.

To illustrate :—The air of islands is necessarily more or less *moist*. Over the wide plateaus west of the Rocky Mountains rise many mountain-ranges and isolated rock-groups. But no waves except those of dry sand wash the

bases of those peaks and ranges, or flow into those island-valleys. Traversing the "American Desert" one may see nearly everything that this island-empire, Japan, displays ; that is, everything except water and the effects of which present water is the source. Landscape is there in shapes much as are visible throughout Japan ; but it is all in barrenness and desolation. There was a time, evidently, when the deeper plains there were the bottom of a sea, and when the elevations of that desert, on whose borders yet remain the marks of the shores of the ancient waters, were ranges of island-mountains showing in larger likeness what we now see here. But, being a group of true islands, Japan receives every wind that blows from over water-covered depths. Whatever may be the direction from which the breezes come, they come more or less laden with the ocean's vapors. This fact is common to all the islands in the world, of course, but it is not true, also, that every island in the world is made up almost wholly of lofty ranges and peaks, of deep valleys and ravines. Yet, as you know, Japan is conspicuous among the world's lands as a land of mountains. About three-fourths of Japan's area may properly be called mountainous ; and I have heard that even fifteen-sixteenths of the extent of this island-empire rise as hill and height.

Now, this extraordinary physical formation has a most noticeable effect, because of the moisture charged winds that blow here. Blow from where it may, the moving air rolls up mountain heights and sinks into deep ravines. Not only, therefore, is the air of this country moisture laden, but the lands of Japan, by reason of the condensing chill of the mountain peaks and valleys, are again and again, with frequent repetition, drenched by precipitated rain or snow. From Chishima to Kyūshiu, Japan is a land of more than abundant—one may say, of excessive,—fall of moisture.

Moreover, to be remembered with the fact just stated, as of noteworthy importance, is the manner of the precipitation. As said before, directly to the east of these islands are the deepest waters of the world ; to the west, excepting in a small part of the Japan Sea, are lagoon-like seas, in larger area hardly more than a hundred fathoms deep. Over the

eastern abysses flows, near to the coast from the southwest, an ocean current, (*Kuro Shio*), bearing with it the highly heated water of the equator. In summer the winds over most of the extent of Japan blow from the hot south, and across this heated ocean-stream. In winter, Japan's winds come almost steadily from arctic Siberia, across the easily chilled shallows of the Okhotsk and Japan seas. In the early summer, therefore, before the mountain ranges have lost their winter cold, and in the autumn as they are giving off their summer heat, the mountain-cooled south winds deluge the land with their condensing super-absorbed vapors; while in the winter the dry, frigid Siberian blasts sweep, but little warmed and but little moistened, across the cold western waters. Excepting for the most part the western shores of the islands, they leave Japan's skies clear and the land dry. These islands, consequently, have a climate of summer wet, and of comparative winter dryness. In marked contrast are they, meteorologically, with the opposing American coast, where the relatively small amount of moisture precipitated, falls almost wholly during the months when Japan's skies are clear.

These meteorologic phenomena have an importance of radical moment in their bearing upon our present subject. The geologic founding of Japan gave to this island-empire the beginnings of its unique forms of mountain heights and valleys, sea-shore outline, bays, promontories, inlets, sounds and island-groupings. But, had not the country's meteorology been what it is, these geologic masses would have remained in the barrenness and desolation consequent upon creation by volcano and earthquake alone.

Consider what has followed the specific working of climatic forces. Ages of enormous precipitation, aided by the constant dash of the ocean's waves upon their bases, have *eroded, dissolved, and washed down* the jagged walls of rock which in far ancient times must have stood up everywhere precipitous from the depths of the seas. Probably, too, more or less extensive alternate elevation and depression of the mountain masses occurred, making the constant disintegration, erosion, and denudation by the rain and waves more effective. By this means many low-

lying alluvial slopes and plains,—large, such as the one on which Tokyō stands, and small, such as we see in every mountain valley and in every ocean bay,—came into existence. The most ancient shattered mountain tops thus became more or less smoothed and rounded in outline, and the detritus of the heights was deposited in gently sloping, or level beds as far as to the sea's shores, and onward under the water, forming many shallow bays there.

Another meteorologic consequence was the production of *rivers, and streams, and lakes* as numerous as there were channels in which water could flow, or depressions in which it might be held. Japan is a land of flowing waters. Rivers many are here, but not of great length, since these islands are narrow and steep, and quickly discharge their descending water into the sea. Lakes many are here, but few of them large, because great areas of deep depression do not exist among Japan's heights. The small hollows soon fill and overflow. Cascades and cataracts innumerable exist here, since the down-flowing waters have many precipitous mountains and hill-heights to leap from. Indeed, nearly all the streams of Japan, excepting those of a few extended plains and where they near the ocean, are only cataracts and torrents. It is characteristic of most Japanese water-courses, moreover, that they are much wider and deeper than the streams which usually flow in them. This fact is consequent upon the unequal distribution of the enormous rainfall peculiar to Japan's seasons. The river channel that may be overflowed in August or September so that hundreds of square miles are covered with floods, may be in November or in March only a wide waste of sand, gravel and boulders, in the midst of which a narrow, shallow creek ripples seaward. There are river beds in Japan almost of mile width, in which, ordinarily, are seen rapid streams whose width may be measured by only hundreds of feet.

A still further meteorologic consequence affecting the object of our study is the fact, that the excessive down-pour of rain upon the steep mountain-sides and the narrow plains discharges the fallen waters into the ocean

before they have precipitated the organic material they hold in solution. This fact has had much to do with the presence, in the waters of the bordering seas, of vast and varied quantities of fish and of other forms of marine life. This abounding sea-life has occasioned the existence of one of the most important of Japanese industries. And this industry is attended with spectacular effects of highly entertaining interest.

Again, and of yet farther reaching importance, is the fact that, by reason of Japan's meteorologic character, there is probably no other country in the world where a *more luxuriant vegetation* tends to clothe hill, valley and plain. If there are seeds to grow, Japan's spring and summer rains and heat send them forward to their fullest and most prolific maturity. From south to north, with increasing richness and luxuriance, the Japanese islands are densely covered with verdure, wherever the hand of man does not check the abounding vegetation. And, to speak yet more to our purpose, the luxuriant vegetation of Japan is for the most part unlike that of other countries. Travelling, for example, over Central Japan, one sees trees, shrubs and herbage, native to both a far North and a far South, vigorous and abundant, everywhere interspersed. Even in the far North of Japan's main island, bamboo groves wave their graceful feathered shafts; even to the southernmost verge of Kyūshū, the pine tree commands the scene.

So far, then, as Nature is the source of the Japanese Landscape, these are facts to which I wish to call especial attention. Through geologic origin, geographic disposition, and meteorologic development, the scenery of Japan has received a character distinctively its own.

4. *Japan as modified by Man.*—Yet, there is another force that has long been at work in these islands, and may not be ignored in an attempted characterization of Japanese scenery. *Man* has had much to do with giving to the country its unique landscape. In working out for themselves a specialized *social and industrial career*, and in conforming to peculiar *political and religious institutions*, the Japanese have, in the course of many centuries, made a distinct impress upon their physical surroundings.

For example, this people, for reasons we need not now give, have from time immemorial confined themselves, for their habitation, almost wholly to the sea-shores and the low-lying plains of the country ; they have as far as possible neglected the uplands and hills as home and town sites.

Moreover, this people have been content from time immemorial to live almost wholly upon the easily obtained and simple food-products of the sea and of the sea-bordering swamp. In answer to their need for cereal foods, they have turned the gently inclined alluvial slopes of their country, almost everywhere, into rice-bearing morasses, flooded for most of the year from the numberless streams which flow from the rain-drenched mountains. In their search for animal food, they have covered their bays and the nearer expanse of the ocean with fleets, whose vessels have a model and ways of use not found on any other waters. The practical concentration of the nation's labor for food upon the growth of rice, and a search for fish, has left features of exceptional prominence upon land, and shore, and water.

Then further, the monarchical and feudal civil system dominating this people has been, from time immemorial, instrumental in bringing about noticeable physical results for the dense population. This impress meets the eye at every turn. In some measure, to-day, the landscape effects of feudalism have been weakened or removed, but abundant traces are yet visible of the time when hundreds of *daimyōs* castles, moated and walled, stood isolated upon plains and heights overlooking thick-clustered villages of laboring serfs and their surrounding petty fiefs ; all together unique and dominant as elements of Japanese scenery. The great high roads of the country, too, such as the Tokaidō and the Ōshū Kaidō, noticeable from being bordered for hundreds of miles by long arrays of single-streeted towns and villages : these connected by continuous stretches of lofty, evergreen trees, were also in large measure an outcome of the work of the political system peculiar to this people. On these roads, besides a subservient, ordinary, commercial traffic, was a constantly recurring journeying in recent centuries, of

luxury loving, feudal lords, to and fro between provincial castle and Capital *yashiki*, seeking on the way as much as possible their comfort and pleasure.

Again, affected by their religious mood and needs, the Japanese people, from a far past, have built, on their plains and among their hills, scores of thousands of shrines and temples, distinctive for themselves; planting about nearly all these sacred places groves of trees, which in time have become, through a natural luxuriance of growth, splendid masses of verdure, lasting unchanged throughout the years.

But I shall not continue cataloguing the marks made upon the landscape here through the work of man. They are many. Those noted will be sufficient for our purpose. I wish, however, to give renewed emphasis, before leaving this part of our theme, to an observation already made, namely, that throughout nearly all the extent of this country, whether the impress made upon the landscape is that of nature or of man, every extended prospect discloses, *coup d'oeil*, essentially the same features. It is chiefly in this *continuity of characterization* that landscape in Japan may be properly called the Japanese Landscape. A traveller over the length and breadth of these islands perceives the work of man everywhere as markedly the outcome of one range of motive. Let architecture, for example, be that of castle, of temple, or of house, he sees it not only as unlike its kind in any other land, but everywhere as having had one model for each of these structures—that is, in all that is of characterizing importance. From Yezo to Kyūshiu, wherever feudal fortress, shrine, or dwelling place has been erected, each building usually is evidently a practical counterpart of the others. In agriculture, too, one economic system has disposed of the land after one plan, making all cultivated districts present the same class of division lines, grouping of tilled areas, and arrangement of shrubbery and grove. Nature and man have given to Japan a peculiar unity, or *individualization*. I know no other land measuring more than a thousand miles of latitude of which this can be said with so much good reason. In this land of contrasts with other

lands, one may travel from the Hokkaidō to Kyūshiu, and, to speak broadly of his environment, may find that though the stars in his sky change, the scene around him remains the same.

II.

ARTISTIC CHARACTERIZATION.

But what, more definitely, is this unique landscape? we may now ask. What shall be its specific qualification?

1. *Variety*,—For one thing, we may say by way of beginning its characterization, the Japanese Landscape is noticeable as showing *variety*, or *diversity*, throughout.

Though it is the same throughout in virtue of a common order of qualities, the scenery of this country is yet varied everywhere with a diverse display of the many elements of which it is composed. The result could not be otherwise.

Japan is in foundation, as we know, the broken, jagged crest of the greatest geologic fault on the earth's surface. In its beginnings, the country was crushed and tossed into chaotic masses by volcanic outbursts and primeval earthquakes, the rocky chaos becoming thousands of precipitous peaks and chasms. Further, these myriad disordered masses of height and depth were eroded, denuded, transformed, modified into a yet more manifold diversity of shapes by ages-long, excessive downpours from the skies; and further, a most luxuriant vegetation, indigenous and imported, growing wild and disposed of by man in later ages, gave a yet more complex character to the diverse whole. In Japan there is nowhere any monotony of view excepting, so to say, the monotony arising from an omnipresent repetition of a variety essentially of the same order. Travel where one may, and when one may, in this land, one is never wholly out of sight of mountain and sea-shore, hill and dale, stream and plain. One almost always has before him cloud-capped peak and horizon-bounding ocean, with countless shapes and things of nature lying between sea-beach and mountain-top. Were it not that the Japanese landscape is a *veiled* landscape, that is, a landscape usually softened,

and, in the far distances, dimmed, and often obscured by the haze consequent upon the excess of moisture held in suspension in the atmosphere, the spectator's eye would hardly ever fail to meet in panoramic view all the elements of which the earth's scenery is composed. Desert wastes like those of the African Sahara, or of the American Mo-have,—these alone filling the vision,—are of course nowhere disclosed. Horizon-bound plains like the steppes of Russia, or the pathless morasses of Siberia are, necessarily, not to be met with. Nor are unbroken jungle-forests, such as those of mid-Africa, or of the Amazon valley, found among Japan's scenes. Always diversified, never monopolized by one or few objects, and never a monotone of forms or associations, is the Japanese Landscape.

2. *Vivacity and Serenity*.—Closely connected with the first distinctive characteristic of the scenery of this country, are qualities, apparent everywhere, which may be figured as *vivacity* or *cheerfulness*, and *serenity*. Landscape here under normal conditions is in no way gloomy or violent. There is fantastic, even capricious, outline and mass in some of the mountain ranges,—at times these in excess. There is felt not seldom an impression tending to evoke a sense of sublimity, especially before some near views, say under lofty cliffs which plunge sheer into the ocean depths at the heads of promontories; or before some of the walls which tower abruptly from the recesses of mountain-fastnesses as parts of peaks that have not yet lost the marks of the volcanic and seismic forces which were active in their shaping. But, in characterizing Japanese scenery as such, one would err, I think, in ascribing to it grandeur or solemnity; that which is awe-inspiring, or that which evokes the emotion of the sublime. The awful crags of the everlasting, snow-clad Alps, or the sublime domes of the Himalayas, have not their like even among Japan's mightiest mountains, the ranges of Hida. The landscape of these islands is far more appropriately distinguished as cheerful and serene, as bright and tranquil, as exhilarating and peaceful.

I shall never forget my first sight of Japan. It was in the early morning. Our ship had entered the lower Yedo

Bay. The sun was rising. On just such a morning, years before, I had entered the Gibraltar Straits. At both times my eyes first beheld fantastically formed mountains. But what a contrast between the two scenes, in their disclosures to me! The brilliant sunlight in Japan made the waters of the bay look like chased and beaten gold; a dazzling, exhilarating reflection from myriad rippling wavelets flashed before the sight; and, not far away, the crenellated peaks of Nokogiriyama, radiant with the sun's rays, arose from the water's edge, bordering the eastern horizon with a long line of towers among whose gilded embrasures the sun-light flashed. That was a scene before which every part of feeling was mastered by a sense of glad elevation. Not so was it in the Gibraltar Straits. The rising sun was there, the rippling water, the not-distant shore, and the shore-bounding line of the broken, serrated peaks of the African mountains. But, quiet as was the view it was not one of cheer. The mountains from summits to base were illumined by the rising sun's rays, yet their whole aspect was dreary. The rippling water, even, did not relieve much the sombreness of those tawny, barren walls. Their reflected light was that of copper, rather than of gold. They were an arid waste. They sent out no gladdening invitation to the traveler from over the wide ocean. The shores of Japan, however, clad in their perennial verdure, greeted us with a cheery welcome. The shores in every direction were bright, and were astir with life. Villages nestled in the bays; boats danced over the waters. And there, for the first time, I saw that one among the most effective elements of landscape, or rather seascape, in Japan, an outgoing fishing-fleet, a product of the industry which is made possible in Japan by the abounding marine life crowding along its stream-laced shores. All like pleasing vivacity was absent from the barren shores of the north-west Marocco coast.

What I illustrate by this recollection of my first sight of Japan is characteristically true of the whole of Japan, as far as I know the country, The Myōgi mountain range, for instance,—Titanic chaos of rock though

it be,—is neither gloomy nor dreary. It is rather fantastic, or grotesque. And remember, that this mass is clothed with emerald-tinted verdure, garlanded with vines, and enlivened flowing brooks and cascades. Its precipices, even, are bright with leaf and flower. Moreover, even the few desolate spots of Japan, such as the Ōjigoku of Hakone, are set in masses of ever-living green. There is the Oshi-dashi gawara, the sombre expanse of rock-lava which Asama-yama poured over its northern slopes a hundred years ago; that is now rimmed at its very edge with a luxuriant, never-failing growth of tree, of shrub, and of flower and grass. Also, there is its weird companion-flow of mud and stone, which left many flat, cheerless miles of scene between Asama-yama's base and the idyllic Roku-ri-hara to the north-east. That is to-day fast taking on an enlivening array of vegetation. Everywhere in this favored land, a prodigal nature hastens to lavish bright verdure upon whatever waste places may perchance be made by new outbursts of the devastating primeval forces that gave Japan being.

3. *Picturesqueness*.—A third distinctive feature of the Japanese Landscape is its *picturesqueness*. I do not find scenery in this country common-place or prosaic anywhere. It is a treasure-land for artists. The variety and cheerfulness which it discloses from sea-beach to mountain-peak are so connected with picture-like groupings of hill and dale, level and height, grove and field, stream and upland, that the artistic sense may unceasingly be gratified. Let the landscape be the work of nature alone, or of man and nature, its picture effects are inexhaustible. Italy is a land for the artistic eye; so is the American New England; and, as far as the work of man is concerned, Egypt and India are full of objects to please the picture-loving sight. But, in what both nature and man may do to make a land picturesque, no part of the world, so far as I have seen the world, surpasses that which is displayed in Japan.

I need not repeat what I have said of the opulent, almost all-inclusive variedness and vivacity of the scenery here. Remembering that, we need but recall further, for one thing, the unique effects of the religious life of this people,

shown in their temple architecture, its form and color ; and in the temple and shrine-settings, the evergreen groves of cryptomeria, pine, live oak and laurel. Then we need but recollect the unique picture-effects in Japanese scenery, made by the people in carrying on their peculiar industries. Think of their free, fenceless fields, and the irregular but graceful lines which give boundaries to their miniature areas of cultivated land ! Remember too, the farm houses and their enclosures of dense, evergreen hedges, and their bamboo groves, producing rural scenes full as interesting as are made by the English cottage, or the German peasant-home ; and, from a Western point of view, even more available for artistic use ! Recall also the sea-shore ! Even in Normandy, in England, or in Sicily, there is nowhere beach scenery so attractive, as along the coasts of Sagami, Suruga and many other Japanese bays, with fantastic sampans and junks lying high on the black and yellow sands, or, seen off shore, bounding over the blue waters under their square brown or yellow sails, laced and crinkled from top to bottom, hanging athwart the curving decks from low masts. But I need not extend these reminders of the elements of Japan's picturesqueness of scenery. They abound on every hand, from the petty paddy-field glinting in the angle of a grass or tree-clad dell, to the panoramic prospects of such marvels of picturesque scenery as enrapture one on the ridge of the Myōjingga-take on the way from Miyanoshita to the great cryptomeria grove of the temple of Saijōji.

4. *Beauty*.—Our theme at this point opens into many paths ; many more than we can now take. I must therefore hasten to bring these characterizations to a close. I offer, therefore, by way of a comprehensive qualification of the object of our theme, my judgment that there is not in any other country, landscape which, considered all in all, is more a thing of beauty than that of Japan. *Beauty* is the quality which, more than any other, includes what I believe is distinctive of the scenery of these islands. I use the term beautiful in its widest sense, as expressing the sum of those qualities which please the eye ;—variety, vivacity, picturesqueness, grace and their like. There is

much that one sees in the Japanese Landscape that excites admiration ; a good deal that at times arouses wonder, and, in some measure, awe, but there is little in any measure, and there is nothing on a large scale, that gives rise to *ennui*, dislike, depression, or fear. There is, one may say, nothing in the landscape, as such, that repels, or does violence to, the æsthetic sense. Even waste hill-sides and mountain-tops, such as one sees between Ōsaka and Kōbe, are so much the exception in an otherwise omnipresent luxuriance of verdure, that the eye is rather surprised than repelled by the rare contrast thus made. But even there the outlines of those clay and sand-hills flow off in gentle undulations, and—specific to our purpose,—are backed by lofty, evergreen mountains, while in the foreground rise verdant fields and picturesquely clustered groves of trees. Italy is a land of beautiful sea shore ; so is the Sierra-bound eastern coast of Spain ; but neither the Mediterranean bounds of Italy, or of Spain, busy the eye or cheer the mood like the ever-changing, and always novel, in-and-out curving coast of Eastern Japan, especially the everywhere inviting and elusive borders of that shallow sound, the Inland Sea, which pass beyond green islets and islands almost numberless, and disappear inland among verdant headlands jutting out from close-lying mountain-chains, none of which shows treeless-slopes and desert-summits, like those rising along the Mediterranean coasts.

I have stood upon the promontory of Taormina in Sicily, and have gazed for hours at the scene which has been called, in an artistic sense, the finest and the most beautiful in Europe. So far as panoramic effect is considered, it certainly would be difficult to look upon a view in which more of beauty,—grand and lovely,—is disclosed than there. One is engirdled there by sea and land. Such sea and such land ! To the south and east extend, to the opaline horizon, the sapphire and chrysoprase deeps of the Mediterranean Sea ; directly to the south-west rises to a height of more than a thousand feet a wall of rough cliffs,—cut off in the near distance by almost sheer precipices ; between cliffs and sea a green-clad valley, sweeping southward from the Taormina plateau, ascends fifteen miles away to become Mt.

Etna. The mountain is drawn to a snow-clad summit eleven thousand feet up in the air ; and from that height the volcano's silvery vapor spreads into the clear azure of the sky. North-east and north, the blue sea is bounded by the gray Calabrian mountains ; the narrow Messina straits divides the mountains from the Sicilian hills.

But beautiful as is the Taormina panorama, it does not surpass,—in some respects, indeed, it does not equal under like weather conditions,—its counterpart in the scenery of Japan. I speak of the panorama disclosed from above the temple of Tesshuji, a short distance off the road to the first burial place of Ieyasu, at Kunōzan. There, as at Taormina, one stands upon a height, and east and south stretches a wide expanse of water, not so rich in its color as the Mediterranean, but, under a fair sky, indescribably exquisite from the greens and azures covering its depths. Between the spectator and the sea, however, a wide expanse of rice fields, alight with the vivid emerald of the growing plants, fills the scene. At the sea-shore, instead of the little archipelago of black islets and rocks which cluster near the base of the Taormina promontory, there stretches out into the Suruga bay the curving, trident-like pine-clad bank of sand, Mio-no-matsubara, famed in song and art, bent around a bay within the bay, displaying line and color of the utmost grace and purity. Eastward, across the sail-dotted blue of the green bay, instead of such a boundary as the barren, gray Calabrian hills, sweep far southward, densely covered with overgrowing trees, the mighty, yet quietly undulating, mountain-masses of the Izu peninsula. To the north lies the low angle of the valley of the Fuji-kawa, bordered on the east by softly-flowing mountain ranges ; while north-eastward are spread out the virescent shallows of the surf-edged bay from which rises up, with far more beautiful outline than that of Etna, the great cone of the “ Peerless Mountain ” Fuji to a height of more than twelve thousand feet.

I saw Etna in the early spring-time. Snow-crowned, it rested under a pearl-colored canopy wrought out of the volcano's rising vapor. I have seen clouds over Mt. Fuji simulate Etna's glory. I like most,

however, to remember the view I once had of Japan's "divine mountain," seeing it, as I saw Etna also, in the spring-time. Enamelled with spotless snow nearly half down its curving slopes, Fuji yama stood a clear-cut, white-peaked and black-based cone, bared, without trace of cloud, under the infinite depths of the bright blue heavens. Around the globe, I do not think a scene more excellent than this, in grace of line or exquisiteness of color, can be found.

Again, there are lakes, many in the world, famed for loveliness in themselves and from their surroundings. There are some scenes of which these lakes are centers, that surpass in charm similarly composed landscapes in this country. Switzerland and Italy are celebrated in poetry and painting for the beauty and grandeur of Lucerne, Maggiore and Como. For the purpose now engaging us, however, comparison is not necessarily called for. Beauty is beauty wherever found. Yet, I think that for pure attractiveness and for fascinating delicacy of scene, one need not seek for a view to surpass the north-eastward prospect to be had at middle spring-time from the ruined rampart of the castle grounds at Hikone on Lake Biwa. The elements of this landscape in the immediate foreground, as I recall them, are wide stretches, gracefully outlined, of water and reed-overgrown marshes; these edging brilliantly colored fields golden with flowering millet, and emerald with the young growth of other grains. These fields gradually rise in the near distance towards isolated terraced and tree-clad hillocks. The hills, in turn, stand out from lofty mountain ranges eastward. And, to the north, faintly seen, but with long undulations low across the horizon, losing their mass in the far distance, the southernmost summits of the "Alps of Japan,"—the ranges which culminate in the provinces of Etchū and Hida,—snow-covered, bound the fascinating view.

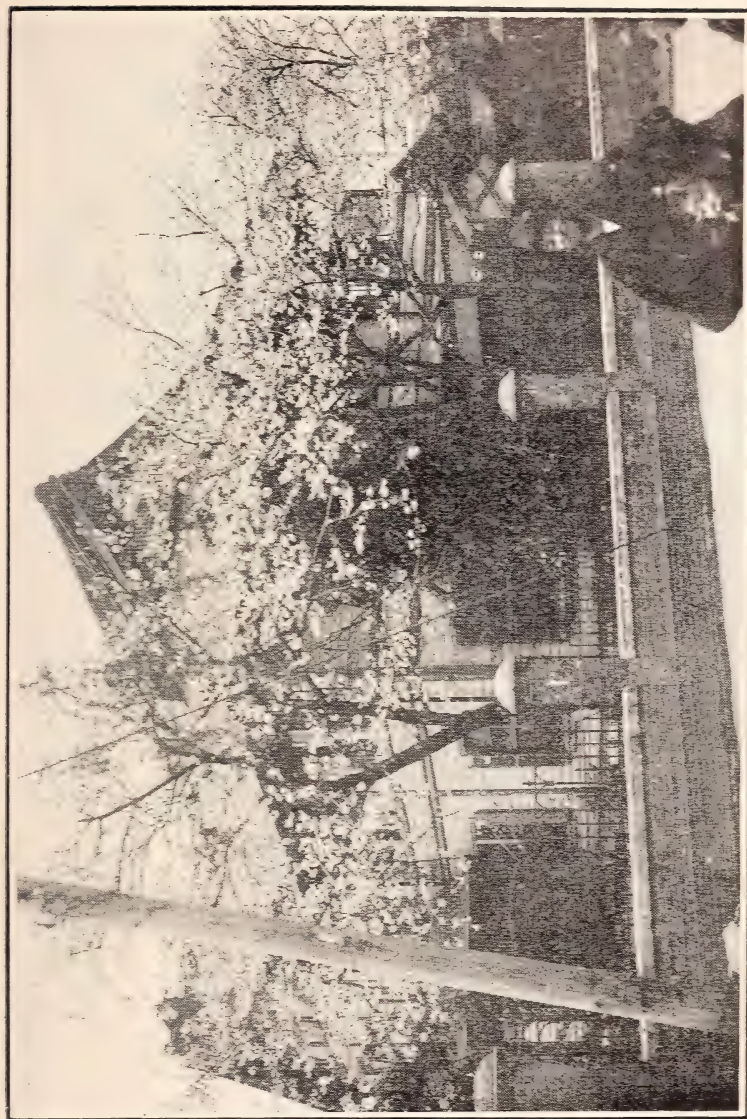
Lakes Chūzenji and Hakone, for scenes composed almost wholly of lake and mountain, have exceptional charm; the one held deep within forest-bound hills mirroring the grand, rounded crown of Nantaizan, the other resting

against grass and tree-clad slopes over which, near by, the matchless cone of Mt. Fuji commands sky and water.

Then, for beauty of a high order, for beauty—indeed almost for sublimity—as disclosed among mountains only, he who has stood on the precipice overhanging the great chasm in the south walls of Nantaizan on the way from Nikkō to Chūzenji, or who has been in the mountain-amphitheatre at Minobu overtowered by the sacred Shichimenzan, has been encircled with a view unsurpassable in form; and, in the early spring or autumn, in the highest degree, radiant with color. The awe-inspiring grandeur of gloomy, torrent-washed ravines, such as are to be found in the Swiss Alps, or in the chaotic rock-gorges of the Rocky Mountains is absent from these mountain depths, as, indeed, it is absent from nearly all the mountain recesses of Japan. In Japan,—even in the fastnesses of its mountains,—gracious effects,—such as gentle, or, at the worst, picturesque, forms, luxuriant vegetation, dashing brooks, leaping cascades, the most varied play of color, and other unforbidding things, meet the spectator's sight.

And further, I would ill serve my attempted characterization of the Japanese Landscape should I omit a special word for the procession of flower and leaf-life that moves over the varied scene almost throughout the year. I refer now chiefly to the central and southern parts of the Empire. In mid-winter, even, the landscape stands clothed in a green that, to the eye, is but little less luxuriant than the verdure of summer. Deciduous trees, though many, are comparatively few in this arboreal land. They are abundant enough to set many hill-sides alight with a more vivid green in the spring, and with scarlet and gold in the autumn. But even the fallen leaves of autumn do not lay bare the scene they glorify in their dying. The evergreen pines, cedars, firs and spruces, live-oaks, laurels, camellias, and, on the low lands especially, the bamboo and the manifold shrubbery cared for by man, stay on through the short winters unchanged in color. The rice fields are, for the most part, bared and black, but many other fields are covered with the intense green of young grain sprouts and of like vegetation. Even when snow falls

over large districts, there is a heightened beauty of contrasting color and form, arising from the shining out of the abiding foliage from under its thin cover of white, also from the increased displays of the shapes of trees and shrubs given by the moulding of the snow to outlines of branch and leaf. Indeed, one of the most fascinating elements of the beauty of Japan's scenery is found in the distinctive revelations of the specific forms of tree, vine, shrub made by thick-clinging snow. Especially the bamboo, banana and palm,—migrants from the tropics,—when covered by the plastic snow give the eye a much increased pleasure. Then, yet more, should the snow come, as it often does come, during the weeks when the flowering plum,—herald of Japan's annual floral procession,—has put forth its bloom, the landscape, snowcovered, yet mantling from the presence of the lovely plum blossoms, presents a scene than which nothing in nature can be more entrancing. However, I would not forget or undervalue the transporting outburst of the cherry flowers in the early spring. Most of the cherry trees, putting forth their blossoms before they show their leaves, fill many an expanse of scene with a rosy hue perfect in purity and singleness of tone. Wide landscapes, such as that at Yoshino, and, to a less degree, such as that at Arashi-yama, are transfigured in the spring by the cherry bloom; and thousands of near views, such as those of the Tōkyō Shiba and Ueno parks; such as one finds along the water courses at Mukōjima, and Koganei, and at other public resorts; and in private gardens all over the land, are made for a festal fortnight beautiful beyond description by the witchery of this most captivating among the floral fairies. Quickly following the going of the cherries come the wild azaleas setting the mountain-sides aglow with pink light, transforming such regions as Nikkō and Karuizawa into lands of jubilee for a happy while. These are followed speedily by a host of spendthrift flowers which make of the upland meads gorgeous parterres throughout the summer; and, as these fade away, the maple, chestnut, oak, beech, *ichō* and other trees in countless places, with their transfigured foliage,



CHERRY BLOOM AT UNITY HALL, TOKYO, 1914

work out, over hill and valley, brilliant tapestries in green, scarlet, silver and gold fit for dream lands.

I do not recall the succession of Japan's flowers that attends the care of man in myriad gardens and parks,—flowers such as the peonies, wistaria and the azaleas for the spring; the irises and the lotus flowers of the summer, and the chrysanthemums of the autumn. These man-cared for flowers, it is true, greatly beautify the home and have a large part in the social life of the Japanese people; but they do not have place in the Japanese Landscape as such.

We shall now leave our theme. But, in leaving it, I wish to associate what I have said with some kindred thought, evoked from other minds by the same object. In so beautiful a land as this, naturally the people who hold it as their home, if at all sensitive from aesthetic endowment, would feel the charm which pervades their surroundings and would give expression to their delight. And so it has been. The Japanese, as a people, are not only proud and fond of their native land, but they have felt its beauty and unceasingly sung its praise. To the measure of their ability to express emotion, their pleasure over the scenes in nature surrounding them finds demonstration in their art and literature. It would be difficult to use language embodying deeper rapture or expressing more joyous elation over natural beauty than that having place in their literature. I add to what I have said, therefore, a few renderings of the Japanese appreciation of the landscape scenes around them. I quote from paraphrases of the "Classical Poetry of the Japanese," made by one who has searched deeply this treasury of verse and wrought much from it in fitting form,—I refer to Prof. B.H. Chamberlain, a former president of this society.

Hear, for example, these lines ascribed to the Emperor Jiyomei, of ancient times, celebrating his realm as seen from Mt. Kagu near his Nara home:—

“Countless are the mountain-chains
Tow’ring o’er Cipango’s plains;
But fairest is Mount Kagu’s peak,
Whose heav’nward soaring heights I seek
And gaze on all my realms beneath,—

Gaze on the land where vapours wreath
 O'er many a cot ; gaze on the sea,
 Where cry the sea-gulls merrily.
 Yes ! 'tis a very pleasant land,
 Fill'd with joy on either hand,
 Sweeter than aught beneath the sky,
 Dear islands of the dragon fly ! ”

In a celebrated lyric drama, entitled “The Robe of Feathers,” there is much highly wrought praise of a landscape of which I have already spoken at some length, that of which Mio-no-matsubara forms part. Listen to these few verses describing the unwillingness, for the moment, of the earth-bound moon-fairy to leave the enrapturing scene ;—

“ Heaven hath its joys, but there is beauty here.
 Blow, blow, ye winds ! that the white cloud-belts driv'n
 Around my path may bar my homeward way :
 Nor yet would I return to heav'n
 But here on Mio's pine-clad shore I'd stray.”

Like specific localized tributes abound in this ancient poetry. I cannot now reproduce them. But this picture I would attach to one place to which I have referred :—

“ Beauteous is the woody mountain
 Of imperial Yoshino ;
 Fair and limpid is the fountain,
 Dashing to the vale below.”

And these verses, among many which have the seasons for their themes, are well worth reading :—

“ Spring his gentle beams is flinging
 O'er Kasuga's ivy-tangled lea ;
 To the hills the mists are clinging,
 Takamato's heights are ringing
 With the nightingale's first melody.”

These lines, having for their motive the crimson, fallen maple leaves of autumn, paint a good picture :—

“ E'en when on earth the thund'ring gods held sway,
 Was such a sight beheld ? Calm Tatsuta's flood,
 Stain'd as by Chinese art, with hues of blood,
 Rolls o'er Yamato's peaceful fields away.”

Fujiyama, of course, has often been the theme of

poets' songs. This very ancient ode to the "Peerless Mountain" well bears repeating:—

"There on the border, where the land of Kai
Doth touch the frontier of Suruga's land,
A beauteous province stretch'd on either hand,
See Fujiyama rear his head on high!
The clouds of heav'n in rev'rent wonder pause,
Nor may the birds those giddy heights assay,
Where melt thy snows amid thy fires away,
Or thy fierce fires lie quench'd beneath thy snows.

What name might fitly tell, what accents sing,
Thine awful, godlike grandeur? 'Tis thy breast
That holdeth Narusawa's flood at rest;
Thy side whence Fujikawa's waters spring.

Great Fujiyama, tow'ring to the sky!
A treasure art thou giv'n to mortal man,
A god-protector watching o'er Japan:—
On thee forever let me feast mine eye!"

But our gatherings from these songs of the ancient rhapsodists of Japan, telling of the beauty and wonder of their home-land, must cease. I therefore close my paper with some verses from a poet of more than a thousand years ago:—

"Our fathers lov'd to say
That the bright gods with tender care enfold
The fortunes of Japan,
Blessing the land with many an holy spell:
And what they lov'd to tell
We of this later age ourselves do prove;
For every living man
May feast his eyes on tokens of their love."

NOTE.—From the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, Vol. XXIII, December, 1895.

APPENDICES

I

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

I may not say, as I once heard Dr. Henry W. Bellows, jestingly, say, "I have lived with pen in hand;" but it is true that, since I entered my "'teens," writing has been one of my habitual occupations.

As I emerged from childhood I became a prolific scribbler. I perpetrated "essays," "orations," "poems" then; and when I was not quite twelve years old, I elaborated even a "tragedy" entitled "The King and Robber," which was presented,—for so many "pins" admission,—on a grocery-shop "counter," that had been stored in an unused barn. I have already written of how I was attracted in those years to the printing offices in my native town and had the privilege of contributing to the columns of our local papers.

* * * * *

During my College course I was given the pleasure of seeing, under various names, several of my efforts in both prose and verse in our College periodical, *The Nassau Literary Magazine*. Also, I proposed the publication of *The Nassau Herald*, started as class-day annual in 1864, and was chairman of its first Editorial Committee.

In the years since then I have done nothing more habitually than keep pen and pencil in use;—to annotate my readings; to translate from foreign languages, especially German, French and Japanese, information and ideas that pleased and instructed me; and to try to embody my own knowledge, thoughts and feelings in intelligible and helpful forms of expression. I have made numerous rather pretentious ventures in authorship,—in philosophy, science and belles letters,—along with specific professional work as a minister and preacher; and I have at various times accumulated piles of manuscript which now seem to have had no more effective reason for being than a vigorous exercise of the brain and hand of the writer.

Yet, a good deal that I have written has, in many ways and places, appeared in print. In the preceding pages a good deal of this printed matter has been gathered for convenient preservation in one group.

I do not intend to enumerate in this note a full list of writings, either published or not, to which I have given specific titles; but I think it will interest most of my friends to see, associated with the articles which have been put into the preceding pages, the names of what, to me, are some of the more important of my other published work.

* * * * *

As a parish minister, I wrote and rewrote more than five hundred sermons; some of which were printed in the newspapers of the communities in which they were delivered; a few of them having larger publicity.

Among the subjects of special treatment in these published sermons were; "The Need in this Community of a Rational Christian Church;" "Reason, the Criterion of Religious Truth;" "Pessimistic Skepticism;" "A Lesson of Toleration;" "The Church and the Masses;" "Christianity and Money Getting;" "The Real Hell;" "Triumph over Death."

The following named sermons and lectures, also received a rather wide publication:—"Dr. Channing," a "Horticultural Hall Lecture" appearing in "The Unitarian Review," 1877; "The Social Problem: Communism not its Solution;" "The Religion of Evolution;" "The Evils of Gambling;" "The Mission of Christianity to Dumb Animals;" "Moral Standards and the Drama;" "The Drama as a Social Educator;" "The Law and Order League;" "Charity Organization: the New Solution of the Charity Problem;" "Woman Suffrage;" "Dorothea Dix;" "Immortality in the Light of Physical Science;" "The Voices of Autumn;" "The Young Men's Christian Association;" "Thanksgiving in the Midst of Individual and National Disaster;" "Why the Workingman does not go to Church?;" "Dangers of Modern Civilization;" "Political Self Government;" "Purity, the Only Guarantee of National Success."

* * * * *

Then, wherever I have had residence, I have, as a matter of course, been interested in public affairs, social and municipal, and, as occasion prompted, have used the daily and weekly local press for the purpose of "speaking my mind;" as many signed articles in the local papers of Chambersburg, Rochester, Waltham, Washington, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Tokyo and elsewhere, show.

As editor of the *Commercial Bulletin* in Minneapolis, and as member of the "Board of Trade" of that city, I wrote and published numerous articles relating to commercial and municipal interests, and concerning questions of the day.

As the correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* from Japan, between the years 1890 and 1900, I wrote many letters and special articles, some editorial, concerning "Things Japanese," and affairs in the Far East; notably in relation to Japan's war with China, and to the American occupation of, and dealings with the Philippines.

* * * * *

Among the more important of the pamphlet publications I have made since I came to Japan and have not given place among these "Memorials," are:—"The Truth about the War in Korea;" "A Day in the 'Very Noble City,' Manila;" "The Fruits of Imperialism," an address before the Massachusetts Reform Club, 1902; "Woman in Japan;" "Certain Traits of the Japanese Character;" "Cause and Meaning of the Japan-Russia War;" "Japanese-Literature," an article in Warner's "The World's Best Literature;" "Possibilities of the English Language for International Usage;" "A Daughter of the Samurai," a story illustrative of life in Old-new Japan; "The Memorial most Worthy of Our Patriot Dead":—the American "Memorial Day" Address at Yokohama, May 30, 1912.

Besides these, there are numerous articles which I have published, in Japanese translation, in the "Magazine" and in the "Post Office Service" pamphlets of the earlier years of the Japan Unitarian Mission.

* * * * *

I have also adventured as the writer of some books:—

1. "Christianity in History," pp. 102, 1891. Also published in Japanese translation.

2. *Hyakunin-isshu* (Single Songs of a Hundred Poets), pp. 187, 1899. Vol. 17, Pt. IV., "Transactions of The Asiatic Society of Japan."

3. "Introductory Course in Japanese," pp. 596. First Edition, 1896; Second Edition, 1906.

4. "Thought and Fact for To-day," pp. 97, 1911. Also in Japanese translation, 1911; and republished in America by the "International Peace Forum," under the title, "Present Day Problems," 1912.

5. "The Faith of the Incarnation:—Historic and Ideal;" with the sub-title, "Glimpses of the Beginnings, Development and Metamorphoses of Christianity," pp. 442, 1913:—a work in which I sought to embody "the matured result of a search, carried on since youth, for a satisfying answer to the question, 'What is really true of Christianity?'"

II.

ERRATA.

The typographical composition of this book has been made by "compositors" who are practically unacquainted with the English language. Proof reading,—orthography, capitalization and punctuation,—consequently, has been unusually difficult. The managers of the printing company,—the *Fukunsha*,—have been generously helpful towards securing a correct typography, but quite a number of errors have found place, this care notwithstanding.

Most of the errors are self-corrective to the book's readers; but attention is called here to a few misprints of some importance.

On page 9, *third line from below*, for "me" read "we": on page 12, *sixth stanza*; in the *second line*, for "trust" read "dust": on page 16, *line six*, read "Presidents": on page 28, *line sixteen* elide "is": on page 32, *line seven from below*, read "largely": on page 51, *line nine*, for "Alleghany" read "Allegheny": on page 64, *line thirteen from below*, elide one "not made": on page 113, *line thirteen*, for "d." read "e.": on page 119, *line eight from below*, read "Calthrop": on page 127, *line nine from below*, for "living" read "loving": on page 161, *line five*, for "being" read "bring": on page 167, *line sixteen from below* read "called": on page 176, *line twelve from below*, read "Darwin": on page 177, *line sixteen*, read "even": on page 182, *line seven*, for "sA" read "As"; and on *line eight*, for "na" read "an": on page 199, *line twenty*, read "should": on page 207, *line fourteen*, for "al! to" read "to all": on page 254, *first line*, for "e." read "f.": on page 261, *line seven*, read "relinquished": on page 288, *line four from below*, read "successfully": on page 298, *line twelve* read, "If": on page 333, *line two*, read "undergone": on page 411, *line twenty* for Causality in " read "Causality is": on page 515, *line eight from below*, read "lecturers": on page 597, *line four*, for "to" read "too": on page 615, *line six* read "conflict": on page 665, for "965" read "665": on page 681, *line six*, read "recollect": on page 689, *line thirteen from below*, for "their" read "there": on page 693, *line two*, read "back-ground": and in the *last line*, for "to" read "too".

III

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